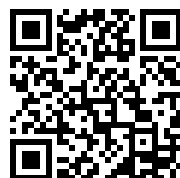
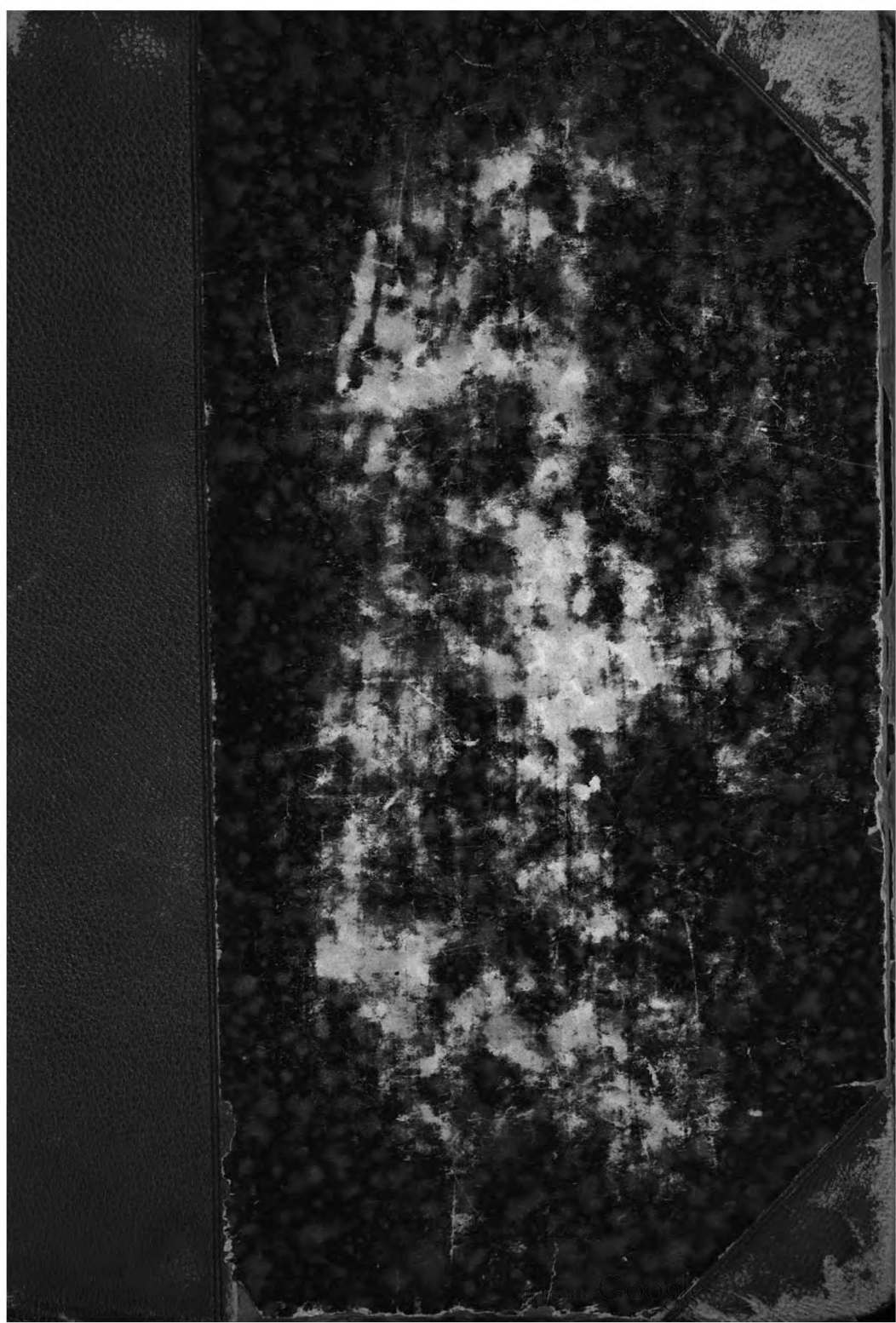

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AS GOOD AS A MOTHER.

(From a painting by J. Hayllar.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ON the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine-trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poisoning on the drift,
Erect, alert, his thick gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;

Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
A dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke :
" Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue-jay,
Before your supper's blown away !
Don't be afraid ; we all are good ;
And I 'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood ! "

O Thou, whose care is over all,
Who heedest e'en the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest !
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow !
Unmoved by sentimental grief
That wails along some printed leaf,
But, prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
The promise of Red Riding-Hood !

THE SLEEPING COURIER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

IN many countries of the East there are vast territories where such things as public roads, houses of public entertainment, and regular mails are almost unknown. When people wish to travel, or to send letters to a distance, they make their own private arrangements for the purpose, and hire conveyances for the journey, or perhaps use their own horses, or elephants, or camels, or legs, as the case may be. Fortunately, the inhabitants of these regions are not much given either to visiting or to letter-writing.

We must not suppose, however, that the people of the East, even in countries that we consider heathen and barbarous, are now ignorant of railroads, telegraphs, and post-offices. These useful inventions have penetrated to many regions in which, to some of us, it would seem almost absurd to expect such things. In Egypt and the Holy Land,

where, when we think of traveling and travelers, our minds are apt to rest on Abraham when he journeyed into Canaan with his family and his flocks and his herds, or on Joseph's brethren traveling down into Egypt with their asses and their sacks,—you can now rush along through many of the old places mentioned in the Bible, in comfortable steam-cars ; and steamboats will carry you about on the Red Sea which the Children of Israel crossed.

But, as I said before, in many Eastern regions there are none of these modern improvements, or improvements of any date, and in some of these places letters and messages are sent by couriers, or men who are accustomed to go very rapidly on long journeys. Sometimes they go on horseback, sometimes on camels, and sometimes on foot. These men often perform wonderful journeys, and the

stories told of them are almost too strange to believe. Often a courier will ride hundreds of miles without resting, and, jumping from a tired horse and mounting a fresh one, keep on by day and night until the journey's end is reached.

The pony-riders who carried the mail in our far-western States before the Pacific Railroad was built used to take wonderful rides, but some of the feats performed by Eastern couriers never have been

he should adopt some means to prevent his oversleeping himself.

So he unwinds a portion of a rope which he carries wrapped around his ankle, and slipping it between the toes of one of his naked feet, he draws out the end beyond his foot, to what he considers a proper length for his purpose. This rope is made of some substance which will burn very regularly and slowly, and so the courier pulls out as much as



"WHEN THE ROPE BURNS CLOSE TO HIS TOE, HE WILL WAKE UP QUICKLY ENOUGH."

equaled elsewhere, if we are to believe the stories we hear.

When a courier, or messenger, agrees to go from one place to another, he must calculate very carefully the time he takes for his actual traveling, the time for his meals, and the time for his sleep. Among the expedients for measuring time adopted by some of the men who perform their journeys on foot, is a contrivance which is rather curious.

When one of these men, so tired with a long tramp that he is glad to lie down on the open ground, and perhaps under a burning sun, determines to take a short nap, it is very necessary that

he thinks will burn for an hour, or half an hour, or as long as he wishes to sleep, and sets fire to the end of it. Then he lies down and takes his nap, feeling sure that when the rope burns close to his toe he will wake up quickly enough.

This is a very ingenious plan, and for a man who can run barefooted over the burning sands of the East, it might answer very well; but even the sleepest boy in this country—especially if he be a city boy and accustomed to wear shoes—might well hesitate a long time before adopting it—unless he does not object to hobbling about with a burn on his toe.

MAKING A FAIRY STORY.

BY JULIUS A. TRUESDELL.

WE were sitting in the twilight, when fairy stories best may be told. The thin, faded after-light of sunset came trembling in at the west windows, like the very ghost of full, warm daylight, and mingled with the glimmer from the fire on the hearth.

Everything in the room was clothed in a grotesque fashion of blending lights and shadows. You might have seen a bevy of sprites ever and anon peering and grinning over the rim of the great central vase on the mantel; while a miscellaneous troop of elfish forms flitted hither and thither from one piece of what-not to another, as though they were delirious with the pleasure of some fairy game of hide-and-seek.

Twice I saw a huge shadow-giant leap out on the ceiling and stalk across; one time disappearing down behind the meshes of Miss Amy's ambitious passion-flower; at another, descending so suddenly and violently into the piano, that I fancied I heard the peaceful wires murmur a shuddering protest.

I am sure it was a fairy queen that came fluttering out from behind the folds of the curtain in the north window, and, dancing lightly away on the air to the air-castle (a reality, made of bristles, wax and ribbons), roguishly folded her gossamer wings, and began to swing and climb about in its aerial apartments,—unless you think such merry sport were unbecoming in a fairy queen; and in case of that opinion, I shall stoutly aver that it was at least one of her maids of honor.

But I am not sure that you could not have convinced me that I was wrong even then; for, soon after, the moonbeams plunged in from over the high hill in the east, and sent the shadows drifting and flying away to the corners of the room, where they lay piled upon each other in deeper darkness and confusion. Perhaps my fairy queen, or maid of honor, was only a spot of fluttering moonlight.

Sitting thus, each in his own quiet musing might have yielded to the spell of the twilight, and glided away to the realm of fancy, forgetting home, where slates and books and dishes and chores have their place as well as the fairy tales and songs, had little Miss Gertie not called out for a story.

"Yes, and a fairy story too!" cried both the boys together.

"Oh, I don't know about a fairy story to-night; suppose we each think one out to ourselves in quiet," said I, being somewhat loath to put my fancies into words.

"There's no fun in that," said Everett; "we'd

each have too small an audience; besides, what's the use of doing anything we can't share all around? Here are five of us, if Amy stays; if we each think out a separate story, four of 'em are lost entirely, for one is enough for all when it is told out loud."

"That's so," voted 'Nio, whom we sometimes call "the Judge," as a sort of a joke on his long sedate face in the presence of older company. "And we'd all be telling our stories out loud after a while, any way."

"And I could n't think one for myself at all,—that is, not a nice one such as *you* tell, uncle Jed," said Gertie.

"Tell a leap-year fairy story," suggested 'Nio.

"Oh, uncle!" Everett cried out, with the well-known emphasis of an enthusiast who has just discovered some priceless idea that all men must be made to understand at once,—“I'll tell you what! It would be glorious fun if each of us would make up a part of a story. I don't mean that we should each tell a part of the story and then hand it over to the next; but let's each make some of the persons in it, and have some one make a story of them. Say we have Gertie to get up the fairies, and queens and princesses; 'Nio the kings, princes and knights, if we want any; and I'll try my hand on a giant and a dwarf or two; then, Uncle Jed, you can put 'em all together, and put in as many more as you like."

This plan seemed to carry conviction of its excellence by the enthusiasm of its author, without any question or vote in regard to it at all, for Gertie, who has reached that estate of girlhood where she can exercise her taste in millinery, at once forsook her stool by the hearth, and springing upon my knees, proceeded to convince me that it would be just no fairy story at all unless the fairy had on a long trailing skirt made of a calla lily, and a waist and overskirt from a pink geranium blossom.

"And I think she ought to have pretty curling hair," the young lady continued; "and that splendid change of color in her wings, as if there were tiny waves of rainbows in them. And she must have a slender silver wand, with a great big ruby in the end of it."

'Nio offered the criticism that a ruby was n't nice enough for a fairy, and thought that a little, blue, twinkling star would be much prettier, and more in taste for the white airiness of such a tiny body as a fairy.

Though reluctant to yield to a boy's idea of the

fitness of feminine apparel and adornment, still, with a good-natured smile of doubt, Gertie assented, put the star in the place of the ruby, and continued: "Well, I want her to have an apron out of—"

"Oh my! An apron on a fairy! You'd better roll up her sleeves and give her a scrubbing brush, next thing,—or a dish-cloth might suit you better."

"Now, *De-ni-o Blaisdell*, you must not stop me and spoil my fairy. Aprons look nice on girls, and I know they would on fairies, and *my* fairy shall have one. You can put what you please on your king and prince, when you come to them, and I won't say a word, and so you must leave me alone when I am dressing my fairy, wont you?"

"Yes," said Everett, in a tone of authoritative peace-making. "Never mind, Gertie; you rig up your fairy in all the ribbons and fixin's you want to. 'Nio'll keep still, and when you get done, we'll make a giant that'll scare the curls right out of your hair. Wont we, 'Nio?"

'Nio responded with a grin and an ominous nod of the head.

"Well, now, if I may go on," resumed Gertie, "Fairy Starling—I am going to name her Starling because she carries a star in her wand—Fairy Starling shall wear an apron made of a pure white satin-flower blossom, and she shall have a sash to bind it on, of something golden yellow, to go with her blue star and white dress. Perhaps a water-lily petal would do, or two of them, if they were pieced together so they would n't show."

"Are you done?" asked Everett, after a moment of silence in which Gertie seemed to be thinking whether she had forgotten something of importance in the attire of her fairy friend.

"Yes, I guess so. If I think of anything more, can I put it in afterward?"

"Why, no; of course not."

"Well, wait a minute! Before you begin, I want to have my fairy have eyes blue as the sky and keen as sunshine. When she goes out nights she carries a fire-fly for a lantern."

"There, now if you're done for good, we'll introduce to you old Mr. Dundernose, the Right Honorable Giant, if you please, of this story. 'Nio, you get your king and prince ready, for it won't take me long to make a giant."

"Now, one, two, three, and here goes for the old gentleman: Giant Dundernose is a jolly old fellow, with a head as big as a hay-stack, and eyebrows that plunge out from his head like dormer-windows. He is called Dundernose because they say that when it thunders it is only old Dundernose sneezing."

"His nose hangs on his face like a great big double-barreled trumpet, with the nostrils thin and

round. It was a good thing to name him after his nose; he will always follow that.

"For boots he wears a pair of whole hides of hippopotami (remember that, Gertie; the plural of hippopotamus is *mi*). He keeps the hind legs on for straps, and wears the noses on his toes, so he can kick with the horns if he wants to. He wears an Ulster overcoat, made out of a whole elephant skin, with the head, ears and trunk, hanging down over his shoulder for the cape. A pine-tree don't suit him for a club; it is too small, so he always uses a steeple."

"Oh, how funny!" cried Gertie.

"Gertie, you must n't break in upon the thread of my giant. Now, 'Nio, I'm through; bring in your king."

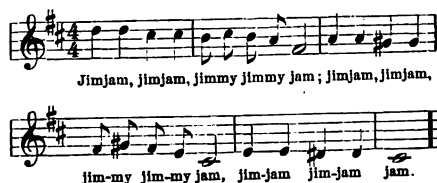
"Don't you want to put in a dwarf?"

"No. We've got almost enough now; and Gertie might be in the story too, you see; she'd do instead."

"I don't believe," said 'Nio, "that we want any king or knights. Every story has one or the other, and we want ours to be different. But I've got up just the man we do want. He's Prince Jim-jam,—that's his name. He has a jolly nub of a nose, with a mouth that curls up around it, almost meets on top, and is always ready to laugh. His eyes are not bigger'n two black peppers, and look as lively and sharp as peppers would taste. His legs are stubbed and bandy, and his toes turn up just so. He has no hair on top of his head, except a little wisp that always sticks up, and he never wears a hat or a cap. He gets his name from a habit he has, every time any one asks him a question, of answering by singing like this:"

[Here the young improvisatore pursed his lips and whistled a strain that was just like Prince Jim-jam for all the world. Everett caught it, and Gertie hummed it, and soon the room whirled with the lively air.]

Gertie stepped to the piano and picked it out, and we found it went like this:



And thus it might have gone on, forever jumping down the keys, had there been octaves enough to travel on.

At this point, Everett, who was zealous for the success of his plan, gave me a hint that my task

was about to begin, by asking Gertie to save the jim-jam strain for some other time.

"Heigho! What a budget you've brought to market!" said I, by way of overture to the story proper. "A doll or a bouquet, I hardly know which, for the fairy,—a jumble of menagerie and meeting-house for a giant,—Gertie for heroine, and a frisky bundle of racket and royster for the prince! *What* a company to put in my hands for weal or woe! Mind, I'm not to be held responsible for the doings of your various characters. I only shall set them going, and we must see what will turn up. Your menagerie-and-meeting-house giants, however, are apt to have a mild streak in them, through all their ferocity. But one can't tell. On the whole, it is well for our real Gertie that she is not running wild under our giant's very nose, but can listen to the story from her cozy nest on the lounge. Now, all look sharp, for I'm going to talk 'just like a book.'"

And, straightway, I began the story of

FUTANTO, THE SILVER FROG.

ON a by-road from the pretty village of Keindorf stands a large white mansion that stares out on the road like a great, dull-eyed boy. Though it is so stupid without, it is bright and pleasant within. The floors are of soft white pine, bare and neat. There are huge fire-places walled with gray slate and curious tiles wrought with quaint pictures of black knights and pink ladies riding on blue and crimson horses that prance on muddy-looking clouds. In summer, these fire-places are the coolest spots in the house; in winter, they glow with great fires of beech and oak logs.

On the mantel over the largest, and really the coziest, of these fire-places is the present abode of Futanto, the Silver Frog.

He stands there pulling at a beautifully polished shell laden with a cluster of purple velvet grapes. But pull he never so stoutly, for many a year he has not been known to budge his load an inch,—except when some mischievous child has helped him along by the nose.

Children delight to watch the Silver Frog, though he is so still. They see him pulling at the shell, and fancy him successful in starting it and setting out on his journey, and then regaling himself on his way with the toothsome load, that has been mellowing and sweetening through all these years. They never have seen the Silver Frog dance, but they often have invited him to join in jigs and cotillions, and have imagined the pranks and capers he would cut on his dapper, lank legs. But the Silver Frog has always declined these invitations with a quiet indifference. He is very set in his way, and

it would not comport with his gravity to be seen jumping and frisking about in a crazy dance. It is plainly his duty to pull at that shell, though it never move.

Such is Prince Futanto, as you would see him were you to sit by that fireside. But there used to be a pleasant tradition also at that fireside, in the days when I knew it, that told of the wonderful adventures and mighty exploits of the Silver Prince among the giant kings of the Baldese.

At home in the cool and peaceful ponds of Froschland, Prince Futanto often had heard long and marvelous stories of Dundernose and Bandy-pyradur, twin-brothers, and kings of the vast empire of Balda. Dundernose, it was said, could hold a castle in his hand; Bandy-pyradur had two hundred thousand men in his army, and a body-guard of ten thousand picked men, none of whom was short enough to take off his hat without sitting down, and all of whom were garrisoned every night in Bandy-pyradur's vest pockets. These stories may have been more extensive than a safe regard for the truth would allow. Nevertheless, when Futanto heard them, they had traveled a long distance, and he saw no reason to discredit them.

Futanto not only believed these remarkable stories, but determined to behold the scenes and the characters that rendered them so entertaining.

Time, who brings all things around, soon furnished our hero with an opportunity to carry out his determination. As frequently occurs in every well-populated community, the inhabitants of Froschland found themselves complaining of "hard times." It is needless to relate the causes of such a calamity; its only importance to us is, that it gave Futanto an excuse for leaving home and gratifying his desire to go abroad.

It was a beautiful morning in June; the sun was shining upon the wooded hill-sides, the liquid heat was trickling down upon the meadows, and the air was warm and elastic, and bubbling with the sweet notes of the birds. Our hero was taking leave of his parents and his little brothers and sisters.

"My dear Futanto," cried his mother between her sobs, "how can I bear to have you go? But if you must, be wise, be pure, be good, and I know you always will be happy."

Futanto's father drew his son aside, and quietly informed him that he was not yet of age, and that it would be necessary for him to purchase his time; if he did not, some stranger might seize him, and finding no proof of his independence, send him home again.

Futanto immediately gave his sire a note for half the net profits of his tour, and taking a receipt for the same to prove his independence to

any curious stranger, he tore himself away and journeyed toward the land of the Baldese, with



THE GATE-KEEPER, PHELYGYRANDUR.

the usual bitter-sweet of mingled hope and regret in his heart.

Though part of the tradition, there is no time now to tell the adventures of the prince on his long journey. In the course of a few months he came in sight of the wall that surrounds Balda, and in a week from that time he sought admission at one of its many gates.

Here the prince was introduced to the gate-keeper, Phelygyrandur, a giant renowned in war and hated in peace, who had been retained as gate-keeper for many years in return for services rendered the government. This official invited Futanto into his palace, and then retired to his private office to read our hero's card. This he succeeded in doing in the course of an hour, when he returned and asked the prince if he had any baggage upon which he would like to pay duty, and at the same time held out his hand for a passport.

This demand staggered the prince, for never once had he thought of a passport. But he was fertile in expedients, and it did not take him long to decide upon an answer. Drawing himself up proudly, and tapping his stomach with a haughty air, he replied:

"I—I—I—I—I—I, sir, am my passport."

Phelygyrandur laughed. Then he said, impressively:

"My dear sir, I take a different view of things, and if you don't take off your sword, lay down your arms, and accompany me to the royal asylum for tramps, you will very soon imagine your legs dancing a jig in the king's platter."

Futanto drew his sword and ran out by the back door, in the hope that the giant would follow him, and offer battle in clear ground.

After waiting for more than an hour behind a projection in the kitchen wall, the prince concluded that either he had not seen the giant, or the giant had not seen him, and it would be just as well to continue his journey.

That this conclusion was a sound one, is plain, from the fact that orders were given and executed, soon after the prince's departure, for the burning of an unpleasant drug in that kitchen, which must have caused our hero some uneasiness, and perhaps his death, before he could have encountered so worthy a man as Prince Jim-jam, whom he met at the next street corner.

The two princes shook hands cordially, and exchanged cards before a word was said on either side, and then Prince Jim-jam casually remarked:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

"Certainly," replied Futanto, thinking him a harmless sort of lunatic. "Let us go at once to the royal palace."

Arm in arm, the two princes proceeded to the public square. Here they found a great crowd of peasants, artisans, and tradesmen, discussing some royal proclamation. After elbowing their way through the excited disputants, they reached the



FUTANTO AND PRINCE JIM-JAM.

gates of the palace, and saw the following proclamation posted up on the royal bulletin-board:

"Be it hereby known to all faithful subjects of our most high and excellent sovereigns, Dundernose and Bandygyrandur, kings of the Baldese, that this day a spy from the province of Froshland, styling himself a prince, and using the name Futanto, hath surreptitiously entered our realm, and is now lurking within our capital. Therefore,



THE FIGHT.

be it also known that any person who shall apprehend and deliver into the custody of the captain of the royal guard the said Prince Futanto, shall be invited to dine at the royal palace at the earliest opportunity."

It was no longer a wonder that the Baldese were so earnestly engaged by this proclamation; for if there is any one thing that will enlist a man's attention more than another, it is the prospect of a good dinner.

But it was now a greater matter of wonder to our hero that he had not been recognized before this. He at once settled into profound meditation upon the subject.

He was interrupted by a criticism offered by Prince Jim-jam, who still was studying the proclamation. What he had to say was this:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

Futanto did not dispute the truth of the remark.

At this juncture, a thought occurred to Futanto that relieved him of his doubt. If this thought had not occurred to him just then, probably he never would have known why he had not been discovered by the Baldese. It is a very good thing to have a thought occur.

Futanto remembered that in the delightful days of his pollywoghood, his mother often had beguiled him into quiet by



THE DAUGHTER OF BANDYFYRADUR.

telling him of his fairy godmother Starling, who always dressed in flowers and never grew old. He remembered, also, in that connection, an employé of Madame Starling's, whom they called Jim-jam. This recollection explained it all; Fairy Starling had seen his danger in the gate-keeper's kitchen, had sent Prince Jim-jam to help him, and from that time he had been invisible to the people of Balda.

Come to think it all over, he recalled his astonishment at the indifference of the Baldese when he passed them,—an indifference that was not to be wondered at, now he knew that he had not been seen at all by them.

The prince was very grateful to the good fairy for her provident kindness, and knowing that his invisibility would not render him ludicrous, he knelt down there in the street and thanked her.

He must have thanked the fairy most acceptably, for when he opened his eyes she stood before him dressed in a calla lily blossom and a pink geranium. As Futanto was about to thank her again, she blinked his eyes with the light of the star in her wand, and said:

"No more thanking, if you please, my dear Futanto; you must get to work. These Baldese giants I hate; it is your mission to slay them. If you succeed, you shall have whatever you can



BANDYFYRADUR COMMITS SUICIDE.

wish for inside of ten minutes. I will watch over you, and my jolly Jim-jam shall attend you. Farewell."

Futanto opened his eyes once more. The fairy had disappeared.

Futanto immediately placed the following proclamation above the other on the royal bulletin-board:

"Be it also known to every Baldese alive, that I, Futanto, Prince of Frochland and heir-apparent to its throne, do hereby challenge your most high sovereigns, Dundernose and Bandypyradur, to meet me in mortal combat. (Signed) FUTANTO."

Prince Jim-jam read it through carefully, and announced his approval by softly humming:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

Another proclamation was soon posted up by

Dundernose and Bandypyradur wasted no time, but at once drew cuts to determine who should fight first. The lot fell to Dundernose. He quietly took off his Ulster, took up his sword and steeple, and in a loud voice called upon Futanto to appear.

In order to have a fair fight, our hero desired to be visible,—a state that would also be desirable in case of success. A hint to Jim-jam fulfilled his wish. The fight then began.

Dundernose lowered his steeple carelessly, and poked toward Futanto. It accomplished nothing; the prince coolly pushed it aside, and it swung around a quarter of a mile, struck a knot of spectators, and caused sorrow to a dozen widows and numerous orphans. The giant saw that he must change his tactics.



• THE PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE SET OUT FOR FROCHLAND.

the captain of the royal guard, to the effect that the challenge was accepted, and the fight appointed for that day.

Futanto smiled at this reply, for it virtually swallowed the remarks in the former proclamation about "a spy styling himself a prince," etc., and recognized him as a real prince.

There was an interval of an hour before the fight began. Futanto employed it in throwing away his scabbard and exhorting himself to do his best.

At length, a shout from the great multitudes of Baldese proclaimed the appearance of the giants.

At a single stride, Dundernose and Bandypyradur stepped into the public square together. Both wore rhinoceros-hide boots and clephant-skin Ulsters. Dundernose carried a steeple.

Laying his shield on the ground, the giant gave orders to his Grand Lieutenant to march his army into it and protect it. He then laid down his steeple, and, drawing his sword, brought it down with a terrific swoop that must have divided nearly a thousand Baldese. Futanto heard the shrieking of the blade as it descended, and sprang at the giant in time to escape it.

His own blow was so much for the giant that he lost his balance, and fell flat upon more than ten thousand Baldese.

Futanto ran up and cut off his head leisurely.

At this point, the prince heard his friend Prince Jim-jam singing a glad song of triumph:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

When they looked for Bandypyradur, he was nowhere to be seen. Some of the by-standers said he had gone to get some refreshments.

Futanto at once decided to consider himself and Jim-jam invited to dine at the palace. They accordingly proceeded thither, where they learned that Bandypyradur had committed suicide by drinking to the dregs a cup of restaurant coffee.

There was nothing else to do now but to take possession of the palace and await the appearance of Fairy Starling, which our two friends did with the utmost composure.

When the fairy called next day and took dinner at the palace, Futanto expressed the wish that he might secure the hand and fortune of some beautiful princess, and retire to quiet and seclusion, where he need not exert himself, and might enjoy the fruit of the land.

The fairy arose and beckoned him to the window. Below, in the gardens of the palace, the beautiful daughter of Bandypyradur was playing with shells on the beach of a small lake.

Futanto expressed his satisfaction, and Fairy Starling said she would attend to his wish after dinner. They then resumed their wine.

I never fully understood the particulars, but I believe that everything went well; the prince won the lady in question, and they set out for Froschland, he drawing her in a beautifully polished, pearly shell. On the way, for some astonishing reason, the lady became a cluster of grapes,—that possibly being the fulfillment of Futanto's wish to enjoy the fruit of the land,—and Futanto himself turned to silver, and Prince Jim-jam went home singing:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

The next I know is, that my grandfather brought home a silver frog, attached to a pearly shell filled with velvet grapes; and when a bevy of children asked him what it was, he told us the story of Prince Futanto the Silver Frog, and added that it was a pin-cushion for the grandmother.

"There, Uncle Jed," laughed Everett, "I knew you'd forget that it was a leap-year fairy story."

"That fight was n't much," said 'Nio.

"It's realer than most fairy-story fights, any way," said Gertie. "Besides, there's the Silver Frog, to prove that it's true."

THE CURIOUS END OF THE GENERAL'S RIDE.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

MANY years ago, General Batashef, of the Russian army, was on his way from St. Petersburg to his home in the north of Russia.

He had reached a little village about fifteen miles from his estate, and from this place he had to depend upon private traveling conveyance. But this did not trouble him, as he was expected at home; and, when he arrived at the village, he found his comfortable sledge, with three good horses, and his own driver, Ivan, awaiting him.

As it was not yet noon, and the snow on the road was hard and firm, the general felt quite certain that his horses, which had been in the village all night, and were fresh and strong, could take him home before dark.

So off they started, and for some miles the ride was delightful. But when they had left the village about five miles behind them, their way led through a forest, and they had not gone very far among the tall trees and the snow-covered rocks which lined

each side of the road, before one of the horses began to show unmistakable signs of fright.

"What is the matter with him, Ivan?" asked the general. "I see nothing to frighten him."

The man answered that he saw nothing, either, but that he thought the horse must smell some wild beast.

"Well, push on as fast as you can," said the general, who had a good pair of pistols with him, and was not particularly afraid of any wild beasts, although he thought it well to avoid them, if it could be done.

So Ivan drove rapidly on; but soon the other horses became very restless, and then they stopped short, all three of them.

"Why, what can have got into the creatures?" cried the general, rising in his seat. "There is nothing to frighten them here. Whip them up, Ivan! Make them go on."

So Ivan plied his stout whip upon the horses, but

for a minute or two they would not stir. Then all of a sudden away they dashed, almost tumbling Ivan off his seat, so quick and strong was their unexpected spring.

And they did not spring too soon, for they had barely darted away before a large bear rushed out from between two great rocks by the roadside. He came with such force that it was evident that he had expected to spring upon either the sledge or one of the horses.

Happily, neither the sledge nor the horses were there when he bounded into the road. But he

"A lucky escape!" said he to Ivan; "for that was a big fellow, and I am afraid that my pistol-balls might not have been heavy enough for him. We are well clear of him."

"If we are clear of him," said Ivan. "I don't think he will give up the chase so easily. The road makes a turn around this rocky ledge, and I fear that that bear will hurry across through the woods and meet us again over there when we have made the turn."

"Nonsense!" said the general. "He would not have the sense to do that."



"THE HORSES MADLY DASHING ALONG, AND THE BEAR TIGHTLY CLUTCHING THE SEAT."

missed them by very little. His side almost touched the ends of the furs that flew out from the back of the sledge.

The general turned in his seat and drew a pistol, intending to fire at the bear. But the wild gallop of the horses had already carried him too far for a pistol to be of use, and he contented himself with watching the discomfited beast.

The impetuous rush of the bear had carried him across the road, and for a moment he stopped to recover himself. Then he looked up and immediately set off in pursuit of the retreating sledge.

But this was useless, for the horses soon left him far behind. The general, still looking back, saw him leave the road and re-enter the woods.

Ivan made no answer, for he had his own ideas about the sense of bears; but he urged the horses forward.

As they turned around the bend in the road, the animals seemed filled with frenzy, and dashed madly over the ground.

"They scent him," cried Ivan, who made no attempt to check their speed, "and there he is!"

Sure enough, on a rock, a little higher than the road, stood the bear. In an instant they had reached him. At the pace they were going, it was impossible to stop; but as the horses flew past the rock, they swerved to the opposite side of the narrow road. Yet they could not escape the hungry beast. As they reached him, he sprang; and

although he missed the horses, he caught the sledge. With his great fore-paws, and his head and shoulders inside the sledge, he endeavored to draw up his hind-legs,—a difficult matter, at the rate the horses were going.

The general, who was sitting on the opposite side from that to which the bear was clinging, clapped his pistol to the creature's head, and pulled the trigger.

Click! It missed fire. At this, poor Ivan, who, with a horror-stricken expression, was looking back at the bear, threw down the reins and sprang from the sledge. The bear drew up one of his hind-legs, and at the same moment the general drew up both of his legs, and rolled, sideways, out on the snow. He saw that it was time to get out.

The bear now drew himself entirely into the sledge, and looked about him. The horses galloped more wildly than ever,—if such a thing were possible,—and the rapid motion seemed to please the shaggy brute. He sat down in the bottom of the sledge and looked at the horses, as if wondering which one he should spring upon first.

While he was thinking about the matter, they reached the point where the road left the woods and led out into the open country. The way now, for some distance, was down hill, and as the frightened horses plunged along, and the sledge was whirled around a turn, where it came very near upsetting, the bear had to hold fast to the front seat to keep from being thrown out. On they went, the horses madly dashing along, and the bear tightly clutching the seat, until they reached the level road again. Here the tremendous pace which they had been keeping up almost from the time that they had entered the forest, began to tell upon the horses, and, in spite of their terror, their speed slackened.

And now the bear, finding his seat more secure, leaned forward, as if he could afford to lose no more time in making his choice of the horses.

But already he had waited too long. At a short distance in front of him, by the roadside, there stood two men with rifles on their shoulders. They were hunters. Having heard behind them the noise of the galloping horses, they had stopped and turned to see what it was which was approaching at such a pace. They did not comprehend that a bear was the occupant of the sledge, until it had passed them. But then, raising their rifles together, they took quick aim; two reports rang out, and two balls went through the head of the bear, who dropped dead in the bottom of the sledge. On went the horses, galloping more slowly, but still going at a rapid rate.

"Ho! ho!" said one of the hunters. "Something has happened! If I am not mistaken, those

were the horses of General Batashef, and that was his sledge."

"I think you are right," said the other; "but how came a bear in it? He could not have lent his sledge to a bear, especially one who drives so recklessly. Something has happened, as you say. Let us go back and see what it is."

So back toward the woods went the hunters. When they had proceeded some distance into the forest, they saw two doleful figures approaching them. One was Ivan, who had hurt his leg when he sprang from the sledge, and he was limping along, partly supported by the general, who had rolled into a snow-bank, and, with the exception of a shaking up, had escaped injury.

They were glad enough to see the hunters, and still more happy to hear of the death of the bear, for Ivan had had great fears that the brute would jump out of the sledge and come back after them.

The two men took Ivan between them, and by resting his hands on a shoulder of each of them, he found that he could get along very well. The news of the death of the bear really made his leg feel better. The general was strong and vigorous, and so they hoped to get home without much difficulty, although there were six or seven miles to be walked.

Not very long after this, the three horses, panting and smoking, trotted into the court-yard adjoining the general's stables, and stopped before the great stable door. Some of the men, who had been expecting the general, came running out, but when they saw no one in the sledge but a dead bear, they were stricken dumb with amazement.

"What is this?" said one, when he found his tongue. "This beast has killed and devoured Ivan and our master!"

"How can that be so?" said another. "He is dead himself. If he killed them first, they could not have killed him afterward; and if they killed him first, he could not have killed them."

"True enough," said a big man with a gray beard, who had charge of the stables. "They cannot be hurt, or they could not have shot this bear so well. I see how it was. The general shot the bear; he shot him twice,—there are two wounds in his head. Then he and Ivan were lifting him into the sledge when the horses took fright,—they hate a bear, dead or alive,—and ran off, leaving Ivan and the general standing in the road. Here,—quick! Bring out another sledge and team. Harness in haste; I will go back myself and bring them home. But remember, every man of you: Not a word of this in the house until I return."

The three fresh horses soon met the party on foot, and, as the sledge was a large one, they all

were taken into it,—the general insisting on the hunters coming to his house and taking possession of the bear, which was certainly their prize.

When the sledge reached the general's home, it stopped first at the court-yard, and Ivan and the hunters got out.

The general was driven to the main entrance of his mansion, where his wife, hearing the bells of the horses, ran out to meet him.

After he had alighted, and they were about to go together into the house, she noticed that gray-bearded Michael was the driver, and not Ivan,

whom she had seen start off the day before, and she asked how this change had been made.

"Oh!" said the general, "I have changed drivers, and have changed sledges and horses also, on the way. I even got out of my sledge, because an impudent individual whom we met on the road wanted to ride in it."

"And you let him have it?" asked his wife, in amazement.

"Yes," said the general, "I thought it well to give it up to him. And now let us go in, and I will tell you the story."

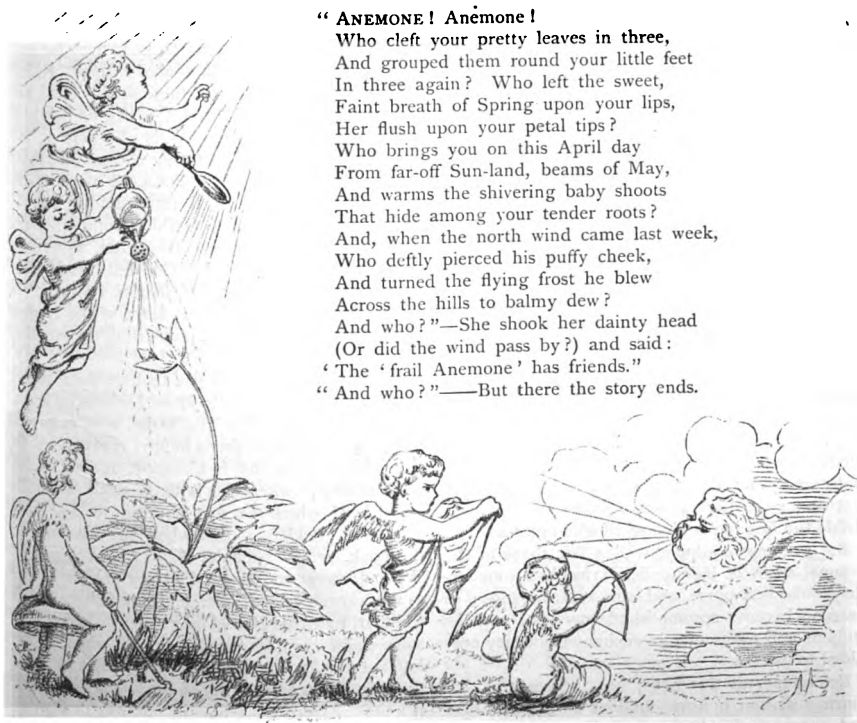
AN OPEN SECRET.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

"ANEMONE! Anemone!

Who cleft your pretty leaves in three,
And grouped them round your little feet
In three again? Who left the sweet,
Faint breath of Spring upon your lips,
Her flush upon your petal tips?
Who brings you on this April day
From far-off Sun-land, beams of May,
And warms the shivering baby shoots
That hide among your tender roots?
And, when the north wind came last week,
Who deftly pierced his puffy cheek,
And turned the flying frost he blew
Across the hills to balmy dew?
And who?"—She shook her dainty head
(Or did the wind pass by?) and said:
'The 'frail Anemone' has friends."

"And who?"—But there the story ends.



A BALL's a ball, and nothing more,
When it lies upon the floor.
See how grave and still its air!
Not a bit of frolic there.

What is this? Can Pussy's touch
Change the quiet thing so much?
See it start, and turn, and hop!
Pussy cannot make it stop!

See them scurry! See them leap!
See the two fall in a heap!
Now they roll! and now they run!
Bless me! balls are full of fun!



OUR LETTER.

BY M. F. ARMSTRONG.

THERE were once three young people, a brother and two sisters, who were enabled, through the love and wisdom of those upon whom they depended, to make a very delightful journey. For six long months they dreamed a dream of swiftly changing wonders, and the crowning wonder now is, that it was all reality, and that *we* three grown-ups were those three children. We actually climbed to the roof of St. Peter's, and into the ball of St. Paul's; we floated in gondolas and bathed in the shining Adriatic; our eyes saw Mont Blanc, and our ears heard the shrill "*Vive l'Impératrice*" of a Parisian crowd!

In truth, we were hardly more than children; and when we found ourselves in England, with permission to wander whithersoever we would, many and warmly debated were the plans upon which our Council of Three was called to decide. And when, finally, our minds were made up, and we had crossed the little strip of ocean whose chopping sea is never to be forgotten, we found our first and most perplexing difficulty in the fact that nobody considered us responsible agents; for that we were either runaways or lost children, was visibly the first impression of all who met us.

But we were equipped with a fair share of the national spirit of independence; we had a moderately well-filled purse, and almost no luggage; so we soon became accomplished travelers, and the dragons and ogres of our enchanted journey only added to its zest.

Before me, at this hour, lies the story of that journey written in three familiar hands, with here and there a sketch of an Italian donkey or a

French fountain,—here and there a dried flower from the Campagna or the Mer-de-Glace; or, again, a bar of sweet music to keep fresh for us a *carillon* at Bruges or a *Volkstied* from the Rhine. On the last page of one of these little books I find a letter,—put there by careful hands, as being, in the eyes of the two young girls who were so fortunate as to receive it, a fitting climax wherewith to close the record of a summer's never-to-be-repeated happiness. And from among all my treasures—to each one of which some pleasant history is bound—I choose this letter, written on coarse blue paper, dated "Gadshill Tenth February 1862," and signed "Charles Dickens," in the confidence that some, at least, of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will find pleasure in the tale that hangs thereby.

First of all, I must tell you that we three young people were brought up to know Dickens by heart. We were like little Miss Thackeray, who, as quoted by her papa, "when she is happy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is unhappy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is tired, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she has nothing to do, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; and when she has finished the book, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby' over again." We had, moreover, the good fortune to know of him as the warm personal friend of our father, and to feel that, by virtue of *auld lang syne*, we had at least some claim upon his friendship. So when, in the late autumn, we came back to England and found that Mr. Dickens had begun his famous readings, it was very plain to us that in one way or another we must hear him. We made to each other a

solemn declaration that we would expatriate ourselves, or take other equally desperate measures, rather than return to America without compassing our end. The difficulty lay in the fact that he was reading only in the provinces, and it was by no means easy to find out where or how to catch him. The Council of Three had a protracted meeting, the result of which was, that my brother wrote directly to Mr. Dickens, telling him of our desire, and asking if he would be kind enough to advise us what to do. Quickly came back a little note, asking us to meet him at Colchester, where he was to read on a certain evening the trial from "Pickwick" and selections from "Nicholas Nickleby." You, who are feeling now, as we felt then, the eagerness of youth, will understand that from that moment the matter required little consideration. Colchester is distant fifty miles or thereabouts from London, and is the old Camelodunum of the Romans, with ruins and antiquities which ought to have interested us deeply, but which in truth occupied a very small share of our attention.

We were going to see and hear the man whose books had given us hours of keen delight,—the man who had made us laugh with Sam Weller, shudder with Oliver Twist, and cry with Paul Dombey,—ruins and antiquities must bide their time. So, a few days later, in the autumnal twilight, we were met on the platform at Colchester by the young man then officiating as Mr. Dickens's secretary, who took us at once to the queer old English inn,—than which we could have found no fitter place wherein to meet him who wrote of "Boots at the Holly-tree Inn," and those two dear little runaways.

Can anybody imagine how we felt when, half an hour later, a fat and solemn waiter appeared at our door to inform us that "Mr. Dickens hisself had bordered supper for us?" And cannot everybody understand that our appetites were rather taken away than stimulated when we found that our supper was evidently the work of a host who remembered the days of his youth, and had found time to give thought to the young people he was entertaining? Everything that the appetite of sixteen was likely to fancy was there,—even, to a certain kind of little custards which Mr. Dickens had selected as being sure to please the "young ladies."

And then we were taken off to the theater, and ensconced in a corner where we could see and hear better than anywhere else, and where we caught, more than once during the evening, sideways smiles from the world-known eyes and mouth that were so quick and keen in their glances and expression. Of the reading itself I can say nothing; ask your parents about it; those who have

heard it know what it was to them; while to those who have not been so fortunate, descriptions can only be an aggravation of their ill-luck.

We, at least, were more than satisfied as to the greatness of our favorite, and after the reading was over, it was with not a little trembling that our insignificant feet followed the attendant to the dressing-room, where Mr. Dickens, in his shirt-sleeves, was walking rapidly up and down, as a means of getting through with the cooling and calming process which was always necessary after the great excitement and exertion of his reading.

The thing which struck me first, and which has always remained my strongest impression about him, was his power of putting himself in complete sympathy with other people; and I believe that to be the key-note of his genius. During that hour, and the hours which followed it,—for we went back with him to the inn and sat beside him while he ate his hearty supper,—he was literally one of us,—a boy,—only a boy beyond compare in exuberance of mirth, quickness of wit, and inexhaustible capacity for happiness. He was absolutely never still, mentally or physically; thoughts, words, and gestures followed each other in bright succession, till it was little wonder that my sister and I went to bed thoroughly exhausted, to pass a night of mingled dreams and sleeplessness, under the canopy of our queer old dingy four-poster.

In the morning, we woke to find a smart little snow-storm going on, but none the less cheery was the breakfast with Mr. Dickens; for his was a gayety dependent neither on weather, nor hours, nor people. I wonder if he suspected that the hand of the young girl who poured his tea trembled to that extent that she always since has felt it to have been a mercy that she did not forever disgrace herself by letting fall the cups and saucers,—and I wonder what he thought of the two solemn little Yankee maidens who received his gay hospitality with such serious appreciation.

Through the softly falling snow we came back together to London, and on the railway platform parted with a hearty hand-shaking from the man who will forever be enshrined in our hearts as the kindest and most generous, not to say most brilliant, of hosts. Our gratitude was too exuberant to be satisfied without some speedy and tangible manifestation; so, after some deliberation, we decided to take advantage of our knowledge of Mr. Dickens's special weakness. He was a constant smoker and a connoisseur in cigars, and on the whole, we believed that nothing within our reach would please him more than a box of what he called "American cigars." Therefore, the best that we could find was bought and sent to him; and this is what came to us in return,—“Our

Gads Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Tenth February 1862
My Dear Girls

— For if I were to write "young
fellows," it would look like a schoolmaster,
and if I were to write "young ladies," it
would look like a schoolmistress; and
worse than that, neither form of words
would look familiar and natural,
or in character with our snowy ride
that tooth-chattering morning.

I cannot tell you how
gratified I was by your remembrance,
or how often I think of you as I
smoke the admirable cigar. But
I almost think you must have had
some magnetic consciousness? across
the Atlantic, of my whipping my
love towards you from the garden back.
My daughter says that when

Letter,"—which we keep as a precious memento of
our delightful visit to Charles Dickens. I must tell
you here that the expression "little public affairs
at home" refers to the War of the Rebellion.

Monday, Tenth February, 1862.
MY DEAR GIRLS—For if I were to write "young friends," it
would look like a schoolmaster; and if I were to write "young
ladies," it would look like a schoolmistress; and worse than that,
neither form of words would look familiar and natural, or in character
with our snowy ride that tooth-chattering morning. I cannot tell

You have settled those little public affairs at home, she hopes, you will come back to England (possibly in United States) and give a minute or two to this part of Kent. Her words are, "a day or two"; but I remember your Italian flights, and correct the message.

I have only just now finished my country readings, and have had nobody to make breakfast for me since the remote ages of Colchester! Ever faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

you both, how gratified I was by your remembrance, or how often I think of you as I smoke the admirable cigars. But I almost think you must have had some magnetic consciousness across the Atlantic, of my whiffing my love toward you from the garden here.

My daughter says that when you have settled those little public affairs at home, she hopes you will come back to England (possibly

in United States) and give a minute or two to this part of Kent. Her words are, "a day or two"; but I remember your Italian flights, and correct the message.

I have only just now finished my country readings, and have had nobody to make breakfast for me since the remote ages of Colchester!

Ever faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS.

HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XX.

SAM LONGSHORE SOLVES THE PROBLEM.



HE terrible catastrophe of the night before seemed something far off and unreal to Jacob as he stood again on the shore that lovely summer morning. The thunder-storm, the darkness and deluging rain, the upsetting

of the boat, the struggle in the water, the rescue of Florie, the search for Alphonse, the departure of the steamboat down the river, and of the tug in the opposite direction, the appalling loneliness of his situation on the shore and in the great woods,—was not all this something he had experienced long ago, or in a dream?

The peddler, who proved to be rather tall and rather bent, now that he stood on the muddy slope of the bank, walked about in a stooping attitude, looking sharply at everything while he listened to Jacob's explanations, nodding the little head on his lean neck and shoulders, puckering his dry mouth, and appearing wise. At length he said:

"I've heard enough, and I've seen enough. My mind is made up about it."

"About what?" said Jacob.

Sam Longshore stuffed a heavy pinch of tobacco into his mouth, rolled it into his cheek, looked immensely philosophical, and proceeded:

"This hull thing. You can't tell me anything more, or show me anything, that will change my opinion. My mind is as clear about it as it is on the subject of the moon's connection with the tides, which reminds me that there is one kind of force that aint connected with the heat of the sun. You are an Ohio boy, so you never saw what is called a tide-mill. The tides flow twice a day on the sea-coast, and run up into cricks and rivers, and then run out again with the ebb. Dams are built in some places with gates that let the water run up, but ketch it as it goes to run down. That gives a water-power which does n't come from the rain caused by the condensation of the vapor raised by the heat of the sun. But I told you there was a power back of the heat of the sun—the power of gravitation. And it's that that causes the tides, the waters of the sea being attracted by the moon. So you see that, after all, there is only one great source of power, as I told you."

"But tell me about this!" said Jacob, trembling with anxiety. "What have you found out?"

"You see these trees with their tops in the water and their roots in the mass of earth that slid down the bank with 'em."

"Of course I see them!" said Jacob, impatiently.

"Well, see 'em some more," said the positive philosopher, dryly; "for they're a part of my theory. Now notice the gully in the bank, where the water from last night's rain is still trickling. A pile of water comes down there in a wet time. But in a dry time it's dry. It was dry at the beginning of the shower last evening. Ye take it all in?"

Sam Longshore looked at Jacob with an air of philosophical inquiry.

"Yes, I guess so," said Jacob: "all there is to take."

"Now, you say this Professor Pinkey had money about him; and, more partic'larly, some of your money."

"He had all of my money," said Jacob.

"And he had n't paid his fare or yours on the steamboat. But he had played cards with the blackleg. Now, don't you see what I'm drifting at?"

"No, I don't," said Jacob; "and I wish you would tell me!"

"Don't be nervous, don't be nervous," said the peddler, with his dry, leathery smile. "Learn to take a philosophical view of things. If you had the science of human nature, as I have, you'd see what I mean. I wonder the captain of the steamer did n't see it. Which reminds me to say that his stopping his boat to look for a drowned passenger was an unheard-of thing on this river. I was aboard a steamboat once, below Leavenworth, just out of the Horseshoe Bend, when a man fell overboard in the night. I saw him go, and gave the alarm. And how long do you suppose the steamer stopped? About five minutes. They did n't even lower a boat for the poor fellow. 'He's drowned by this time,' says the captain; 'heavy freight, good many passengers; we're in a hurry!' And on we went. Oh, I tell you, life is cheap on this river!"

"But Mr. Pinkey was acquainted—that is, he had got acquainted—with the captain," said Jacob.

"That made the difference, probably. That accounts for the captain's trusting him for your fares, and wanting to get hold of that belt. Otherwise, and aside from that, I'm astonished."

"How, astonished? What *do* you mean?" implored Jacob.

"What I mean is, your Professor Pinkey is playing 'possum." And the philosophical Sam smiled with the most satisfied and offensive self-conceit.

"Playing ——" stammered Jacob.

"'Possum," said Longshore. "You know the 'possum, or opossum, one of the queerest creatures in nature. The mother has a pouch at her breast, which she puts her young ones in; she holds it open with her fore-paws and drops them in with her teeth. She carries 'em about in it till they get big enough to ride on her back, and hold on to her tail by twisting their tails about it—the funniest sight ye ever did see! The niggers have great fun hunting 'em moonlight nights."

"So do white boys," exclaimed Jacob, impatient to the point of vexation. "I've seen 'possums; I don't want a sermon on 'em now!"

"But you want to know what I think, and I'm telling ye," was the philosophical reply. "The 'possum, when caught, has a curious trick of making believe dead. You may stir it up with a stick, and even put your knife into its hide, and it'll lie perfectly quiet, but watching its chance to escape."

"I know all that!" said Jacob, despairingly. "But it is n't possible you can mean that my friend, Mr. Pinkey ——"

"Yes, it is possible," said Sam. "I mean, Mr. Pinkey aint drowned any more 'n you or I."

Jacob stared at him. The peddler continued:

"Now see how everything works into my theory. Pinkey had gambled, and most likely lost money. He owed the captain; he owed you. The boat capsized at just the right time and in the right place. In the confusion he got into the tree-tops without being seen. The tree-tops hid him while he got into that gully there, and he climbed up that into the woods."

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Jacob, almost angrily.

"You don't *want* to believe it," said Longshore, with a quaint smile.

"No, I don't! I'd as lief think my friend was drowned,—almost,—as believe he would be so cowardly and so mean!" replied Jacob, with passionate earnestness.

"That accounts for it," said the philosopher. "It's about the hardest thing to get a man to believe what he don't want to believe. You'd rather, of course, think that money-belt is in the river than that a rascal has run away with it. I should if't was mine. There'd be more chance of seeing my money again."

"I don't care for the money," cried Jacob. "And I *would* like to know that Mr. Pinkey is n't drowned. But he's not a rascal, and he never

would have left me to think he was dead while he was merely running away! That I'm sure of."

"Just what I expected," replied the smiling Sam. "Your mind has n't been used to weighing evidence in a sperrit of philosophical inquiry. But here comes Quaker Matthew; we'll put it to him, and see what he says."

Close by the shore, in a small-boat, two men were approaching, one of whom had a somewhat rugged face, with strong features, heavy gray eyebrows, and a singularly quiet, benign expression. There was nothing about his garb to indicate his character, for he wore a common straw hat, and was without a coat; but Jacob knew at once that this was the father of Ruth.

The other "man" turned out to be a boy, considerably larger, but not much older, than Jacob. He pulled the oars, while Matthew sat in the stern and pushed or steered with a pole. The boat soon grounded alongside the Ark, and the peddler shook hands with Matthew as he stepped ashore.

Jacob left all the talking to his friend, who stated the facts in the case, together with his theory, and then appealed to Matthew's philosophical mind for an opinion. Jacob also looked into that calm and powerful face and the clear gray eyes, and waited almost as anxiously as if the life or death of his friend depended upon the words about to be spoken.

But Matthew Lane, unlike Sam Longshore, did not set himself up for an oracle. He said, quietly:

"What thee says, Samuel, is indeed possible, but by no means certain. Of course, after such a rain, it is useless to look for the marks of footsteps. And it seems to me that search for the body will be equally fruitless. I had made up my mind to that as we rowed up along the shore."

"What, then, shall I do?" Jacob burst forth, despairingly.

"I will tell thee, my lad," replied Matthew, laying his large brown hand kindly on the boy's shoulder. "Thee shall go home with me, and spend as many days as thee chooses looking for thy friend. We will also have the loss advertised in the towns down the river. It is a question which time perhaps will solve, and I promise to help thee all I can."

The boy's heart swelled with mingled emotions of grief and gratitude.

"But how can I—what can I ever do to pay you for your trouble?" he stammered forth, with difficulty mastering a great sob.

"There will be time enough later to consider that. But go with us now; I would not remain here alone to-day, brooding over thy sorrow."

Sam Longshore grinned in his dryest manner, and observed:

"I never found friend Matthew much of a phi-

losopher, but his advice is always good, and my advice is to take it. Anyway, I must go about my business, and try to make up for lost time. If you're goin' down the river now, I'll give you a lift."

The "lift" was accepted. It consisted simply in taking the small-boat in tow after the Ark had got headed down the river. The little engine *chow-chowed*, the paddles flew, the current assisted, and away went steamer and skiff in a style which would have diverted Jacob, had he not felt almost stunned by the result of the morning's investigations.

The passage down the river and up the creek to Matthew Lane's shore was quickly made. There the boat and the Ark parted company, the peddler promising to give Matthew's folks a call on his return from the village above.

CHAPTER XXI.

JACOB AND THE QUAKER FAMILY.

JACOB remained two days with the Quaker family,—days that passed so quietly that there is little to be said about them. But they were very memorable days to the boy. He never had imagined anything so beautiful as the relations of husband and wife and daughter to each other; that humble little home seemed filled with an atmosphere of love; and its influence over him was all the more soothing and durable for the great sorrow that had just softened his heart.

Matthew had a small farm, which he himself worked, with occasional aid from the boy who went with him in the boat. Jacob wished that he could have found work there too. But that was not to be.

On the evening of the second day, as Jacob sat with the family in their little sitting-room, Matthew said to him:

"Mary and I have been thinking a good deal of thy case, Jacob, and it seems to us wrong that thee should be longer deceived. To-day, when we saw thee going again to the river-side, looking for thy friend, we resolved to tell thee what we think; though I fear the truth may be sadder to thee than the falsehood that has been imposed upon thee."

Jacob turned pale. He could not conceive what was coming. The Quaker's clear gray eyes looked kindly upon him from beneath their bushy brows; he noticed, too, that Ruth gave him a quick glance of concern and sweet pity. Her mother, who sat sewing by the table, did not look up, but kept her eyes fixed upon her work with an expression full of grave, motherly solicitude.

Matthew went on:

"It is often easier and better to lose a friend by death, than to lose our faith in him and in humanity through his misdeeds. I can understand why thee did not wish to accept Samuel's conclusion in

the matter; and for the sake of thy young heart, I wish we might say it was wrong. But I am now well convinced that it is in the main correct."

"You think ——" gasped poor Jacob.

But his heart was in his throat, and he could not say another word. All the while he felt the eyes of the sweet young Quakeress fixed upon him with deepening concern and pity.

"I talked the matter over with Mary that evening; and since then we have drawn out from thee a pretty full description of thy friend's dress and appearance. So that no doubt remains in our minds that he is alive, and that he was the wet stranger who came to our house and slept with thee here that first night."

Jacob started as if he had been pricked by a sharp point. He looked appealingly at Matthew's wife, who now laid aside her work, and bent her gaze upon him, with a gentle, tremulous smile.

"Yea, Jacob," she said, "I think there can be no doubt that he was thy bedfellow. He had thy friend's mustache and little strip of beard up and down the chin, and his ringlets, though they were in a stringy condition from his drenching. And though his coat was then buttoned across his chest, and not with one button at the waist, his dress corresponded well with thy description of it."

"Do not be cast down at the news of thy friend's unfaithfulness," said Matthew. "No doubt he has some good excuse for himself; cruel as it seems in him to have left thee to suffer so."

"I know he has," said Jacob. "And I am glad—if he is alive. But I thought so much of him,—I would n't hear a word against his honor; though all the while, in my own heart, I felt there was something not quite true about him; and now, to have him turn out so much worse than I suspected, or anybody said ——"

A sob, which had been all the while coming, though resolutely kept back, finished the sentence.

Matthew went on, with gentle kindness:

"And do not fall into the error of thinking that all the world is bad because the friend of thy trust has deceived thee."

"How can I think that?" said Jacob,—“after I have been in this house!”

Kind as Matthew was, he had appeared calm and unmoved until now. But these words touched him, and his lips quivered before he spoke again.

"Now, thee must leave thy friend's imaginary grave, and think of thy own future, Jacob. We would be glad to keep thee here; but that would not be well. We could not give thee constant employment; and I am sure thee can do better elsewhere. We have a nephew in Jackson, the capital of Jackson County,—a man of means,—largely interested in the iron-works there; I will

give thee a letter to him, which thee will find of service. And I think thee had better depart in the morning. Ruth shall convey thee a few miles in the wagon; after which, thee can finish the journey on foot at the end of the second day."

This was another shock to the boy's heart. Having lost his one friend, his impulse was to cling to these new ones, with all the might of his young and strong affections.

"If I go to their nephew, I may see them again," was the one cheering thought that flashed across the darkness of his future.

through every doubt and trouble. Remember that worldly advantages are deceitful, and that they soon pass away; but that truth, and the gains of the heart and soul, are real and eternal. Keep thy youth and manhood pure. Help others. Let love be thy law. Farewell!"

Mary said less, but gave him a motherly kiss.

"I can never thank you!" he said. "But I shall never forget you!"

With which words, uttered in a broken voice, he turned from that hospitable door, which had become so dear to him, and climbed up into the old



"THE HORSE WENT SLOWLY, BUT THE TIME WENT FAST."

That gleam of hope consoled him at the time, and gave him fortitude to bear the parting from Matthew and Mary the next morning.

Everything was ready for an early start. Matthew had his letter written, which he gave to Jacob after breakfast, with a little money, and a few words of earnest counsel.

"Thee has trusted an outward friend hitherto, and he has deceived thee. Now thee must rely upon that inner Friend, who will never betray thee, nor guide thee wrong. Question thy conscience, Jacob, and follow that single ray, which, though sometimes faintly seen, will lead thee safely

one-horse wagon, where the little Quakeress, Ruth, was already waiting for him, reins in hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

A JOURNEY, AND A SURPRISE AT THE END OF IT.

It was still in the dewy morning, and the world was bathed in sunshine and silvery mist, when Jacob started on his journey, riding with Ruth in the checkered light, along by a fringe of birches on the banks of the creek.

Both were a long time silent. At least, it seemed a long time to Jacob, who wished to break

through the constraint which deep emotion had cast upon his tongue, and enjoy the little Quakeress's society while he could; for from her, too, he must soon part. She knew that he was thinking and feeling deeply, and would not intrude upon his reverie with any forced or trivial words.

They had not gone much more than a mile, however, when they heard a quick panting of steam, and saw the little Ark coming down the creek.

"There is Sam Longshore!" cried Jacob. "I should like to bid him good-bye."

So Ruth drove in between the trees, close to the edge of the bank, and Jacob stood up in the wagon and showed his little black bag and swung his cap.

"Good-bye!" he shouted down to the peddler, at the wheel with his dog Ripper.

Longshore shut off steam, and drifting near the shore, shouted up at Jacob:

"Off, are you?"

"Yes,—going to Jackson."

"Found out that what I said was about so, did n't ye?" said Sam. "Well, you'll find out, soon or late, that a good many other things I said are so, too. Think on 'em, young man, and remember Sam Longshore."

"Be sure I will!" cried Jacob, heartily.

"There's one other thing I wanted to say to you,—about the attraction of the sun and planets,—which has a bearing on the theory of —"

But just here, the lank form and puckered face of the peddler were shut from view by the projection of his little cabin roof, as the Ark, drifting past, carried him down the creek.

"Is n't he a strange man?" said Ruth, laughing.

"Yes," replied Jacob,—“the queerest mortal I ever saw. But he has set me thinking about some things, and I'm very glad I met him. It seems to me,” he added, after a pause, “that I have learned more in the past few days than in all my life before.”

"How is that?" Ruth inquired, glad to hear him talk.

"Oh, I knew so little of human nature and life! I started off with the grand idea of being my own master; and I have found everything so different from what I expected!"

"Thee has had a great trial," said the little Quakeress. "Is thee sorry?"

"How can I be sorry," replied Jacob, "since it has brought me acquainted with your folks? Oh!" he exclaimed, "after I had lost my only friend in the world,—and, what was worse, lost faith in him,—I don't know what would have become of me if it had n't been for the kindness, the — I can't say what I mean!"

"I am so glad thee came to our house!" said Ruth, soothingly.

"Are your cousin's folks—where I am going—anything like you?" Jacob asked, after another pause.

"They are Friends,—what the world calls Quakers," replied Ruth. "And my cousin is a very good man, I believe. But thee will find him full of business, and not very much like my father. Our people are not all alike."

"So I have found. I never knew but one Quaker before,—I mean Friend," stammered Jacob, correcting himself.

"Oh, I don't mind thy calling us Quakers," said Ruth, turning upon him with a sweet, bright smile.

"He is a hard old fellow!" Jacob went on, smiling and blushing at some amusing recollection. "He tried to cheat me, buying my aunt's cow, and I told him pretty plainly what I thought. It was very foolish in me; but he made me mad!"

"Thee should not suffer thyself to be made mad, Jacob," said Ruth, gently.

"I know it. And I ought not to have sauced Friend David, if he *did* call me grasping, when he was the grasping one, as was proved at the auction, when he paid more than I'd asked for the cow before, and more than twice what he'd offered. He gave me a sort of prejudice against Quakers. But it is cured now! I don't know just what your people believe, but I would give anything to be as good a man as your father! It seems to me everybody must feel how good he is."

"Yea, I think so," said Ruth. "Even dumb animals feel it, too. People from ever so far around bring him horses and oxen to tame,—break, as they call it. He never whips them; they seem to know at once that he is their friend, and they give right up to him. No dog will ever touch him. I remember the first time we ever saw Samuel Longshore's Ark. Samuel had left his dog to guard it, when my father and I saw it by the shore, and went down to look at it. The dog growled dreadfully, but my father said to him kindly, though in a tone of authority, 'Come here!' and he came right up and licked his hands. Samuel said there was n't another man in the world who could have done it."

Another silence. Then Jacob said:

"I hope I shall see you again sometime. Do you ever visit your cousin's folks in Jackson?"

"I have been there twice, but not very lately. It is more likely that thee will visit us, than that I shall see thee there. Meanwhile, thee must write to us, and let us know how thee prospers."

"And will you write to me?"

"Yea, I think so," said Ruth, simply.

That promise made Jacob happy. His tongue was now loosed, and he talked freely with his companion during the remainder of their ride. They

passed the village, and drove several miles along a pleasant country road, while the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, and beat down upon them so that Jacob took an umbrella from the bottom of the wagon and held it over their heads.

At length Ruth said :

"There are the stump fences, where my father said I would better leave thee."

"Oh! so soon?" cried Jacob. "Then drive slowly! I don't know what will happen to me after we part, but I am sure I shall be very lonesome!"

"He did not say just where I was to leave thee, and I think I may drive a little way beyond the beginning of the stump fences," replied Ruth.

"I thought of that, but was ashamed to ask it—it seemed too much. You will have to go back alone, and the sun will be so hot!"

"But I shall have the umbrella, and thee will have none, Jacob. I shall not mind being alone, for I shall have my own thoughts for company. I shall think of thee, walking on with thy bag in the hot sun!"

The horse went very slowly indeed; but the time went fast, and the moment of parting soon came. The roadway was narrow, and Jacob helped to turn the wagon about and head the horse homeward. Then, standing by the wheel, he reached up to shake hands with Ruth, and say good-bye.

After they had parted, he walked on, but stopped and turned often to see her driving away under the little umbrella; and once she turned to look at him. But it was a long way off. Then she came to a turn in the road, and disappeared. And once more Jacob was alone in the world.

(To be continued.)



NOT only in the Christmas-tide
The holy baby lay;
But month by month his home he blessed,
And brightened every day.

He made the winter soft as spring,
The summer brave and clear,
For Christ, who lived for all the world,
Was part of all the year.

IVANHOE.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

I DON'T think I shall ever forget my first reading of Scott's story of "Ivanhoe,"—not if I live to be as old as Commodore Vanderbilt.

It was about the time when I was half through Adam's Latin Grammar (which nobody studies now). I was curled up in an easy-chair, with one

old tournament-ground where was held the famous fête that opens so grandly the story of "Ivanhoe;" and in going through Sherwood Forest (what is left of it), I think the Robin Hood of Scott's story was as lively in my thought as the Robin Hood of the old ballads.

And now ST. NICHOLAS wants the story told over in a few pages. A few pages! Ah! there was a time when I wished the two hundred pages could be stretched into five hundred! I hear the young people of our day complain that they can't like the long talks and the long descriptions, and that Scott's books are too slow for them. Well, well! I know that the day of chivalry, and of men-at-arms, and "knights caparisoned" is gone by; but there are old heads into which the din of those gone-by times does come at odd intervals, floating musically, and never so musically as on the pages of Scott. What if we try to whisk a little of this music into a page of story?

The first scene shows a swineherd, with rough jerkin; his tangled hair is his only cap, and a brass band is around his neck, and he is talking with the fool Wamba, who sits upon a bank in the forest. They are the serfs of an old Saxon named Cedric, who lives near by, in a great, sprawling, half-fortified country-house. And when Gurth, the swineherd, and Wamba go home at night, there is met a great company in the hall of Cedric, their master. A famous Templar knight, Sir Brian du Bois-Guilbert, is there with his retinue; and Cedric has seated by him Rowena, a beautiful princess, who is living under his guardianship; and there is a pilgrim from the Holy Land in the company,—who is a disguised knight (and the son of Cedric, but has been disinherited by the father because he has dared to love the beautiful Rowena); and there is a rich old white-bearded Jew,—Isaac of York,—who is buffeted by the company, but who is richer than them all. The timber roof of the apartment is begrimed with smoke, that rises from a great fire-place at the end of the hall. Yet the meats are good, and there is wine and ale. There is talk of the battles of the Crusaders in Palestine, and of the valiant deeds of Richard the Lion-hearted, who is a prisoner (or thought to be) somewhere in Europe; and there is talk, too, of the great tournament at Ashby, where all the company is going on the morrow.

But no one knows the secret of the disguised pilgrim, who at dawn next day steals out secretly,



THE SWINEHERD AND WAMBA.

of those gilt-backed volumes in my hand, which made a long array in a little upstairs book-case of a certain stone house that fronts the sea. Snowing, I think, and promising good sliding down-hill (we knew nothing about any such word as "coasting" in those days). But snow, and sleds, and mittens were all forgotten in that charming story, where I saw old Saxon England and the brave Cœur de Lion, who was king, and a pretty princess, and dashing men-at-arms, and heard clash of battle, and bugle notes, and prayerful entreaties of a sweet Jewess, and anthems in old abbeys.

All these so lingered in my mind, that when years after I went rambling through England, I wandered one day all around the town of Ashby-de-la-Zouche to find—if it might be found—the

—taking Gurth with him, and telling the swineherd who he really is. He befriends the Jew, too; and so, through his aid, procures a steed and new armor for the battle of the tournament.

It was a gorgeous scene at Ashby. Prince John, the usurping king (brother to Richard), was there with his court, and Rowena beautiful as

write their own names, and it was a long time before there was any such thing in existence as a printed book. But yet I think the show of fine feathers and silks, and coquetry, was as great then as it would be in any such great assemblage now.

Well, in all the knightly sports of the early part of the day, Bois-Guilbert was easily chief; but



THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY.

ever; and still more beautiful was Rebecca, the "peerless daughter of the Jew," Isaac of York. Of course there was, too, a great crowd of Saxon knights and of Norman barons, and of people of all degrees,—such a crowd, in short, as gathers at one of our great fairs or races. But remember that very few of the great people, even in this gathering of Richard Cœur de Lion's day, could

before the day ended, a new knight made his appearance on the field with visor down, unknown to all, and with only this device on his shield,—a young oak torn up by the roots, and the word "Disinherited." Everybody admired his motions and his carriage, and everybody trembled when he rode bravely up to the tents of the challengers and smote the shield of Bois-Guilbert with

the point of his lance. This meant deadly strife; while, before this time, all the combats had been with blunted javelins.

So the knights took up position, and at a blast from the trumpets dashed forward into the middle

This was a most splendid thing for Rebecca to do, we all thought.

The next day, there was a little army on each side in the contest: Bois-Guilbert leading one, and Ivanhoe the other. For a long time the



of the lists, and met with a shock, that must have been a fearful thing to see. Neither was unhorsed, though the lances of both were shattered in splinters. At the second trial, Bois-Guilbert rolled over in the dust, and the strange knight (whose real name was Ivanhoe) was declared victor.

The air rang with shouts, and Ivanhoe rode around the lists to single out a fair lady who should be queen of the next day's fête; of course, he chose Rowena, the Saxon princess, who sat beside Athelstane, who was of royal Saxon blood, and was her declared lover, and favored by Cedric, who sat also beside her.

But neither Cedric, nor Rowena, nor Prince John knew who the strange knight could be, since he had refused to lift the visor of his helmet, or to declare his name. The Jew, Isaac of York, doubtless knew the steed and the armor, and may have whispered what he knew to Rebecca; for when Ivanhoe, at evening, sent his man Gurth to pay the Jew for his equipments, the beautiful Rebecca detained the messenger at the door, and paid him back the money—and more; saying that so true and good a knight, who had befriended her father, owed him nothing.

result was doubtful; but, at last, Ivanhoe was beset by three knights at once,—Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane, and Front de Bœuf; and surely would have been conquered if a new party had not appeared. This was a gigantic knight in black armor, with no device, and who had acted the slug-gard. He rode up at sight of Ivanhoe's sore need, and with a careless blow or two from mace or battle-ax, sent Front de Bœuf and Athelstane reeling in the dust. After this, the victory of Ivanhoe was easy and complete.

They led him up to receive the crown from Rowena, the queen of the fête; and they unloosed his helmet, though he made signs to them to forbear; and Cedric knew his son, and Rowena knew her lover, and Prince John knew the favorite of the wronged King Richard, whose power he was usurping.

But the poor knight was wounded grievously; and, taking off his corslet, the attendants found a spear-head driven into his breast. And he was taken away to be cared for,—none knew exactly by whom; but it appeared afterward that it was by those in

the employ of Rebecca, who, like many ladies of that day, was a great mistress of the healing craft.



REBECCA AND THE MESSENGER.

A day or two later, as I remember, he was journeying in a litter under care of the Jew and Rebecca, who were attacked by outlaws; and after this, claimed the protection of Cedric and Athelstane, and their company, who also were

out and report to the poor knight Ivanhoe how the battle is going. She says a giant, in black armor, is heading the attacking party, and that he thunders with his great battle-ax upon the postern gate, as if the might of an army were in



journeying through the same region; but these latter did not know who was the wounded man in the litter. Even if they had known, they could not have protected him against the enemies who presently beset them; for they all were taken captive and lodged in the great castle of Front de Bœuf.

Ah, what a castle it was! What dungeons! What mysterious posterns! What embrasures, and courts, and turrets, and thick walls, and secret passages!

I see in one of its dungeons the old Jew, appealing to Front de Bœuf, who threatens to draw out his teeth one by one, or to roast him by the dungeon fire, if he will not disgorge his money.

I see Rebecca, beautiful and defiant, wooed by Bois-Guilbert, as captives are always wooed by conquerors, until, with proud daring, she threatens to throw herself from the embrasure of the window, headlong down the walls.

I see Cedric disguised as priest and making his escape, and flinging back bribes in scorn. I see Ivanhoe stretched upon his sick couch, helpless, and listening yearningly to the sounds that come up from the castle walls. I see the beautiful Rebecca—who is in attendance upon him (we boys were all so glad of that)—exposing herself to chance arrows from Robin Hood's band, who are attacking the castle, only that she may look

his hand. She says the men go down under his strokes as if God's lightning had smitten them. He knows who it must be. It is—it can be no other than the Black Sluggard of the tournament—Richard I. of England!

"Look again, Rebecca."

"God of Abraham! They are toppling over a great stone from the battlements; it must crush the brave knight!"

Poor Ivanhoe! Poor captives!

"But no, he is safe; he is thundering at the gate; it splinters under his blows! Ah, the blood! the trampled men! Great God! are these thy children?"



FRONT DE BŒUF DEMANDING MONEY OF ISAAC.

Yet even now, there are inner and higher walls of the castle to be climbed or battered down.

Never would they have been taken except there had been treachery within. A wretched woman—Ulrica, victim of Front de Bœuf—has set a match to a great store of fuel, and smoke and flame belch out: the defenders have fires to fight, and their outposts are weakened, and the attacking party press on and secure the citadel. I seem to see smoke and flame, and crashing towers, under whose ruins lie buried Front de Bœuf and the miserable Ulrica. Then, upon a patch of green-sward, under the shadow of a near grove of oaks, the victors gather slowly to measure their spoil.

The Saxon Rowena is safe—so is the Jew and Cedric. Athelstane has received what seems his death-wound. Ivanhoe has been snatched out of the jaws of destruction by the arm of King Richard, who bids Cedric be reconciled with his son; which bidding the old Saxon curmudgeon cannot deny; and he is half disposed to favor—now that the royal lover Athelstane is out of the way—the pretensions of Ivanhoe to the hand and heart of Rowena. Robin Hood, in his suit of green, gets free grace for all his misdeeds as outlaw, and, with one of his “merry men,”—a certain jolly friar of Copmanhurst (who does not know the secret of the Black Knight),—the easy-going, stalwart king

borne away a captive by a knight who was none other than the wicked Templar, Bois-Guilbert. Whither, none knew; nor does the story of her seizure come to the ears of Ivanhoe (for which, I fear, Rowena was glad), who is borne away to some religious house, where he will have more orthodox, though not more gentle, care than the tender Rebecca would have rendered.

After this, I seem to see a great crowd of mourners in some old monastery or religious house of some sort, bewailing (with good eating and flagons of ale) the lost Athelstane; and in the middle of the funeral feast—which the king had honored with his presence, and Rowena, and the knight Ivanhoe—lo! Athelstane himself, with his grave-clothes on him, suddenly appears! Good old Walter Scott loved such surprises as he loved a good dinner. The royal Saxon lover of Rowena was not really dead, but had only been stunned by a fearful blow. But the blow has cleared his brain, and made him see that Rowena cares more for the little finger of Ivanhoe than for his whole body; so he tells Cedric he gives up his claim.

And what does Ivanhoe say?

There is no Ivanhoe to be found. A mysterious messenger has summoned him away, and though scarce able to sit his horse, for his sore wounds, he has put on his armor and dashed through the outlying forests. He rides hard, and he rides fast, for there is a dear life at stake. Whose?

(If we were writing a novel, we should say “CHAPTER SECOND” here, and make a break. Then we should begin —)

We return now to Rebecca. Bois-Guilbert had indeed borne her away, and had lodged her in a great house that belonged to the Knights Templar. But the Grand Master of the Templars, to whom Bois-Guilbert owed obedience, was a very severe man, and a very curious, prying man; and he found out speedily what Bois-Guilbert had done; and he found out that this young woman, beautiful as she was, was a Jewess; and there were some among the Templars who said she was a sorceress, too, and had practiced

her sorcery upon Bois-Guilbert. So this Grand Master of the Templars brought the poor girl to trial for sorcery (though she was the most Christian and most lovable creature in the whole book)!

It was a sorry, sham trial: the Templars all on one side, and the poor Jewess on the other (for the miserable fellow, Bois-Guilbert, was afraid to open his mouth in her defense). He told her, indeed, that he would save her, and run off with



“CEDRIC THROWING BACK BRIBES IN SCORN.”

has a sparring-match (which to every boy-reader of our time was delightful), and which ended with putting the great jolly friar sprawling in the dirt. What a brave, stout king was Richard, to be sure!

But the only real grief among all who have been rescued is shown by the poor old Jew—not so much for the moneys which the barons and the church-people have shorn him of, as for his daughter. The sweet Rebecca has not been crushed, indeed, in the ruin of the castle; but she has been

her, if she would go; but she scorned him with a most brave and beautiful scorn. Of course she came off badly at the trial, as they meant she should. She was condemned to be burned! Only one chance for escape was left—she might summon a knight to her defense, who must contend against the bravest and strongest of the Templars.

him that the good knight left the scene of Athelstane's coming-to-life.

The morning came. The faggots were piled up; the match-fire was ready; the Templars were all gathered; the stout Brian du Bois-Guilbert, armed *cap-à-pie*, was ready for any champion; the great warning-bell began tolling—One! two! three—



REBECCA'S TRIAL.

If her champion won, she might go free; if he failed, by a hair's breadth, the faggots would be kindled around her.

But who would defend a Jewess? Who would be champion for a suspected sorceress?

She craved the privilege of sending out a messenger, in faint hope of finding a champion. And the messenger rode—a good fellow—rode fast, rode far; 't was he that found Ivanhoe, and 't was with

What dust is that rising yonder? It is—it is a knight—in full armor; he approaches—he comes in plain sight. It is Ivanhoe; but ah, so weak, so wearied, so wasted by his sickness! There is but little hope for poor Rebecca. But he enters the lists; he braves the challenger; the trumpet sounds; the steeds dash away to the encounter, and the crash of meeting comes.

The Grand Master strains his eyes to see what

figures shall come out from that cloud of dust. One is down,—prostrate utterly,—dying. Of course it must be the enfeebled and fatigued Ivanhoe. But no—no—it is not! It is Bois-Guilbert who is dying! And what is this new cloud of dust and tramp of cavalry? It is Richard of England, who has followed hard upon the track of Ivanhoe; for he has heard of his errand, and knows he is unfit to encounter the strongest of the Templar Knights. He has brought a squadron of armed men with him, too, to seize upon all traitors in the ranks of the Templars; and lo! above the roof and towers of the Grand Master of the Templars the royal standard of England is even now floating in the breeze. And Rebecca is safe, and Ivanhoe is safe.

And did he marry her?

Ah, no! He married the Saxon Rowena; and they had a grand wedding in York Minster, where now you may see the pavement on which they walked.

One day after the wedding,—it may have been a week later,—a visitor asked an interview with the bride. The visitor was a closely veiled lady of most graceful figure. You guess who it was—Rebecca. She brought a gift for the bride of Ivanhoe,—a gorgeous necklace of diamonds,—so magnificent that Rowena felt like refusing the gift.

"I pray you, take them, dear lady," said Rebecca. "I owe this, and more, to the good knight,—your honored ——" Here she broke down. But she recovered herself presently—kissed the hand of Rowena—passed out.

I think Rowena was glad her visitor did not meet Ivanhoe upon the stairs; I think she was glad, too, that the lovely Rebecca went over seas presently to Spanish Grenada, though she pretended not to be.

I know if I had been Ivanhoe ——— But we will not try to mend a story of Scott's; least of all, when we crowd one of his novels into a few pages, as we have done here.

TROTTY'S LECTURE BUREAU.

(Not a Trotty Story, but a Trotty Scrap. Told for Trotty's Friends.)

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

"OUR peoples do," said Trotty. That was reason sufficient to Trotty's mind for doing anything; and whether "our peoples" were three times as big as Trotty and thirty times as wise, or not, was a matter of not the slightest consequence in this young gentleman's view of things.

"Our peoples have a lecture bureau," urged Trotty. "I want the spare-'oom bureau, mamma, vat's got a marble top. Nita said it better have a marble top, and Nate, he said he'd just as lieve play int' the spare-'oom as out the tool-house. My lecture is wroten and ready," argued Trotty, persuasively. "I wroten it on some old onvelopes I found in you' table-drawer while you'd gone to meeting!"

This final argument did not have exactly the effect Trotty had anticipated. He not only did *not* get a marble lecture bureau on that occasion, but his very MS. was unceremoniously taken away from him, and an old French grammar serenely offered to him instead,—this not five minutes before

the advertised hour of one's lecture, was, as any one will see, an interference with free speech difficult for calmer minds than Trotty's to tolerate.

"Trotty," said his mother, with some solemnity, "I cannot *yet* bring my mind to let you take your papa's love-letters."

"Poo' dear dead papa!" interrupted Trotty, softly; "but I did n't know he wroten his letters in you' table-drawer."

"Papa's love-letters for a lyceum bureau!" proceeded mamma. "You may have the French grammar, and there's an old bureau out in the tool-house with two casters off. That will do for a lecture bureau. Don't tumble off. Give me back the letters. Send Nate down-stairs, and now run away!"

So Trotty sent Nate down-stairs and ran away, and the boys told Nita about the bureau, and she said she'd rather have had the marble-top, but this would do; so Trotty climbed upon the bureau, and Nate and Nita sat down upon a wheelbarrow, and

they shut the door of the tool-house, and Trotty opened the French grammar and delivered the opening lecture of the course as follows :

"MY LECTURE BUREAU.

"LECTURE THE FIRST: WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

"My subject, gentlemen and a few ladies, is woman's sufferings. Conjugation the first.

"Vis lecture bureau is a little rickety, and I'll be obliged to you, ladies and gentleman, if Nate would n't just sit giggling. You can't laugh, too, unless you have four casters. It is n't very safe.

"Woman's sufferings. Hem ! Ho—haw—hem ! Woman's sufferings, my friends, is an awful subject,—a *norful* subject. It has been wroten on. It has been lectured to. I've heard ministers pray to it, and my brother Max makes fun of it. [*Pause.*]

"I never heard it lectured at on such a rickety old bureau as this.

"My brethren, women should never vote !—should nev-er vote, gentlemen and ladies. Vey don't know enough. Vey aint strong enough. Vey can-*not* go to war, ladies and gentlemen !

"My papa went to war. But he died. But he was n't a woman.

"My friends, I tell you girls aint *grown* to vote. They wear dresses. They can't play base-ball. Once I knew a girl tried to spin a top, but she could n't. It was n't Nita ; she need n't fink. Nita was married to me. She knows better. Brethren, I tell you vis on purposely,—women can-*not* vote, I tell you !

"My friends, vis is a solemn subject. Let me say a few words to you as a momentum of this matter. My brother Max, he gave me a nold bad cent once as a momentum of him, but I frew it down the well, you'd better fink ! My brother Max says if women should vote, vis country would go to—

"If the gentlemen in vis audience don't stop frowing paper balls at vis lecture bureau, I will *never* assume this subject without four casters !

"Brethren, 'If the donkey of my brother should carry the pink silk umbrella of my sister-in-law'—oh, hum !—*could* woman leave her baby crying in the cradle, I ax you ?

"Vat about the donkey is printed in the book,

but I don't seem to stand very straight without giggling, and ven you hit you' head against the cobwebs on top, I fink this lecture is most frough.

"Gentlemen, I *appeal* to you ! If—oh—well—if 'the hat of my father-in-law is in the cage of the monkey of my great-grandmother,' ven, I'd *like* to know, when woman should voted, if vis country would not go to *smash*, sir ! I ax you, fellow-citizens and hearers, in the irregular declension and indicative case, if—I ax you if—ladies and brethren and fellow-gentlemen, whether vis country —"

There was a pause, and then a noise. It was a solemn pause. It was a dreadful noise. What, under the depressing circumstance pictured by the lecturer, will become of the country, I cannot say. But what became of the bureau is quite clear. If the country does not go to smash, that lecture bureau did.

Trotty says it was Nate, Nate says it was Nita. Nita says Trotty stood on one foot too long. Perhaps that one foot was the trouble. At all events, in the midst of an impressive gesture with the left sole of the other, over went bureau—lecturer—the monkey of his great-grandmother—the hat of his father-in-law—and woman's sufferings in one stupendous whole upon the tool-house floor.

Nate picked him up. Nita jumped up and down and cried. The poor little lecturer was dusty and crumpled, and there was blood about his face from somewhere—nobody knew where. All the bureau drawers had tumbled out. Nate thought they'd better shut him in one till he got better. But Nita thought they'd better call his mother.

So his mother came out and picked him up, and washed him off, and dusted him off, and tied him up, and kissed him up, and then they found he was about as good as new, and nothing much the worse for the lecture bureau.

"I fink," said Trotty, with the air of a martyr who had narrowly escaped translation, "if I'd had a tumbler lemonade and a zinger-snap, I would n't care as much 'bout woman's sufferings without the casters."

So Trotty and Nate and Nita had a little tumbler of lemonade and a ginger-snap all around, in the dining-room, and mamma locked the tool-house door upon the ruins of Trotty's lecture bureau.

FLUFFY AND SNUFFY.

BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.



FLUFFY was a little girl, with some nice clean clothes on ;
SNUFFY was a little dog, with a naughty nose on.



Fluffy had a bowl of broth given her for dinner ;
Snuffy, from a stool near by, watched her,—little sinner !



Fluffy thought she heard a noise like an organ-grinder ;
Turned her curly head to look through the pane behind her.

Snuffy, when she dropped her spoon, went to learn the reason ;
Mild respect was in his eye,—in his heart was treason.



Fluffy's thoughts came back to broth, at the time precisely,
That he turned it upside down, just to cool it nicely.

Fluffy cried and ran away, with no nice clean clothes on;
And Snuffy was a little dog, with an injured nose on.

THE "HOLLENBERRY" CUP.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

"MOTHER, what you think 's brokened? Your 'hollenberry' cup! All to pieces!" Susie said this all in one breath, holding up the handle and a small fragment of a clear, delicate china cup, with only one scarlet "hollenberry," and part of a leaf left on it. "But don't scold Will," she added; "he did n't mean to, and he 's awful sorry now."

"How did Willie break it?" asked Susie's mother, quietly, and not looking nearly as much like scolding Will as Susie had expected, though in truth, she was more sorry than Susie knew. For the dainty French china cup and saucer—exquisite in shape, and bordered with holly leaves and clusters of scarlet holly berries—was dear to her, in itself, and as the gift of an absent and cherished friend.

"Oh, he was arranging the ferns in the tall vase—he and Bertha jarred 'em over, whirling about, I s'pose; anyway, they were jarred down, and when he was putting them up straight the silver vase fell over against the cup."

"And I wish," said Bertha, who now stood just behind Susie, and was half a head taller, "I wish

everything pretty we care for was made of silver or gold, or else ivory! *Then* they would n't be all spoiled to pieces the minute they were touched!"

Mrs. Gaylord smiled as she followed the children to the parlor. Will was on the sofa, and Bessie, a sweet girl of fourteen, stood by him, trying to fit together the fragments, and waiting for Susie's bit.

"I 'm sorry," said Will, as he looked above the mantel, contemplating the vacancy he had made by upsetting the cup.

Mrs. Gaylord knew that, before he spoke as well as after, so she said, cheerfully, "I learned when a little girl that it was of no use to cry over spilled milk, and I am sure it is too late to begin now." Four pairs of eyes were watching her, and she did not think how well she was teaching them the same lesson.

"You may put the pieces out of sight, Bessie, and we will forget it."

After leaving them, Bessie took the bits to her own room, followed by Bertha and Susie. She found that, although there were half a dozen pieces, they were all there, and she could fit them exactly.

"What a nice surprise it would be to mother and Will if this could be *very* neatly mended," she said, slowly; "and if two little people can keep a secret, I'll do my best to make it all right again."

"Oh, we can," said Bertha.

"We truly will," said Susie.

Bessie got a little vial of cement and looked carefully at the directions on its side. If Bessie had one fault it was impatience. If there were any trait likely to enable her to overcome it, she had this also. It was the joy it gave her to give others pleasant surprises. Her drawing teacher had told her that if anything would prevent her success as an artist it would be her impatience to finish a piece as soon as it was begun. The broken cup proved a test. She first brushed the cement on the edges of the larger piece, and fitted it to the half cup. Then she tried the next in size, but, in pressing it gently in its place, out fell the other piece. This she tried again and again, while Bertha's "Oh's" and Susie's "You never can!" did not lessen her nervousness. At last she said, "I see how it is; it is a long job. I shall have to put in one piece at a time, and wait for that to get dry and tight; and that'll take one day; and then put in another piece, and let that dry, and so on."

"Oh—dear—me!" said Susie.

But it was the only way. The next day the children went up to their secret work. The large piece was in all right. Bessie fitted another to it beautifully. Then she tried one more. Out both fell.

"Oh, dear! I've half a mind to throw it away. Mother thinks it's gone, anyway."

"Can't you make one piece stay? You know what you said," hinted Bertha; "and then we can go down and forget it till to-morrow."

This helped Bessie's patience, and the second piece was put in, and the cup set away. The next day all proved well thus far, as before, and again Bessie tried to "finish the job," but the old rule of

"one at a time" persisted in being obeyed. "Three days more," sighed Susie. But, lo! on the third and last day the one little triangular piece that was left would n't fit in. Somehow it was just a little too large for its place. In trying very hard to press it in, out came the piece next it. This was put back easily, and Bessie said, "This little 'triangle hole' is so far under that it will never show, and she walked to the coal-scuttle in the closet and dropped the last tiny fragment of china down among the black coals, sure that no eye would ever see it again.

"There'll always be a hole in the 'hollenberry' cup!" sobbed Susie, as the bit of china disappeared.

"Wait till to-morrow and see," said Bessie; "we'll finish it yet."

So the little face brightened again. Next day the cup was all right except the one tiny hole. Bessie washed it carefully, and the china looked more pearly than ever, and the holly berries a brighter scarlet. What should be done with the hole? A happy thought struck her. She found some little snowy flakes of plaster of Paris, and cut one with her pen-knife, putting it gently into the open place. Then she mixed up a little plaster, and smoothed it nicely over and let it harden. Sure enough it was all right. Taking a brush from her paint-box, with white paint she delicately brushed over the cracked lines, and lo! her patience was rewarded.

"No one could tell it was ever brokened!" said Susie, bending forward, and pressing her hands as tightly together as possible to enforce her delight.

"I would n't know it myself!" said Bertha.

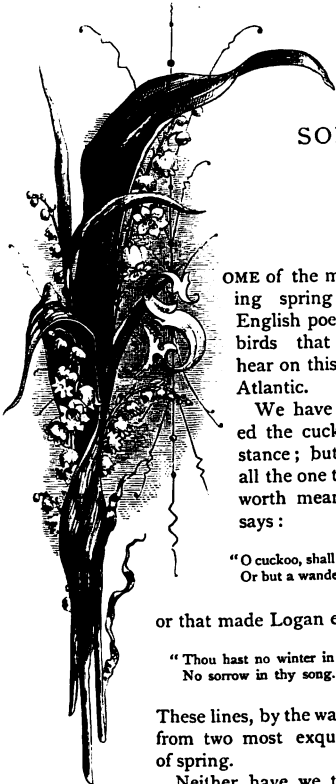
Bessie carried the cup to its old place beside the silver vase, happy in two thoughts—that she had a surprise for her mother (and it proved quite as pleasant a one as she had anticipated), and that she had proved that she could conquer impatience, and learn how good it is to "Labor and to wait."



SONGS OF SPRING.

[PART II.]

BY LUCY LARCOM.



OME of the most charming spring songs of English poets are about birds that we never hear on this side of the Atlantic.

We have a bird called the cuckoo, for instance; but it is not at all the one that Wordsworth means when he says:

"O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

or that made Logan exclaim:

"Thou hast no winter in thy year,
No sorrow in thy song."

These lines, by the way, are taken from two most exquisite poems of spring.

Neither have we the skylark, which inspired Shelley's beautiful

ode, beginning with the lines:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert!"

and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd's,

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless;"

and Wordsworth's

"A privacy of glorious light is thine!"

And yet our familiar meadow-lark has a note plaintive and musical enough for any poet to take delight in.

The nightingales also, which echo sweetly to us from European poetry, are known here only in that way. Their singing is to us like music heard in a dream. But the whip-poor-will and the hermit-thrush fill their place pretty well.

An "Answer to a Child's Question," by Coleridge, begins with:

"Do you ask what the birds sing?
The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say,
'I love,' and 'I love.'"

And the birds of every country take the same theme for their melodies.

When the swallow cuts the blue sky with his swift curve, we are sure that summer is very near, although a poet says,

"'T is not one blossom makes a spring,
Nor yet one swallow makes a summer."

He well may add:

"I know not whether is more dear
The summer bird or vernal blossom."

Aubrey de Vere writes:

"Who knows not Spring? Who doubts, when blows
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not,—nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not,—nor the weed."

A little girl's attempt to learn her singing-lesson from the birds is given in these amusing rhymes:

THE BIRDS' SINGING-LESSON.

Mary took
Her singing-book
And under a tree
Down sat she.
But seconds and quarters she knew them not well,
And what they all meant the poor child could not tell.
But she sung loud and clear,
Just what came to her ear,
While she looked at the notes,
Some black and some white,
And played she could sing them all nicely at sight.
But the yellow-bird up in the tree, said he:
"That is not the song!
Little girl, that is wrong!
'Tshee! tshee! tshee! tship tship tship away!'
That is the song for a summer day!"
So Mary sung, "Tship away, tship away, tshee!"
And the yellow-bird then flew away from the tree.

Then came bobolink. "I'm ashamed," said he,
"To hear you sing so!
This is the way the song should go:
'Bobolink! bobolink! quank! quank! quadle quo!'
I never make
A single mistake:
So sing, 'Bobolinkum, quank, quadle quo!'"
And Mary sung, "Quank, quadle quo!"

But the robin said: "It is not so:
That will never do,—it will never do!
Sing, 'Turelu! turelu! turelu! lu!'
This, little girl, is the song for you!
I sing at morn, and I sing at night,—
'T is the only way in the world to sing right."
So what could Mary do
But sing "Turelu!"

Then the titmouse came, with black on his head;
And on a bough,
Hanging now
Upside down, to the child he said:
"I'm sorry to say it, but truly, to me,
That does n't sound sweetly—"Chickadee-dee!
Chickadee-dee-dee! chickadee-dee!"
That is the song for you and for me;
And how you can sing
Anything
But 'Chickadee-dee!'
Is a wonder to me."
Then Mary began: "Chickadee! chickadee!"
But the sparrow, said he:
"It is 'Tshee! tshee! tshee!
Tchip, tchip, tchee!'"

Then the swallow flew by,
Quite low in the sky,
And he said: "No, no; that is n't it!
Sing, 'T'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'letolit!'
That's all I think fit for singing,
While my airy way I'm winging.
Sing with me,
'T'le, 't'le, 't'le!'
Sing it, sing it:
'T'letolit!'"
And Mary sung as the swallow taught.
"Now I am right at last," she thought.

But the blackbird said: "It is silly, silly, very!
Don't you know to sing, 'Quonk, quonk querrie'
Quonk querrie, d'ye see?
'Quonk querrie, bobolee!'
'T was always easy enough for me."
And Mary sung as the blackbird said.

But the oriole swung on a bough overhead.
"Who taught you to sing, I pray?"
Said he. "Why don't you sing
'Tship, tship,
Tship, tship, tshoo, too, loo?"
Listen, and I will teach it you:
'Tshoo, tshoo, tsherry!
Tship, tship, tsherry!'"
That is very pretty, very.
'Bobolee' is all wrong;
'Tship, tship, tsherry' is the song!"

"Well," thought Mary, "which is right?
Which is here in black and white?
I cannot guess,—no matter, either!
I will mix them all together."
So Mary sung: "'Tship, tship, a-tshee!
Chickadee! and 'T'le, 't'le, 't'le!
Bobolink, quank, quadle quo!
Tship, tship, tsherry! and Turelu!'
Now I'm right," said she, "I know."

"Yes, that's right, and pretty too;
Mind and always sing just so!
Each is a good song,
And not one is wrong!"
Ah! 't was the mocking-bird
That Mary heard.
Said he: "I love to sing that way;
I sing so through the livelong day,—

And down sinks the sun
Before I've half done!
Oh! 't is easy enough to sing—
Easier than anything!
Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! This is it:
'T'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'letolit!'
'Tship, tshoo too too!
'Turelu! turelu!
'Bobolee!' 'Chickadee!'
'Quonk quadle!' 'Bobolink!'
'Tship, tsherry, tshu, tshu!'
'Dee, dee!' 'Tshoo! tshoo!'
'T'letolit tu! lu!' 'Whew!'"

Very young poets, and others very unobservant, sometimes get the birds and flowers of foreign lands curiously mixed with those of our own country in their verses. Primroses, snowdrops, cowslips, and daisies we shall not find in *our* meadows on the first of May, whoever tells us to look for them there. Our only wild daisy (at the North) is the large ox-eye, that blossoms early in June,—the "whiteweed" of the farmer, and his pest, when it takes possession of his hay-field. And our cowslip is not one of Milton's

"Cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,"—

or that Shakspeare's fairy was hastening to hang a pearl in the ear of,—or that Jean Ingelow sings about in her lovely "Songs of Seven: "

"Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow."

What we call a cowslip is the marsh-marigold, that lives on the wettest borders of the brooks here, and in England too. We have the snowdrop in our gardens only; and the "primrose by the river's brim" does not grow beside *our* rivers at all. But how beautiful the "daisied turf" of our mother-country must be, judging from what the poets say of it! Do you remember Mary Howitt's

"Buttercups and daisies!
O the pretty flowers!"

and Burns's

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower!"

and Wordsworth's lines "To a Child: "

"Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun?"

The English daisy, we are told, blossoms everywhere, and the whole year round. Wordsworth, Montgomery, Tennyson—almost all the English poets have written about it; and the first of them who wrote of nature at all, Chaucer, seems to have loved it as if it were something that could return his love. He says:

"Of all the flowers in the mead,
Love I most those flowers white and red,
Such that men call the daisy in our town."

He tells us that he always rose early on May mornings, to see it open itself to the sun; and that, toward sunset, he would hasten to the meadow to watch it as it closed its petals in sleep; and that he would sometimes stay the whole day in the fields,

"For nothing else, and I shall not lie,
But for to look upon the daisie."

And because it blossoms only in the full light, he says:

"That well by reason men call it may
The daisie, or else the eye of day."

He speaks, in its spelling, and you will not find it easy reading at all.

Spenser, in his "Faërie Queene," has a fine description of the Seasons and the Months passing in a grand procession; but he also uses a great many obsolete words.

Herrick more simply gives "The Succession of the Four Sweet Months":

'First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;



THE SINGING-LESSON.

Chaucer wrote of the spring with a more child-like delight than any poet since. He describes his going

"Into the woods to hear the birdes sing"

upon the tall oaks,

"Laden with leaves new,
That springen out against the sunne-shene,
Some very red, and some a glad light greene,"

and strolling or sitting by the brook-side, upon the velvet grass, "powdered" with

"Flowers, yellow, white, and red."

But Chaucer's English is not like the English we

Next enters June, and brings us more
Jems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three."

Of later poems upon this subject, well worth reading and remembering, there are a great number. Only a few of them can be mentioned, such as Mrs. Hemans' "Voice of Spring;" Keble's

"Lessons sweet of spring returning;"

some things from Shelley, and some from Keats, when you are a little older; Tennyson's "May Queen," and Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times One" and "Seven Times Four."

To go back a little,—of course Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," is not to be forgotten. But it is most likely that you will not care much for his "Spring" until you are well acquainted with the meaning of the long dictionary-words he uses. Thomson wrote just before people had discarded the idea that they must get upon literary stilts to look at Nature and admire her. Remembering that, we can enjoy him better. But are we not glad that writers nowadays have grown into simpler fashion?

Most of the "Odes to Spring," written a century and a half ago, are tiresome indeed. To attempt to enjoy them is like trying very hard to get a whiff of fragrance from a bunch of artificial flowers. The reason is that the writers themselves were artificial, and thought they could "make up" their poems without any help from Nature. Some of their productions are, indeed, elegantly made,—finished as neatly as the most dainty millinery; but then—who cares for them?

No, the birds must sing, and the blossoms must smell sweet in the verses, or they are not the real thing. The true poetry of Nature makes you feel as open air, blue skies, dancing waves, shadowy

forest, and sunshiny meadow make you feel,—inspired and revived by their own delicious freshness. The poet whose heart is full of "the gladness of the May," will make his songs echo with it; and many such poets there are.

Wordsworth has plenty of poems simple enough for all of you to understand. Some of them are about the daisy, the primrose, the small celandine, daffodils,

—by the way, Herrick's "To Daffodils" and

"To Primroses, filled with morning dew," must not be overlooked,—and these give us an idea of the charm of an English spring. We do not wonder that Robert Browning exclaims, from Italy,

"O to be in England,
Now that April's there!"

Allingham has written many sweet out-of-door poems, but none, perhaps, that little children like better than

"Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!"

And what child has not learned to repeat George Macdonald's

"Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone,"—

and to match it with one by an American writer, Mrs. Bostwick, about a flower which has grown wild with us ever since our ancestors sowed their fields with English grass:

"Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her tender foot,
Telleth her beads?"

Well, in the meadows of poetry we can all "go a-Maying," and gather blossoms which we cannot find in our own fields,—snowdrops, daisies, primroses, and lilies-of-the-valley,—to the heart's content.

Our country is so wide and so long that spring is a very different thing in its different latitudes and longitudes. There are wild flowers upon the prairies, along the Mississippi, and across the Rocky Mountains, that never have found their way into poetry.

Wild roses, violets, and harebells, however, are found East, West, North, and South; and what Herrick wrote of the violets three centuries ago is true of them to-day:

"Welcome, maids of honor!
You doe bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

"She has virgins many,
Fresh and faire;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

"Y' are the Maiden Posies,
And so grac't
To be plac't
'Fore damaask roses.

"Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poore girds, neglected."



They are home-flowers to almost everybody ; and it is the home-flowers that have most poetry in them, after all.

This is why we know the English cowslips and

rose, the shamrock, and the thistle are of our sisters across the water ; and certainly this is too pretty an idea to be altogether neglected.

This flower's shy way of hiding its pink and



daisies better than our own May-flowers, almost. They have been the familiar friends of poets and little children for centuries ; and it seems to us, who read English poetry perhaps more than we do our own, as if we, too, knew them. By and by, when our broad New World is as much a home to its inhabitants as England is to the English, we shall have a home-poetry of our prairies and sierras as sweet to us as theirs is to them. In some parts of the country we have it already.

It is very natural that in New England the May-flower should be sung of by the poets. The trailing arbutus, or ground-laurel, is our May-flower ; the Pilgrims, landing from their "Mayflower" ship, must have seen its leaves peeping out of the snow ; and the little Pilgrim-children must have gathered its fragrant blossoms in spring, for it is found everywhere in the Plymouth woods. Whittier has a poem which contains such a fancy.

Some one has suggested that the May-flower ought to be our national emblem, as the lily, the

white sweetness under the fallen forest-leaves has suggested many beautiful poems. Here is one :

" Oft have I walked these woodland paths
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

" To-day the south wind sweeps away
The faded autumn splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,—
Spring's children, pure and tender.

" O prophet-souls, with lips of bloom
Outvying in their beauty
The pearly tints of ocean-shells,
Ye teach me Faith and Duty !

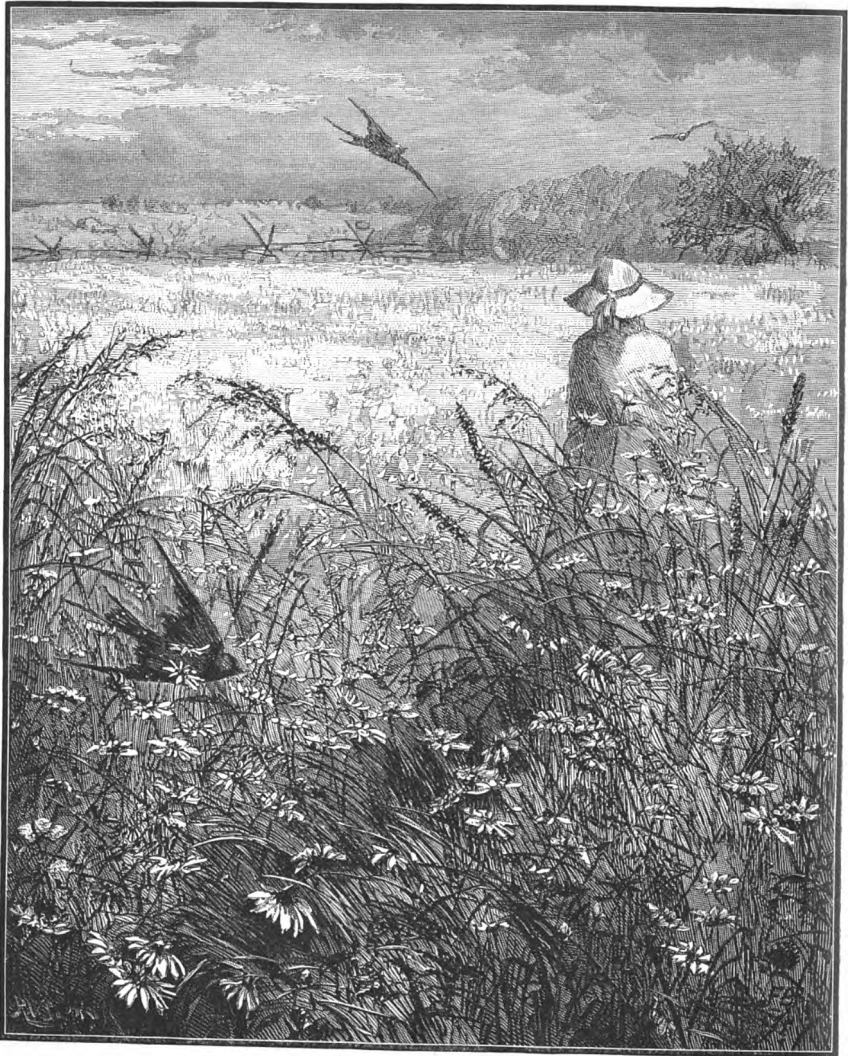
" " Walk life's dark ways," ye seem to say,
' With love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers growing.' "

Have you ever seen the Canadian rhodora, its bare twigs decked with filmy, airy purple gauze, looking from the safe seclusion of a wooded swamp,

like a princess from her moat-guarded tower? One is glad, at such a glimpse, to think that not every flower of the forest can be rudely seized by man and carried away into civilized captivity. The

Two lines from this poem are often quoted their delicate sentiment :

"Tell them, dear, if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."



THROUGH THE DAISIES.

rhodora, however, is sometimes found in more accessible places.

Emerson has a poem, beginning,

"In May, when east winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,

The pretty Anemone Hepatica takes its place with the May-flower, under the name of "squirrel cup," in Bryant's "Twenty-seventh of March":

"Within the woods
Tufts of ground-laurel, creeping underneath

The leaves of the last summer, send their sweets
Up to the chilly air; and, by the oak,
The squirrel-cups, a graceful company,
Hide in their bells a soft, aerial blue."

We have been saying a great deal about flowers, but is it not through them that Spring best loves to make herself visible? And not only that,—they also make the Divine Presence visible on earth.

"Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty Power
In characters more legible than those
Which He has written upon the humblest flower
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight."

As you grow older, and your life deepens within you, more and more will you feel the mystery that hides in the least of the blossoms of spring.

Tennyson gives a hint of how *he* feels it, in these half-dozen lines:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

If you wish to know some of the best things which American poets have written of spring, by all means read Bryant's "March"; his "Invitation to the Country," and "Yellow Violet"; and, for a bit of pleasantry, his "Spring in Town." And also Longfellow's "An April Day," and those stanzas in "The Birds of Killingworth" where the music in the orchard-trees is so charmingly described. Do not pass by Percival's

"I feel a newer life in every gale,"

nor Willis's

"The spring is here, the delicate-footed May."

And read also what Lowell says of May in his "Under the Willows," as well as his capital description of a New England spring, in the old-fashioned dialect, in the "Biglow Papers."

Almost as many beautiful things by American poets have been left out of our list as are named; but there is not room for more.

We read of the pleasant old custom of choosing a May Queen, and dancing around the May-pole, out-of-doors, and sometimes we wish we lived in a climate where such things can be done. But May-day, as you children know, is often a day of disappointment,—fog, and rain, and sometimes

snow, instead of sunshine and flowers. We suspect that it is not always a pleasant day even in Merry England; for Hood writes a poem about spring, beginning:

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!"
O Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season!"

How it often is with us, we are reminded in the first couplet of Mrs. Osgood's "May in New England":

"Can this be May? Can this be May?
We have not found a flower to-day!"

But we cannot help believing in May, and every year we hope that she will behave better the next time she comes. For she does make us regret her departure sometimes. This is the way the regret has been written:

"Spring is growing up;
Is not it a pity?
She was such a little thing,
And so very pretty!
Summer is extremely grand;
We must pay her duty—
(But it is to little Spring
That she owes her beauty).

"Spring is growing up,
Leaving us so lonely!
In the place of little Spring
We have Summer only.
Summer, with her lofty airs
And her stately paces,
In the place of little Spring,
With her childlike graces."

But every season is beautiful in its own way. And the last days of May in New England, when the apple-orchards are in bloom, and the forest-trees have fully shaken out their fresh foliage, and the bird-choruses are complete, are usually more delightful than its beginning.

May fades into June, as the morning-star melts into dawn. Life is exchanged for richer, warmer life, but nothing dies. The violet goes back into her roots to sleep the year out, with her baby-seeds reposing in the earth around her,—leaving the memory of her fragrance wandering like a breeze among the flowers of summer. Even if a frost should kill the violet, in the sweetness she has given to the air, she will live on forever.

Children dear, when we are missed from our places on earth, may it be as the violet is missed and remembered among the roses of June!



"LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER, SING FOR YOUR SUPPER."—*Mother Goose's Melodius.*

(Drawn by Miss Florence Scannell.)

FOUR HUNDRED WHITE COWS WITH RED EARS.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

DID any of the ST. NICHOLAS young folks ever see such a sight as that? I think not. And no one in America ever did; or in England, except on one occasion, and that was a long time ago, when John was king. That hot-tempered sovereign,

who was often in a state of anger toward somebody, had become offended with a certain Welsh chieftain, and the poor man's wife—Maud de Breos was her name—fearing that he might lose his head unless something was done, sent the choicest pres-

ent she could think of to the queen—four hundred white cows with red ears. Just think what a charming sight it must have been, this fine herd, all precisely alike,—small, graceful, quick-motined creatures,—taken along by the wild, shaggy-haired, bare-legged Welsh herd-boys to the park of the palace where Queen Isabel lived! If she was fond of animals, and of watching their ways, and petting them, what a happy woman she must have been that day!

Those remarkable cattle must have been rather scarce in Great Britain even then, though it is supposed that they were descendants of the native breed which once ran wild over that country, and were sometimes spoken of as the white Caledonian cattle.

If you were in England now, and should inquire about them, you would hear of only one place where any of them are to be found, and that is up in the border-country, as it is called, next to Scotland, in Northumberland County, near by the famous Cheviot Hills—the region where the brave Percys lived, and where the battle of Chevy Chase was fought. You must ask about these places and events, and read the accounts in history, for that border-land is renowned in story and song.

It is up there that you would hear of the cattle, and perhaps get a chance to see them; they do not range over the country, however, although they are almost as wild as if they did, but are kept on the estate of a great nobleman, Lord Tankerville, and are known by the name of "the wild cattle of Chillingham Park."

This is one of those immense parks, such as some of the English lords have,—miles of land with vast woods on it, and a "lower, or inner park," as it is termed, nearer the castle. There are men called "keepers," who have charge of the cattle and deer and other animals.

Lord Tankerville says that in the summer, sometimes, there are weeks when he never can get a sight of the cattle, for on the approach of any one they will flee to the depths of the woods—their "sanctuary," as he expresses it. Sanctuary, you

know, is sometimes used to mean a safe place. But in winter they are more tame, and "coming down for food into the inner park," will let persons go among them, especially if on horseback.

He says they have a cry more like a wild beast than like common oxen and cows; and that when they come down into the lower park, they are in single files, with a bull at the head of each line, to protect the others; and when they go back, the bulls are at the ends, for the same reason.

They are timid, and will run like deer; then turn around and face you, come a little nearer, then gallop off again, wheel around and gaze at you again, then flee away once more, and so on, every time getting nearer, and at last the whole herd is ready to charge upon you like a regiment of soldiers, and you are ready to retreat.

There are other curious things about their ways; for instance, "the cows hide their calves for a week or ten days, and go and suckle them two or three times a day," and if any one approaches a calf, the scared creature will "clap his head close to the ground" and lie quiet like a hare. When one of the cattle is sick or injured or feeble, the others set upon him and gore him to death.

Many visitors go to see them, and everybody describes them as most beautiful creatures. They are rather small, with straight backs, short legs, and fine forms; and they never vary a particle in color. They are always pure, creamy white all over, except that the tips of their horns are black, and the tips of their noses, their eyes, and their eye-lashes black; and their ears are red or reddish-brown in the inside, and one-third of the way down the outside from the point.

Can you imagine a herd of creatures more elegant?

Sir Edwin Landseer, the great painter of animals, made a picture of one of the Chillingham bulls; and, longer ago, there was another made by one of the most famous of wood-engravers and naturalists, Thomas Bewick, author of the "British Birds" and other very fine illustrated books.



THE STORY OF A PROVERB.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

ONCE upon a time,—if my memory serves me correctly, it was in the year 6½,—His Intensely-Serene-and-Altogther-Perfectly-Astounding Highness the King of Nimporte was reclining in his royal palace. The casual observer (though it must be said that casual observers were as rigidly excluded from the palace of Nimporte as if they had been tramps) might easily have noticed that his majesty was displeased.

The fact is, if his majesty had been a little boy, he would have been whipped and sent to bed for the sulks; but even during this early period of which I am writing, the strangeness of things had reached such a pitch, that in the very moment at which this story opens the King of Nimporte arose from his couch, seized by the shoulders his grand vizier (who was not at all in the sulks, but was endeavoring, as best he could, to smile from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet), and kicked him down-stairs.

As the grand vizier reached the lowest step in the course of his tumble, a courier covered with dust was in the act of putting his foot upon the same. But the force of the grand vizier's fall was such as to knock both the courier's legs from under him; and as, in the meantime, the grand vizier had wildly clasped his arms around the courier's body, to arrest his own descent, the result was such a miscellaneous rolling of the two men, that for a moment no one was able to distinguish which legs belonged to the grand vizier and which to the courier.

"Has she arrived?" asked the grand vizier, as soon as his breath came.

"Yes," said the courier, already hastening up the stairs.

At this magic word, the grand vizier again threw his arms around the courier, kissed him, released him, whirled himself about like a teetotum, leaped into the air and cracked his heels thrice before again touching the earth, and said:

"Allah be praised! Perhaps now we shall have some peace in the palace."

In truth, the King of Nimporte had been waiting two hours for his bride, whom he had never seen; for, according to custom, one of his great lords had been sent to the court of the bride's father, where he had married her by proxy for his royal master, and whence he was now conducting her to the palace. For two hours the King of

Nimporte had been waiting for a courier to arrive and announce to him that the cavalcade was on its last day's march over the plain, and was fast approaching the city.

As soon as the courier had delivered his message, the king kicked him down-stairs (for not arriving sooner, his majesty incidentally remarked), and ordered the grand vizier to cause that a strip of velvet carpet should be laid from the front door of the grand palace, extending a half-mile down the street in the direction of the road by which the cavalcade was approaching; adding that it was his royal intention to walk this distance, for the purpose of giving his bride a more honorable reception than any bride of any king of Nimporte had ever before received.

The grand vizier lost no time in carrying out his instructions, and in a short time the king appeared



THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

stepping along the carpet in the stateliest manner, followed by a vast and glittering retinue of courtiers,

and encompassed by multitudes of citizens who had crowded to see the pageant.

As the king, bareheaded and barefooted (for at this time everybody went barefoot in Nimporte), approached the end of the carpet, he caught sight of his bride, who was but a few yards distant on her milk-white palfrey.

Her appearance was so ravishingly beautiful, that the king seemed at first dazed, like a man who has looked at the sun; but, quickly recovering his wits, he threw himself forward, in the ardor of his admiration, with the intention of running to his bride and dropping on one knee at her stirrup, while he would gaze into her face with adoring humility. And as the king rushed forward with

the attention of the excited courtiers to his majesty's left great toe. It was immediately discovered that,



THE VIZIER IMPARTS THE KING'S DECREE.



SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HIS MAJESTY.

this impulse, the populace cheered with the wildest enthusiasm at finding him thus capable of the feelings of an ordinary man.

But in an instant a scene of the wildest commotion ensued. At the very first step which the king took beyond the end of the carpet, his face grew suddenly white, and, with a loud cry of pain, he fell fainting to the earth. He was immediately surrounded by the anxious courtiers; and the court physician, after feeling his pulse for several minutes, and inquiring very carefully of the grand vizier whether his majesty had on that day eaten any green fruit, was in the act of announcing that it was a violent attack of a very Greek disease indeed, when the bride (who had dismounted and run to her royal lord with wifely devotion) called

in his first precipitate step from off the carpet to the bare ground, his majesty had set his foot upon a very rugged pebble, the effect of which upon tender feet accustomed to nothing but velvet, had caused him to swoon with pain.

As soon as the King of Nimporte opened his eyes in his own palace, where he had been quickly conveyed and ministered to by the bride, he called his trembling grand vizier and inquired to whom belonged the houses at that portion of the street where his unfortunate accident had occurred. Upon learning the names of these unhappy property-owners, he instantly ordered that they and their entire kindred should be beheaded, and the adjacent houses burned for the length of a quarter of a mile.

The king further instructed the grand vizier that he should instantly convene the cabinet of councilors and devise with them some means of covering the whole earth with leather, in order that all possibility of such accidents to the kings of Nimporte might be completely prevented,—adding, that if the cabinet should fail, not only in devising the plan, but in actually carrying it out within the next three days, then the whole body of councilors should be executed on the very spot where the king's foot was bruised.

Then the king kissed his bride, and was very happy.

But the grand vizier, having communicated these instructions to his colleagues of the cabinet,—namely, the postmaster-general, the prætor, the sachem, and the three Scribes-and-Pharisees,—proceeded to his own home, and consulted his wife, whose advice he was accustomed to follow with the utmost faithfulness. After thinking steadily for two days and nights, on the morning of the third day the grand vizier's wife advised him to pluck out his beard, to tear up his garments, and to make his will; declaring that she could not, upon the most



THE GRAND VIZIER'S VISITOR.

mature deliberation, conceive of any course more appropriate to the circumstances.

The grand vizier was in the act of separating his last pair of bag-trousers into very minute strips indeed, when a knocking at the door arrested his hand, and in a moment afterward the footman ushered in a young man of very sickly complexion, attired in the seediest possible manner. The grand vizier immediately recognized him as a person well known about Nimporte for a sort of loafer, given to mooning about the clover-fields, and to meditating upon things in general, but not commonly regarded as ever likely to set a river on fire.

"O grand vizier!" said this young person (the inhabitants of Nimporte usually pronounced this word much like the French *personne*, which means nobody), "I have come to say that if you will procure the attendance of the king and court to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock in front of the palace, I will cover the whole earth with leather for his majesty in five minutes."

Then the grand vizier arose in the quietest possible manner, and kicked the young person down the back-stairs; and when he had reached the bottom stair, the grand vizier tenderly lifted him in his arms and carried him back to the upper landing, and then kicked him down the front-stairs,—in fact, quite out of the front gate.

Having accomplished these matters satisfactorily, the grand vizier returned with a much lighter heart, and completed a draft of his last will and testament for his lawyer, who was to call at eleven.

Punctually at the appointed time—being exactly

three days from the hour when the grand vizier received his instructions—the King of Nimporte and all his court, together with a great mass of citizens, assembled at the scene of the accident to witness the decapitation of the entire cabinet. The headsman had previously arranged his apparatus; and presently the six unfortunate wise men were seen standing with hands tied behind, and with heads bent forward meekly over the six blocks in a row.

The executioner advanced and lifted a long and glittering sword. He was in the act of bringing it down with terrific force upon the neck of the grand vizier, when a stir was observed in the crowd, which quickly increased to a commotion so great that the king raised his hand and bade the executioner wait until he could ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

In a moment more, the young person appeared in the open space which had been reserved for the court, and with a mingled air of proud self-confidence and of shrinking reserve, made his obeisance before the king.

"O king of the whole earth!" he said, "if



THE KING ADVANCES HIS RIGHT FOOT.

within the next five minutes I shall have covered the whole earth with leather for your majesty, will your gracious highness remit the sentence which has been pronounced upon the wise men of the cabinet?"

It was impossible for the king to refuse.

"Will your majesty then be kind enough to advance your right foot?"

The young person knelt, and drawing a bundle from his bosom, for a moment manipulated the

king's right foot in a manner which the courtiers could not very well understand.

"Will your majesty now advance your majesty's left foot?" said the young person again; and again he manipulated.

"Will your majesty now walk forth upon the stones?" said the young person; and his majesty walked forth upon the stones.

"Will your majesty now answer: If your majesty



"HIS MAJESTY WALKED FORTH UPON THE STONES."

should walk over the entire globe, would not your majesty's feet find leather between them and the earth the whole way?"

"It is true," said his majesty.

"Will your majesty further answer: Is not the whole earth, so far as your majesty is concerned, now covered with leather?"

"It is true," said his majesty.

"O king of the whole earth, what is it?" cried the whole court in one breath.

"In fact, my lords and gentlemen," said the king, "I have on, what has never been known in the whole, great kingdom of Nimporte until this moment, a pair of—of —"

And here the king looked inquiringly at the young person.

"Let us call them—shoes," said the young person.

Then the king, walking to and fro over the pebbles with the greatest comfort and security, looked inquiringly at him. "Who are you?" asked his majesty.

"I belong," said the young person, "to the tribe of the poets—who make the earth tolerable for the feet of man."

Then the king turned to his cabinet, and pacing

along in front of the six blocks, pointed to his feet, and inquired:

"What do you think of this invention?"

"I do not like it; I cannot understand it: I think the part of wisdom is always to reject the unintelligible; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse it," said the grand vizier, who was really so piqued, that he would much rather have been beheaded than live to see the triumph of the young person whom he had kicked down both pairs of stairs.

It is worthy of note, however, that when the grand vizier found himself in his own apartments, alive and safe, he gave a great leap into the air and whirled himself with joy, as on a former occasion.

The postmaster-general also signified his disapproval. "I do not like it," said he; "they are not rights and lefts; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse the invention."

The prætor was like minded. "It will not do," he said; "It is clearly obnoxious to the overwhelming objection that there is absolutely nothing objectionable about it; in my judgment, this should be sufficient to authorize your majesty's prompt refusal of the expedient and the decapitation of the inventor."

"Moreover," added the sagem, "if your majesty once wears them, then every man, woman and child, will desire to have his, her and its whole earth covered with leather; which will create such a demand for hides, that there will shortly be not a bullock or a cow in your majesty's dominions: if your majesty will but contemplate the state of this kingdom without beef and butter!—there seems no more room for argument!"



THE KING DISMISSES HIS CABINET IN DISGRACE.

"But these objections," cried the three Scribes-and-Pharisees, "although powerful enough in themselves, O king of the whole earth, have not yet touched the most heinous fault of this inventor, and that is, that there is no reserved force about this invention; the young person has actually done

will rather betake me to the counsels of the poet, and he shall be my sole adviser for the future; as for you, live—but live in shame for the littleness of your souls!" And he dismissed them from his presence in disgrace.

It was then that the King of Nimporte uttered



"HE GAVE A GREAT LEAP INTO THE AIR AND WHIRLED HIMSELF WITH JOY."

the very best he could in the most candid manner; this is clearly in violation of the rules of art,—witness the artistic restraint of our own behavior in this matter!"

Then the King of Nimporte said: "O wise men of my former cabinet, your wisdom seems folly; I

that proverb which has since become so famous among the Persians; for, turning away to his palace, with his bride on one arm and the young person on the other, he said:

"TO HIM WHO WEARS A SHOE, IT IS AS IF THE WHOLE EARTH WAS COVERED WITH LEATHER."

THE FIRST TIME.

BY SAXE HOLM.

PERHAPS I ought to have said, instead of "The First Time," "The first time that I can remember." For I was eight years old when I told the lie which I am going to confess now; and I am afraid I might have told some others before it; but I do not remember one; and on the whole, I do not believe there could have been any, for I cannot imagine how, if there had been, I could have forgotten it. I don't believe anybody can ever forget the misery of having told a lie. It would be as hard as to forget how the toothache feels, after you have had it once.

When I was a little girl, I went to a little school, which was kept by a very little lady, in a very little house. The little lady herself lived in another little house, which was divided from the little school-house only by a little garden. I did not know then how little the houses, and the garden, and my school-teacher were. Miss Caroline seemed large and powerful to me; and as for her ferule, it looked bigger to me than the big trees of California looked when I saw them a few years ago. But when I went back, a grown woman, to my old home, and walked past Miss Caroline's cottage and the little old school-house, I hardly could believe my eyes, everything was so tiny; and I could have picked Miss Caroline up under my arm.

The school-house had been a shoe-maker's shop once, and some of the shoe-maker's furniture had been left in it. There was the bench on which he used to sit and work; this had a little open box at one end, where he used to keep his tools; this bench stood in the middle of the room, in front of Miss Caroline's desk, and all the classes sat on it to recite their lessons. The end which had the open box on it was called the "head" of the class. Once I kept up "at the head," in spelling, a whole week, and I grew so used to having hold of the edge of the box, and slipping my fingers back and forth on it, that when I lost my place, and had a boy or a girl on my left side, I had hard work not to keep all the time taking hold of their arms, instead of the box. There used to be also a little drawer under the bench, at this end; but Miss Caroline had that taken off, after she found out that it was there Ned Spofford hid the "spit-balls" he used to fire up and down all the classes he recited in. Oh, what a bad boy Ned Spofford was! But how we all did like him! Even Miss Caroline herself, I think, liked him better than any other scholar in all the school; and yet he gave

her twice as much trouble as all the other scholars put together. But he was so good-natured and affectionate that nobody could help loving him, in spite of his mischief. He never resisted nor struggled when she had to punish him. I really think he got feruled as often as once a week; but he used to hold out his hand the minute she told him to, and look straight into her eyes while she struck him. Sometimes he would bite his lips, and the tears would come into his eyes, but he never cried, nor begged off, as the rest of us did. He was as brave as he was mischievous. Even when he had to sit on the dunce-stool for twenty minutes with his mouth wide open and a piece of corn-cob set firmly between his teeth, he never cried. This was Miss Caroline's worst punishment. I think if she herself had tried it once, to see how much it hurt, she never would have had the heart to inflict it on us. At first, when she wedged in the piece of cob, you felt like laughing that anybody should think such a thing as that could be much of a punishment; but pretty soon your jaws began to ache, and then the back of your neck ached, and then the pain reached up into the back of your head, and into your ears, and it became real torture; there was not a single boy in school that could bear it without the tears streaming down his cheeks, except Ned Spofford. Miss Caroline very rarely did it to girls; I think no one but Sarah Kellogg and I ever had it. We were the worst girls in school; we two and Ned Spofford were the three black sheep in Miss Caroline's little flock.

But you will think I am a long time coming to the story of that lie. The truth is that, old woman as I am, I do not like to live that lie over again, I suffered so much, first and last, from it. But I have made up my mind to tell you the story, sufferings and all, because I think perhaps it may help some one of you, some day, to keep from telling a lie, if you recollect how uncomfortable I was after telling one.

This was the way it happened:

Miss Caroline used to keep an exact record each day of our recitations and our behavior. She used to write this down in an old brown leather-covered ledger which had belonged to the shoe-maker, but in which he had written only a few pages before he died. He left all his things to Miss Caroline's father, who had built the little shoe-shop for him, but never had had any rent for it.

Every Saturday, Miss Caroline used to make out

for each scholar what she called a "report." They were most beautifully written in a fine old-fashioned hand, on small oblong pieces of thin and bluish paper. I can see one before me at this minute, as if it were only yesterday that I carried the last one home to my mother. This is the way they were made:

	Spelling.	Geography.	Arithmetic.	History.	Writing.	Latin.	Punctuality.	Deportment.
Monday	5	5	3	-	4	5	5	5
Tuesday	5	5	2	-	4	5	4	2
Wednesday	5	5	3	-	4	5	3	1
Thursday	5	5	1	-	4	5	2	1
Friday	5	5	0	-	4	5	2	1
Saturday	4	5	0	-	4	5	2	1

The number "5" was the highest number given. That meant "perfect." "4" meant tolerably good; "4½" was almost as good as "5." Sarah Kellogg and Ned Spofford and I seldom got more than "4½" in "deportment." "3" was pretty bad; "2" was very bad; "1" was outrageous; and there were even such things as "o's" put down sometimes—that was a degree of badness too bad for even the lowest numeral to represent.

When school was dismissed Saturday noon (we never had any school Saturday afternoons), we all went up to Miss Caroline's desk, and received our reports. We were to carry them home, and show them to our parents; Monday morning we were to bring them back, with the name of either our father or our mother written at the bottom, to prove to Miss Caroline that they had examined the report. When we left the school-house, we all used to walk along very slowly together, looking over each other's shoulders, and comparing our reports. Now and then a scholar would get "all fives;" and we used to look upon such a one with mingled envy and admiration. Sometimes we thought Miss Caroline's marks were unjust, and very angry quarrels would arise among us, in consequence. You often might see a group of us standing still in the middle of the sidewalk, with our heads close together, and the little pieces of thin blue paper fluttering from hand to hand, and a Babel of loud and excited voices all talking at once. A stranger passing would have been much puzzled at overhearing such sentences as these:

"I don't care. I was a great deal better on Friday than I was on Thursday, and here she's given me only 'three.'"

"And she's given me 'two' and Ned 'three,' and I did n't fire a single spit-ball; he fired them all; I only laughed."

"Now, that's too mean! I've only got 'four' in arithmetic all this week, and I've never missed more than one question. I think she might have given me 'four and a half.'"

Ned Spofford hardly ever had anything but "twos" and "threes" for "deportment," though he had more "fives" in other things than any scholar in school. But he didn't care anything about his reports; he used to cram them into his pockets as if they were so much waste paper, and never kept them. Now, my mother made me keep all mine pasted into a nice little blank-book; and then, once in two or three months, she would look them over with me, and tell me whether, on the whole, I was doing better or worse than I had done before. I did not much like the sight of this little blank-book; and yet I always had a fine air-castle of how it would look some day when I had two whole pages filled with reports—"all fives." I always got "fives" on Mondays,—I began the week with such fine resolutions. I don't believe I ever had a report which did n't have "five" for "deportment" on Monday. I usually held out pretty well through Tuesday also, but by Wednesday I began to fail; and from that all the way to Saturday noon I was apt to get worse and worse. I recollect my dear mother, who was as full of fun as she could be, used to say very droll things about the diminishing lines of figures on my reports.

"Oh dear me, Peggy," she used to say, "Here are these poor little rows of figures sliding down hill again, as hard as they can go, as if they were all running a race with each other, trying to get to 'No. 1' first!"

She used to talk very earnestly with me even when she made me laugh; sometimes I think she was the very jolliest and wisest mother that ever lived; but, I suppose, all children think so of their mothers. I was never afraid to show her my reports, however bad they were; because she always was so cheery and full of hope that I'd have a better one next time. The thing I did dread, however, was having them shown to my father. He was a stern and silent man. He spent all his time in his study, shut up with his books. We rarely saw him except at meals, and he never played with us. Whenever we did wrong, he used to sigh so deeply, it sounded as if his breath would give out; and say—

"My child! my child!" in a tone of what seemed to me then terrible grief. Now I know that it was partly dyspepsia which made him take such gloomy views of little things. But it used to seem to me then that, if I did not take care, I would really some day be the death of him by my misconduct. If he had punished me severely I should not have minded it half so much as I did

those long-drawn sighs, and those foreboding shakes of the head, and those mournful tones.

I usually got home from school, Saturday noons, about half an hour before dinner. My mother was always sitting then in the sitting-room, at her little work-table. I gave her my report as soon as I came in, and, after looking it over, she laid it on the top of her work-basket. While the dessert was being brought in, my father always said:

"Where is my little daughter's report for this week?" and my mother would say:

"Run and bring it, Peggy."

Oh, how slowly I used to walk back to that dinner-table when I had a very bad report to show! I dare say many a soldier marches up toward the cannon with less fear than I used to go to my father's side, and lay that little piece of paper in his hand. When the report was more than usually good, he smiled, and said sometimes:

"Well done, my daughter! I see you are trying to give your parents pleasure." Oh, how happy I felt then! When it was bad, he only sighed, laid it down by his plate, and, without speaking a word to me, went on eating his dinner. Then I used to wish the floor would open and swallow me up; and I used to say in my heart, "I'll never have another bad report as long as I live—never!" I even used to lie awake in the night, and think how pale and unhappy my father had looked at the sight of the report, and resolve and resolve that he should never look so again on my account. I remember once that we had the word "parricide" in our spelling lesson, and Miss Caroline told us it meant the murderer of a parent, and the thought haunted me for days, that if I grieved my father so that he died, I should be a parricide. The name seemed to me the most dreadful word I ever heard.

I am telling you all this, so that you can partly understand the strength of the temptation which led me to tell my first lie. It was about one of these reports, the very worst I ever had. I never shall forget the Saturday when that report was put into my hand. I was not wholly unprepared for it. I knew I had played truant three mornings in succession, and I knew that I had behaved outrageously every day. Miss Caroline had kept me in at recess three times, had feruled me once, and had seemed more out of patience with me than I had ever known before. Still I did not dream that the report would be quite so bad as it was. In the example which I have made for you I have filled in the figures about as I think they were in that dreadful report. You will see that for four days I had had the lowest number in deportment, and a very bad record in punctuality. I always had "all fives" in Latin and geography. I liked those studies better than any others, and my Latin I

studied at home with my father. Arithmetic I never could understand (and can't yet),—and I hated it so, I really did not try much. However, I never had had a cipher on my report before. The tears came into my eyes as soon as I looked at the paper, and I threw it down on the ground angrily, and exclaimed: "I'll never carry that thing home."

"I do not wonder you feel so, Peggy," said Miss Caroline's mild, low voice, just behind me; "I hope it will be a lesson to you to be a better girl next week." And she picked up the report and laid it in my hands again; she locked the school-room door, and walked away. I stood outside, leaning against the wall, my eyes fixed on the hateful paper. Ned Spofford ran up and looked over my shoulder at it.

"Whew, Peg!" said he, whistling; "that is rather rough on you."

I was too wretched to speak at first. The tears began to roll down my cheeks.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ned. "Don't be such a goose. What's the use of crying? Who cares about her old reports, anyhow?"

"Oh Ned," said I, "it's only showing it to my father. That's all I mind."

"Why, does your father look at them?" exclaimed Ned. "Mine don't; nor my mother neither, half the time. Lucindy signed mine last time. I guess they think they are all nonsense."

For the first time in my life the idea crossed my mind that I might have liked some other father and mother better than mine. But there was no comfort for me in any such speculation.

"I don't mean to go home at all," I exclaimed. "I mean to run away. I'd rather die than show my father that report."

"O Lor'," said Ned, "I'm glad I aint a girl. I never saw such fools as you all are! Why, the worst that can happen to you would be to get a thrashing; and that's soon over. I don't mind 'em."

"That is n't the worst, either," said I, sullenly. "That's all you know about it, Ned Spofford. My father and mother don't thrash."

"Why, Peg! What is it they do?" said Ned, in an almost terrified whisper, evidently thinking he was about to hear of some horrible cruelty.

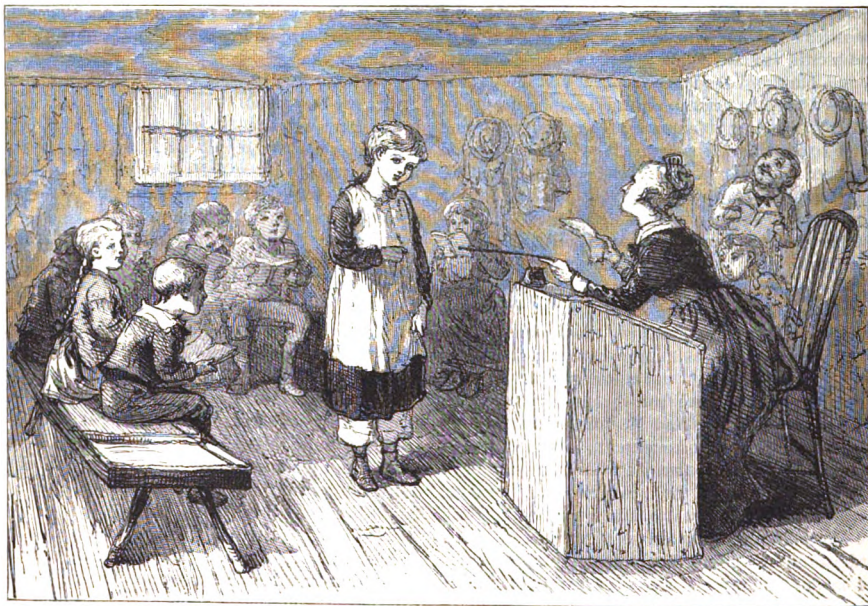
"My father just sighs and looks,—oh, it's dreadful the way he looks!—just as white and sick as anything," I replied; "and once he said that he was afraid I should bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," I sobbed.

"Fiddlestick's end!" cried Ned. "Is that all? Peg, you're a bigger fool even than I took you to be. Come on. Let's go home. We're going to have boiled rooster for dinner. Come on."

But I would not stir, and he ran off without me. I stood leaning against the wall some minutes longer, and then I walked slowly toward home,—our house was only a few steps off,—our orchard came up close to the south wall of the school-house. A low stone wall separated this field from the street; usually I walked home on the wall; but I had no spirits for walking on stone walls this day.

It was early in March; the snow had lain unbroken all winter, three feet on a level; now it was melting and breaking up, and swelling the rivers and brooks till they overflowed their banks everywhere. Roads were deep in muddy slush, and sidewalks

orchard. Whenever there was a hard rain, there would be a little brook under this bridge, for a few hours,—for we lived at the foot of a hill; but the greater part of the time the ditch was dry. On this day, however, of which I am telling you, it was a foaming torrent. The water came almost up to the planks of the bridge, and leaped and splashed on the stone wall. I stopped to look at it. The wind was blowing hard, and as I held my report loosely in one hand, it fluttered in the wind, and nearly blew away. "Oh," thought I, "how I wish it had blown away, where I never could find it!" and then and there, on that very instant, came



MISS CAROLINE GIVES ME A "REPORT."

were almost as bad. Little rivulets of foaming water, carrying along tossing fragments of ice and muddy snow, ran along the sides of the streets. Every child who lives in New England sees just such sights every spring; and I often see school-children now, with India rubber boots on, wading along in dirty streams of melted snow, just as I used to long to wade when I was a little girl, but never could, because in those days India rubber boots had not been invented. We had only India rubber shoes, and very hard it was sometimes to keep from getting our feet wet.

A few steps from our house, a little bridge had been made in the sidewalk, and a ditch dug, to let the water run off the street down into our

the temptation to throw it down into the brook and say that it had fallen in. I did not yield at once. I recollect very well that I stood a long time on that bridge deliberating. I picked up an old dead raspberry-bush and whipped the muddy, foaming snow with it; I pushed the little bunches out of the corners where they had got wedged, and watched to see them sucked under the stone wall. All the time the words were going through my mind:

"Throw the report into the brook, and say the wind blew it in, and you could not get it out."

Then other words seemed to try to crowd the first words out. It was just as if two people were whispering, first one and then the other, in my ears. The other words said:

"No. It would be mean. It would be cowardly. It would be a lie. For pity's sake, don't do it."

The longer I listened, the louder the first words sounded, and the fainter sounded the others. That is always the way with these uncomfortable things called temptations: if you listen to them at all, they speak louder and louder, until finally you can't hear any other voice but theirs. At last, I said to myself, "I'll do it," and in a minute more I had done it. I rolled the report up in a tight roll, and threw it in. I jammed it down with the raspberry-bush; it rolled over and over, and bobbed up to the surface two or three times. I had several chances to pick it out of the water, but I did not. I watched it swirl in under the stone wall, and then I ran home as fast as I could go. I felt quite light-hearted for a minute, I was so glad to be rid of that report. But my light-heartedness did not last long. As soon as I opened the door into the hall, I saw the sitting-room door wide open; and my mother called out pleasantly:

"Why, Peggy, how late you are this noon! Dinner is just going on the table; have you got a good report to show papa to-day?"

Oh, how I did feel! I never dreamed that it was going to be so hard to tell a lie. It seemed to me that my very tongue grew stiff, and did not like to pronounce the words. It seemed to me an age before I could speak at all. Then I only said:

"I have n't got any report."

You see I was trying to put off the time for the lie to come.

"Have n't got any report?" said my mother, in a surprised voice. "Is Miss Caroline sick?"

"No," said I; and it seemed to me my voice grew weaker and queerer every minute. "She made one out, but I lost it. The wind blew it into the brook."

All this time I pretended to be very busy wiping my India rubbers on the mat, and hanging up my things. Usually I would hardly wait to take them off, I was in such a hurry to run in and kiss my mother.

She did not speak again for some minutes. Then she said, in a grave voice:

"I am very sorry you lost it. Papa will be disappointed not to know how his little girl has been doing this week. Was it a good report, Peggy?"

Oh, dear me! Would there never come an end to the lies I should have to tell to prop up that first one?

I hesitated. The same wicked voice which had whispered in my ear, "Throw the report in the brook," whispered now:

"If you say it was a bad one, then she will be

more likely to suspect you of having lost it on purpose."

But I could not make up my mind to say it was a good one. So I stammered out:

"I don't remember."

My mother did not make any reply. I think she had feared in the beginning, from the very tone of my voice, that I was not telling her the truth, and now she was sure of it.

When I went into the sitting-room, I walked slowly toward her, and she took me in her lap and kissed me. If she had said one word to show that she suspected me of having lied, I should have burst into tears, and told her all about it; but she was too wise a mother to do that. She knew very well that the surest way to make me hate a lie was to let me live along with it fastened to me for a while. So she began to talk about something else, just as if nothing had happened, and in a few minutes we went to dinner.

I hardly could eat a mouthful. It seemed to me; whenever my father looked at me, that his eyes were sterner than ever. A dreadful voice seemed dinning in my ears:

"In a few minutes more, dessert will be brought in, and then he will ask for the report."

As soon as the servant began to remove the meat and vegetables, I said:

"I don't want any dessert. May I be excused?"

"Not want any dessert!" exclaimed my mother.

"Why, Peggy, you must be ill. We are going to have Indian pudding and cream."

Now, there was nothing in the world I liked so well as Indian pudding; and my father and mother both knew it. It makes me laugh now, to think how my dear mother must have pitied me in her heart when she heard me reply:

"But I am not hungry; I don't want any."

Then my mother said: "Very well; you may go."

And did n't I run fast toward the door! And did n't I hope, for two seconds, that my father was going to forget to ask after the report! Alas! no such escape for me!

"Peggy, Peggy," he called, "what is all this hurry about? Bring me your report, dear. I want to see that."

Before I had time to reply, my good, kind mother replied for me:

"Oh, Peggy has lost her report," she said.

"The wind blew it into the brook. So we shall not know how good a girl she has been this week."

This was the worst thing yet: to have to stand there and hear my mother tell my lie over again for me.

"What!" said my father, vehemently. "This high wind blow anything into the brook?"

"Yes," said my mother, in what I now under-

stand must have been a very meaning tone; "that is the way it happened. Run away, Peggy dear, and play."

Play! I was thankful to escape out of the room; but I felt no more like playing than I did like drowning myself. I never had felt so miserable in my whole life.

I put on my India rubbers and rolled up my pantalets (in those days all little girls wore long white pantalets down to their ankles). Then I went out, climbed over the stone wall into the orchard, and began looking in the brook after my report. Of course, if I had been older, I should have known better. But I was a poor, ignorant, naughty little child, only eight years old, and I hoped I should find the little roll of paper floating along on the water, just as I left it. I found a big, strong stick, and I fished out every little thing I could see in the brook which looked in the least like a bit of paper. It was very cold and wet, and dismal, and before long I got to crying so that I could hardly see anything. It did seem to me too bad that now I really wanted to get the report back and carry it home to my mother, I could not find it. Suddenly I made a misstep on the bank where it was covered with snow, and plunged in, both feet, into the water, nearly up to my knees. Except for my big stick, I hardly could have got out. I was horribly frightened and dripping wet, but there seemed a sort of relief in having a new kind of misery. It put the lie out of my thoughts for a few minutes. I went into the house crying out loud, and looking like a little half-drowned animal. The muddy water dripped from me as I walked, and I left the wet prints of my feet at each step.

"Mercy on me, child! where have you been?" cried my mother. "Don't come a step farther. Stand still right there, till Mary can get off your things."

"I was looking for my report in the brook," sobbed I, "and I fell in; and I can't find it."

Ah, how loving and sympathetic my mother was then. She understood all about it; she knew just how wretched I was.

"Never mind about the report, darling," she said; "let it go. The little fishes can read it if they want to, and make some like it for their schools."

But I was too unhappy to laugh. I only cried the harder. Then they undressed me, put on my flannel night-gown, rolled me all up in blankets, and laid me on the lounge by the fire; and my mother sat down close by me, and began to read aloud a nice fairy story. Pretty soon, in spite of all my unhappiness, I fell asleep, and when I waked up it was about dark. My mother was still sitting

by my side. I watched her for some minutes before she knew I was awake. She was sitting with her eyes fixed on the fire, and looked as if she were thinking very hard.

"Oh dear," I thought, "I know what she's thinking about. I don't believe she believes me; but why don't she say so? I should think she'd whip me for telling a lie."

As soon as she saw I had waked, she said:

"Well, my little diver, are you rested?"

Then she told me about the way the divers go down in the sea after pearls, and at the end of the story, she said:

"I guess it was n't much of a pearl you went diving after, Peggy, was it?"

"No, mamma," said I. "I don't believe it was, as near as I can remember. I think it was a pretty bad report."

She waited in silence for some minutes after this. I think she hoped I would confess the truth to her then. But I was too cowardly. I lay still, with my face turned to the back of the lounge, trying to take a little comfort to myself, because I had owned up that the report was not a good one. That was the last time she spoke to me about the report, except the next Monday morning, when I was setting off for school, she said:

"Oh, wait a minute, Peggy. I'll write a note to Miss Caroline, and tell her how you lost your report."

I had not thought of this new occasion for another lie. I stood still by her side while she wrote the note. Oh, how mean I felt!

"Peggy MacFarland," I said to myself, "you're too mean to live. That's the second time you've let your mother tell over that lie for you. Why don't you own it up, and have it done with."

But the terror of my father's suffering and displeasure sealed my lips.

When Miss Caroline read the note, she looked at me very earnestly. Then she said:

"Why, Peggy, your mother says the wind blew your report into the brook. What a pity! You keep all your reports in a little book, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"But I think your last week's report was n't a very good one; it won't be much of a loss to the book, will it?"

"No, ma'am," said I, very faintly.

"Ahem!" said Ned Spofford. "Ahem! Ahem!" pretending to have a bad coughing fit. As soon as I looked at him, he put his tongue into one cheek, and made such a ridiculous face, that I knew in a minute that he did not believe that I really had lost the report.

"Oh dear!" thought I, "I'll have to lie to Ned, too. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

Then he lifted up the lid of his desk, and hiding his face behind it, made a grimace at me in the most insulting manner. I knew then that he thought I had thrown the report away, and I felt about as afraid of him as I was of my father. I began to feel really ill from the long strain on my nerves of all the terror and excitement and shame. I watched the clock in misery, I so dreaded to have recess come. It seemed to me the hands never went so quick before. If I had dared, I would have staid in my seat, and not gone out with the children; but I knew that would only be putting off the evil day; I might as well have it over with; so I ran out with the rest, but tried to keep out of Ned's way. It was no use. He followed me everywhere, saying, in tones of mock sympathy:

"Oh, Miss Peggy, she has lost her report in the sea! What shall we do for her?"

Then all the other children gathered around, and asked how it happened. Not one of them doubted my word except Ned. He was a good deal older than the rest of us. He must have been nearly twelve, I think, and we all looked up to him. He used to draw us on his sled and give us apples. His father was a farmer, and had hundreds of barrels of apples every year.

I despair of giving you a fair idea of my miseries for the next three days. Ned did not let me have one minute's peace,—on the way to school, and from school, and in recess, he always was saying something about that report. I honestly think he did not do this wholly out of mischief; he did it partly to punish me for having done such a mean and cowardly thing as to tell a lie. That was a thing he despised; he never had been known to tell one. Even if he knew he would have a whipping, he would own up the very worst piece of mischief he ever did.

On Thursday morning I waked with a bad sore throat. When the doctor came, he said I must stay in bed, and be kept very quiet. I heard my mother tell him about my falling into the brook on Saturday, and then I heard her say:

"I think it is not so much the wetting as it is the excitement the child has been under." And then I wondered still more if she really knew all about it, and if she did, why she did not whip me for the lie. I really think nothing would have done so much to comfort me as to have had her give me a very severe punishment of some sort: not that I was not punished every minute, almost more than I could bear, by my own thoughts, but I would have liked to have somebody else punish me too. However, I had not courage to confess the truth.

I was very ill for nearly two weeks. The first day I went to school, Miss Caroline gave me a report made out for the last three days I had been in school, before I was taken ill. It was "all fives," but it was too late. There did n't seem to be any credit in having done anything well, or in having behaved ever so well, so long as I had that lie on my mind. It did n't seem as if a liar had any business with a good report.

My mother was much pleased with it, and at dinner my father said:

"Well done, little daughter! I wonder if you could have kept it up all the week if the sore throat had not come."

After dinner my mother pasted it into the little book. I looked over her shoulder while she did it. She left a blank space above it, just the size for another report, and in that she put the date of that unhappy Saturday, and wrote below it:

"Report for this week drowned in the brook."

Then she said to me:

"Now we always shall remember why there were only three reports for last month."

Then she wrote in two other spaces—

"Absent from school this week on account of illness," and then, kissing me, she said:

"And now we'll begin again, Peggy, with a good fresh start, wont we? Poor little girly, you look pretty thin."

I began to cry, and was on the point then of telling her all about it. But my miserable cowardice kept the words back. I thought I would tell her some night in the dark. But I never did: week after week passed, and month after month, and year after year; and I grew to be a great girl,—ten, eleven, twelve years old,—and yet I never had told her.

Every time I saw the page in the book where it was written, "Report for this week drowned in the brook," I felt very unhappy, and resolved that I would tell the truth; but I was a coward; and I kept putting it off, and putting it off, and before I was thirteen my good kind mother died. That is a great many years ago; but I remember it as if it were yesterday; and I remember that when I looked on her face in her coffin, I thought about that lie, and wished I had confessed it to her before she died. Now, if my confessing it, at this late day, can make one boy or one girl realize what a wicked, mean, cowardly, sneaking thing it is to tell a lie, and what dreadful misery all liars live in, I shall think I have done something to atone for that wicked Saturday so long ago.

THE DISCONTENTED DOWAGER.

BY E. L. B.

ONCE upon a time, in the drawing-room of a stately mansion, there hung a very fine portrait all framed in a golden frame and swung from the cor-

It was evident the old dowager must have been a high and mighty person while she lived, not only from this fine attire, but from a very commanding



THE DOWAGER.

nice by a thick silken cord. This portrait, which had been painted long ago by a famous artist, was the picture of an old dowager—which means, you know, a grand old lady—with very red cheeks, very bright eyes, very thick gray hair, and very fat neck and arms. She was dressed in a red velvet gown, with the funniest short waist you ever saw in your lives; she wore a splendid necklace about her throat, bracelets upon both arms, and ever so many rings on her fingers, while her hair was twisted up into a queer-looking bunch on the top of her head, and trimmed with ribbons and rich ostrich plumes.

look in her sharp eyes, and a very proud expression about her firm lips.

But it was years and years since the old dowager had lived, and a great many changes had taken place in the world. People did n't go around with bare necks and ostrich plumes any longer, and did n't do a good many other things it was thought right and proper to do in the old dowager's time; and so, as she looked down from the wall and saw what folks did and how they lived nowadays, she was very much astonished, and also—though she ought not to have been—very much disgusted.

Indeed, if the family that lived in the house could have heard the old dowager's remarks upon them when they had gone to bed and the lights were put out,—remarks addressed to the other portraits in the room, and especially to a fat, puffy-looking old gentleman in a wig and ruffled shirt, who hung opposite,—I am afraid their feelings would have been hurt very much. It was then the old dowager used to open those tight red lips, and wink those

boy with a dirty face, painted by a Mr. Murillo, or another portrait close by her side, painted by a Mr. Raphael, of a certain St. Cecilia who not only had no ostrich plume to her head, but not even a shoe or stocking to her foot!

Do you want to know what were the things the dowager complained of? Why, there were so many I could n't remember half of them. She complained of the impudent way in which people



THE PUFFY OLD GENTLEMAN.

bright gray eyes, and speak her mind freely, about the things she saw and heard, to the puffy old gentleman, who thus was robbed of his rest to such an extent, that it was no wonder he always looked sleepy and stupid.

In short, the old dowager found so many things to scold about, and so many new aggravations occurred every day, that soon she spent the whole of every night in railing, and gave the other portraits no peace of their lives. She never stopped to think how much better off she was than a portrait, on the other side of the room, of a bare-legged

came up and stared at her, and made remarks about her clothes and person; but then she complained even more when they went past and took no notice of her. She scolded now because there was too much light in the room, so that her fine points could not be seen; again, because there was n't light enough. She scolded because the housemaids dusted her face with a brush, as though she had been a chair or a table; but she scolded twice as hard if she were not dusted. She would fly into the most dreadful passion if any one dared to talk too loudly in the room, and yet

she fell into a rage of curiosity and jealousy if they spoke in a whisper, or withdrew out of ear-shot. Then the flies lit on her face, and bit her and tickled her nose, so that—as she told the old gentleman—she felt a constant inclination to sneeze, which spoiled her expression. But, worse than all, spiders!—Ugh-h! black, long-legged spiders!—got behind her frame and crawled up her back; “and she just wanted the family to understand she could n’t and would n’t bear it, and some day she would scream out and tear her canvas.” Again: the family used to go to bed nights and let the fires out, and the house became so chilled that she told the old gentleman she was sure she should catch her death-o’-cold and go into a decline. “Why,” she exclaimed, savagely, “*they* crawl into their warm beds and tuck themselves in, but they seem to think I am made of cast-iron!”

But her greatest grievance was the children, who sometimes came to play in the room where she was hung. There were only two, to be sure,—a little boy and a little girl,—but the dowager did n’t approve of their presence, and so she watched them with jealous eyes to see that they did no mischief, though I grieve to say they sometimes did. At first they never thought of the old dowager’s watching them, till one day the little girl took down her mother’s beautiful portfolio,—which she had been forbidden to touch,—and was strewing the pictures all over the floor, when she happened to look up, and caught the dowager’s eye fixed sternly upon her. And what do you think she did?—tremble and run away? No; I am shocked to say she made a grimace. Oh, my, my, what a bold, bad little girl! Think of making a face at your great-great-grandmother! How do you suppose she dared to do it? But that was nothing to what the little boy did; for, once when he was playing with his rubber ball in the parlor, which he had been expressly forbidden to do, the old dowager frowned on him so sternly that he threw the rubber ball—the saucy little wretch—and struck his g-g-g-grandmother in the eye! I really do not know

what might have happened then—very likely the old dowager would have come straight down from the wall, and punished him on the spot,—if his mother had not come in.

This was the last time the children ever troubled her, for thenceforth they were kept out of the room; but none the less the old dowager fell into such an intolerable habit of carping and fault-finding that she made not only herself miserable, but all the other portraits as well; and though she found only food for ridicule and censure in the sayings and doings of the people about her, she nevertheless spent her whole time in listening to and watching them, instead of improving her mind by reading the book in her lap, into which she was never seen to look.

At length, misfortune fell upon the family to which the old dowager belonged, and their stately mansion, the furniture, and all their valuables were sold at auction. A rude and curious crowd thronged the rooms, and poked canes and umbrellas at the old dowager, and laughed at her bracelets and ostrich plumes, and made jokes about her. Then she and the puffy old gentleman were put up for sale, and knocked down at a very low price to a dirty, hook-nosed man, who carted them away to a dark, dingy shop, and there he took the old dowager out of her fine frame and put another picture in it, and sold it; and after a few days he packed the poor crestfallen old lady away in a dark, musty loft, where a lot of rubbish was piled upon her, squeezing her dreadfully. There she lay year after year, whilst the dust gathered thick upon her, and the spiders made their webs all about her, and the mice ran over her face, and the moths gnawed great holes in her fine velvet gown, till at last, when, after a long time, she was taken down, she was such a sorry-looking object that she was ruthlessly torn into strips and thrown into the ash-barrel.

And now, if any boy or girl does n’t know the moral to this fable, he or she must write and ask Jack-in-the-Pulpit about it.



GRASS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE rose is praised for its beaming face,
The lily for saintly whiteness;
We love this bloom for its languid grace,
And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, "How grand of girth!"
Of the willow we say, "How slender!"
And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth,
How slight is the praise we render!

But the grass knows well, in her secret heart,
How we love her cool green raiment;
So she plays in silence her lovely part,
And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,
With sun and dew brimming over;
Each year she pleases the greedy cows
With oceans of honeyed clover!

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves,
From spring until bleak November;
And then—she remembers so many graves
That no one else will remember!

And while she serves us, with goodness mute,
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly underfoot,—
Yet we never wound her feelings!

Here's a lesson that he who runs may read:
Though I fear but few have won it,—
The best reward of a kindly deed
Is the knowledge of having done it!

MY FRIEND, COLONEL BACKUS.

(A Talk with Big Boys.)

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

I WISH you knew Colonel Backus. I think he would amuse you. He amuses me immensely. The Colonel belongs to one of our best families, and was once a handsome man. When he is well and snugly dressed, he thinks he is handsome now; but there's no denying it—he's fat. He gets short of breath and very red in the face going upstairs. This corpulence of his is a great trouble to him. He says it is constitutional, and he accounts for it on the ground that an uncle—the very one he was named for—on his father's side, and an aunt on his mother's, were fat before him!

He can't eat oatmeal, or potatoes, or bread, because these make starch, and starch makes fat. He rides a hard-trotting horse in the park, with a smile that would seem to say to all whom he meets: "Now, this is enjoyment!—these breezes, these trees, this beautiful sward, this broad sky, these bird-songs, these glassy lakes, how they thrill me

and fill me with delight! I am free from the conventionalities of the town; I am one with nature. Hurrah!"

What the Colonel really does say is: "Confound this old fulling-mill! A man might as well ride the crest of an earthquake; but I'm bound to get rid of this flesh, if pounding will do it."

But it don't do it, and won't do it. He grows stouter and stouter, and snaps off more and more buttons when he puts on his boots, and talks more and more about his tailor scrimping his clothes.

Now, I suppose I must tell you what the real trouble is with the Colonel, though he never would confess it. The Colonel drinks. And what do you suppose the Colonel drinks for? You can't make him believe that it has anything to do with his getting stout. I'm going to tell you, by and by, what I think of it; but, first, I must tell you about the Colonel's last experiment. One night

he came home to dinner, radiant. He had found his cure.

"Has it come?" inquired he of Mrs. Backus.

"Has what come?" she asked.

"Why, my—my lift—my machine—my lifting-machine," he responded.

"Something has come," replied Mrs. Backus, "something heavy, and I have had it sent into the basement."

"Just the place for it," said the Colonel. "Now, you see, I'm going to get rid of this fat,"—and down-stairs he went.

When he returned, he had broken off a suspender button, and looked rather limp and solemn. But when he rose from his dinner that day, he declared that he had not felt so well in a year. About five days after that, while sitting quietly at the dinner-table, he suddenly pushed back his chair and slapped his hand in a sharp, vexed way upon his knee.

"Confound it," said he, "I have n't thought of my lift-cure for five days."

And so it happened every day. He was so eager to get at his dinner and his wine, when he returned from his office, that he forgot his lifting-machine. Meantime, he grew stouter and stouter.

And now, boys, I come to my point. Why did he forget the lifting-machine, which he had purchased for a remedy?—and why did n't he forget the liquor, which he also professed to use as a remedy? Simply because he did n't like the lifting-machine, and he did like the liquor. That is all there was about it. That is all there is about it in any similar case. Men may say what they choose about liquor being good for them. They may tell you that they cannot make out a dinner without wine, that water does not agree with them, that they take it as a remedy for some form of disease; but you will notice that it is the one kind of medicine that an habitual patient never forgets to take. You never see a man who takes wine with his dinner, shoving violently back from the table, slapping his knee, and exclaiming: "There! Confound it! I forgot to take my wine!" People forget rhubarb, castor-oil, sulphur, iron, myrrh-mixture, lifting-machines, quinine, Peruvian bark, quassia, squills, and thorough-wort tea, but they don't forget wine, particularly when they have come to regard it as a daily medicine. There must be something in it that specifically stimulates the memory!

Don't you suppose that Colonel Backus knows that it is the liquor he drinks which makes him fat, and keeps him so? Yes, he does know it, and it is simply ridiculous for him to deny it. He knows that if he were to stop drinking he would be obliged to send all his clothes to his tailor to be taken in. But he fights this knowledge. He tries to forget

his own convictions. He tries to deceive the people around him, and to deceive himself.

Colonel Backus is a slave. That is the long and short of it. He is a good fellow, but he is a slave. And all these good fellows who cannot let wine alone, and who make all sorts of excuses to themselves and others for drinking it, are slaves. They are conscious that it does them no good; but they like it. And sixty thousand of them every year lie down in America, in the graves of drunkards. These poor, dead men have all been slaves of the same sort as Colonel Backus. It seems a pity that our good-natured friend, the Colonel, should become one of their number, but that is just what he is going to become, I suppose. He has an appetite that will grow with the years. It grows in other men; it will grow in him. By and by, he will stop thinking about his fat. He will stop caring about his clothes. He will stop riding his hard-trotting horse. He will stop caring about wife and children. Then, some pleasant, sunny morning, when all the world is astir, and pure, healthy, temperate men and women are singing at their work, and sweet and merry children are shouting at their play, and God's smile is over the world, there will appear a strip of crape on the Colonel's door, and an obituary notice in a newspaper, which will state that Colonel Backus died suddenly of an apoplectic attack. His good qualities will be generously mentioned, and, just at the end of the notice, there will be a delicate allusion to the fact that the Colonel had but one enemy in the world—himself.

Now what do you think of the Colonel, and of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No? Of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; it cannot fail; and I think it is worth knowing. *Never touch liquor in any form.* That's the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice. Don't be fooled into the belief that it is good for you. It is not good for you. Good food, pure air, warm clothes, free exercise, and plenty of sleep, are all that will be necessary to keep you healthy. It stands to reason that liquor mixed with your fresh, healthy blood will bring you disease, as it certainly will. If you follow the example of Colonel Backus, you will find yourself rummaging around for excuses, and

making yourself generally ridiculous by trying to invent a cause for results that can only come from drink. I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way:

You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and, very likely, they will look upon you as a milksoy if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh? What will you do? Will you say, "Boys, none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half-a-dozen of that?" Or will you take the glass, with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself—just as the soul of Colonel Backus does, and will keep doing during all his life?

You will hear men, over their cups, talking about temperance men. "Oh, these teetotallers! they are always running things into the ground," they will say. "Temperance is one thing," they will add, "and total abstinence quite another." But

that is only another way by which those who love drink try to cheat themselves and others into the belief that they are not doing the most dangerous thing in the world. Don't be misled by them. You may laugh just a little when they say this, but when they offer you a glass you should say, "No, I thank you; I get along very well without it." And if you can say, "Gentlemen, I never drank a glass of liquor in my life, and I know you would not like to have me begin with you," not one of them, even if half drunk, would put it to your lips. Would you want any better indorsement than that?

It is always an unmanly thing to do wrong. Who is the most of a man—he who is willing to do an unpopular thing for the sake of safety and principle, or he who does what he knows to be unsafe and wrong, for fear of the jeers of boys, many of whom in after-life would give worlds, if they had them to give, if they had never seen a glass of wine? Don't be fooled. Don't be a fool. Stand by what you know to be right, in all circumstances. Keep your blood sweet and pure. Preserve your independence. But if you ever become a sot (which heaven forbid), don't try to make yourself believe that liquor is good for you, or that you drink it for any reason but because you love it.



"LOOK! LOOK!"

THE SAD STORY OF HIPPETY-HOP.

BY SAMUEL C. WILSON.

HAVE you heard of a girl named Hippetty-Hop,
Who once got a-going, and could n't stop,—
Who once got going with hop and skip,
And started off on a wonderful trip?

This little girl would never stand still,
Nor even walk up the side of a hill;
But on she'd go, till she reached the top,
With a skip and a jump and a hippety-hop.

For she said, "My name is Hippetty-Hop,
And I'll skip and jump, and I *will* not stop;
I will *not* stop for all they say,
Though I should hop out of the world some day."

The very next morn, when the sun arose,
She hopped out of bed, and hopped into her clothes;
With a bob and a bounce, 'round the room she went,
Light as a feather, and quite content.



"ON SHE'D GO TILL SHE REACHED THE TOP."

She'd hop out of her clothes, and hop into bed,
And hop in her sleep, I've heard it said,
And hop in her dreams, could she have her will,
But only then would her feet keep still.

Her father would whip, and her mother would scold,
But her little feet would not be controlled;
They would hop and skip and jump all day,
And, at last, they carried her far away!

"Now I can hop!" said this willful girl,
And 'round the room she went with a whirl,
And down the stairs, with a bound and skip,
As if she were going a long, long trip.

The door stood open, she could not stop,
And faster still went Hippetty-Hop;
Her mother screamed and her father swore,
As she passed like a bird through the open door.

On through the garden, the fields, and the lane;

In a second, she passed the railroad train,—
The lightning express, I've heard people say,
But it may have been going the opposite way,—
And the passengers only caught a glimpse
Of a child like one of the fairies' imps.

Her father telegraphed east and west,
But she beat the message—her time was best;
She was going faster than lightning or wind,
And she left the telegrams far behind.

She just touched the grass with her little toes,
For she was afraid she would soil her clothes
If she brushed the dew off the blades below,
And she had forgotten her trunk, you know.

On past village, and vale, and hill,
She skipped so fast that she felt quite ill;
Past cities adorned with a hundred spires,
And full of all that the heart desires.

She cried for a bowl of milk and bread,
For she left before the breakfast was spread,
But she could not stop, for her feet would go
The faster, when trying to move them slow.

Then she heard a voice from the heavens'
blue top
Say, "Hippety-Hop, you must never stop
To eat a crumb, or to drink a drop
Of milk, though you pass through the Milky
Way,



"ON THROUGH THE FIELDS."



"SHE CRIED FOR A BOWL OF MILK AND BREAD."

Nor return to your home, till your hair is gray,
And your willful temper has passed away."

She tried to hold back, but her feet were too strong;
So land and water she skimmed along,
Till she reached the very edge of the world,
And into space was suddenly hurled.

Thus sadly frightened was Hippety-Hop;
She was out of the world, and could n't stop;
Her feet were taking her right to the moon;
At the rate she moved, she would get there soon.

And the man in the moon grew fiercer and bigger,
As he saw, coming toward him, this queer little figure
Hopping along on nothing at all,
And making straight for his silver ball.

So he brandished his club, and shouted, "Stop!"
But she curtly said, "I am Hippety-Hop!
I started to-day from the earth so gay,
That spins down there like a silver top,
And I must go on till they let me drop."

So on she passed like a sky-born rover,
Right at the place where the cow jumped over
When the little dog laughed at the man in the moon,
And the thievish dish ran away with the spoon.



"HE BRANDISHED HIS CLUB."

That night, on earth there was great ado
Among the wise, astronomical crew,
Who nightly peer through the heavens afar,
For an asteroid, comet, or wandering star.

For they saw a light that puzzled them sore,
A comet or star never seen before,
That moved along near the sky's blue top,
With a skip, and jump, and a hippety-hop.

Brighter it shone than Luna pale,
Its hair streamed back like a comet's tail,
And a round, little face, like Mars was red
With the ruddy light that the sun had shed.

So the wise men brought their telescopes out
To view the stranger, and solve the doubt;
But though they gazed, without wink or pause,
They could not tell what the queer thing was.

One said, "'T is only an asteroid,
A bit of a planet once destroyed;"

Another, "A comet, for see!" he said,
"Its hair streams back from its fiery head."

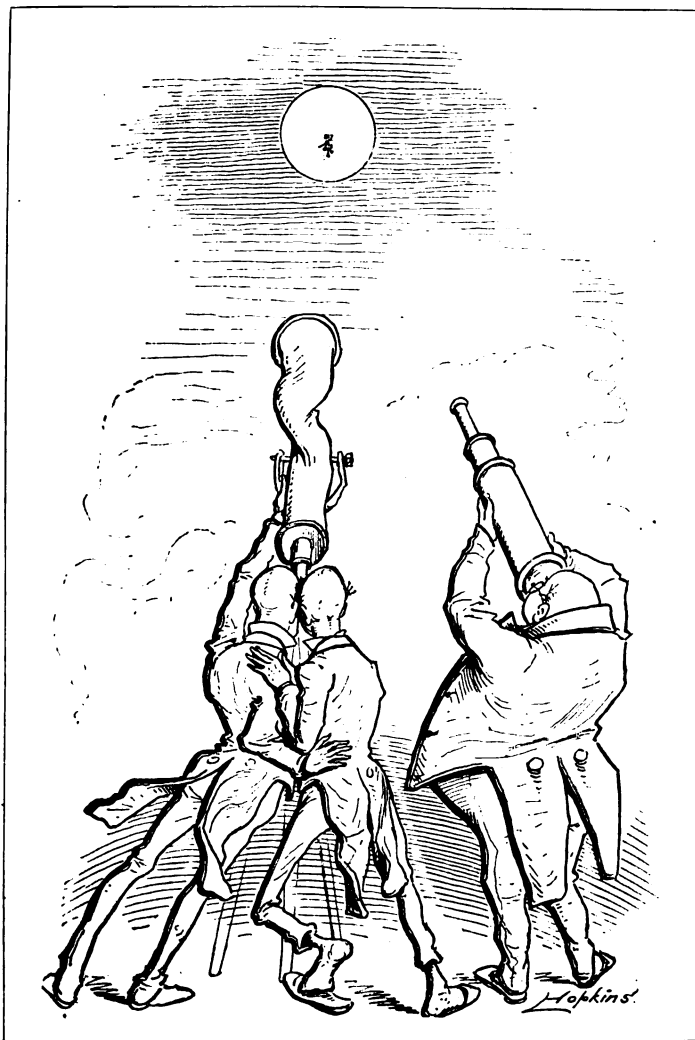
Another said, "'T is a new-born star!"
But the last exclaimed, "What fools you are!
'T is only a little girl gone astray,
Shot from her orbit, as I might say,
Who hops and skips as she did in play,
And see, she is bound for the Milky Way!"

But all the others laughed him to scorn,
And said, "No girl that ever was born
Could move so fast o'er the sky's blue top,
With a skip, and a jump, and a hippety-hop."

So they marked its course, and measured its
speed,

They traced its orbit, and found indeed,
From the rate it traveled among the spheres,
It would reach the earth in a thousand years.

So a thousand years must come and go,
Ere she returns to the earth below;
And I know, from what wise people have
said,
Her father and mother will then be dead.



"THE WISE MEN BROUGHT THEIR TELESCOPES OUT."

Hard is the fate of this willful girl ;
A thousand years to skip and whirl,
A thousand years before she can stop
To eat a crumb or to drink a drop.

This is the story of Hippety-Hop,
Who once got going and could n't stop,
Until she was punished, and made to smart
For her reckless feet, and her willful heart.

FLORIDA FISHERS.

BY MRS. MARY TREAT.

IN the retired shallow coves along the St. John's River may be seen flocks of the great blue heron. These coves are their fishing-grounds during winter and spring ; and a beautiful sight it is, when we can

I have heard gentlemen say they could not approach these birds near enough to study them with any satisfaction. This makes me think that the herons are such good observers that they know



THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

approach within a few feet of these magnificent birds. They are about four feet in height, and the long, glossy, plume-like feathers about the neck and shoulders, and the two long feathers on the head, make them look quite grand. Especially magnificent is he when, with bristling feathers and fierce action, he bends to catch his prey. The picture, copied by permission from Dr. Tenney's "Elements of Zoölogy," shows him in the act.

a man from a woman ; for several times I have been allowed to come quite near to them, when first one and then another would step upon a log, and straighten himself up to his full height, and look at me inquiringly, and then go on with his fishing, quite unconcerned. I have observed, however, that when they are feeding among a drove of cattle (Florida cattle often feed in the river), I can approach much more closely than when no

cattle are near; so, they may take me for one of the cows, or for some sort of nondescript animal! But if they do, I freely forgive them, and would gladly do anything in my power to protect them against the heartless men who throng the steamers from the North, to kill the beautiful birds of Florida.

These herons are very sociable and peaceable, living together in perfect harmony, and are on good terms with all their relatives. Their cousin—the great white heron—is often in their company, and they stand side by side fishing in the shallow water. Some of the birds stand quite still, with their long necks arched, and their eyes fixed on the water until some unlucky fish or small reptile comes within their reach, when they thrust their long, stout beaks into the mud and water, and dexterously secure the prey, which they greedily devour; others wade cautiously and stealthily about, looking closely for crabs and fish; and all, whether walking or standing quite still, seem very successful in catching game.

But so many of these birds have been shot, is it any wonder that they have no confidence in mankind? They will not take even a meal without one of the party acting as sentinel. The sentinel usually stands upon a log, and nothing seems to escape his keen eye.

Now, all depends upon him whether I—a woman—am allowed to approach! He looks at me keenly and suspiciously, and I pretend to be wholly unconcerned with regard to his movements. If I can get near a gentle cow, I am quite safe. If the cattle do not run from me, why should they? So they consult over the matter. The sentinel communicates the fact of my approach, and now a

great white heron mounts the log, his feathers as white as the pure fallen snow, and from his shoulders hang long graceful plumes. What a grand bird he is, and what a heart of stone a man must have to deprive such a glorious creature of life!

Seeming to be satisfied that I have neither murderous gun nor hostile intentions, he steps down from the log and resumes his fishing, but another immediately mounts it. By this time I am on such good terms with one of the cows, that she comes to the log on which I stand and takes the water-plants from my hand; this seems to reassure the birds; and nearer and nearer I am allowed to approach. As long as I can manage to keep a cow between me and the birds, I have no fear of alarming them. They come so near to me that I can see the different kinds of game they capture; now one takes a crab and beats it upon a log and picks it to pieces before swallowing it, but how he manages to do this and escape the crab's retaliating pinch, I do not know; he must understand crabs better than I do.

The color of the eyes and bill in both the blue and white heron is yellow, and the legs are a greenish-yellow. Sometimes one of these birds' legs looks stouter and larger than the other. I find this peculiarity has been observed in specimens that had been shot, and the reason given in ornithological books is, that the birds stand so much upon one leg that it causes it to grow larger than the other.

But the most elegant fisher found in Florida is the American flamingo. It is about as tall as the great blue heron, and is gorgeously attired in bright scarlet! One of these days I shall tell you more about him in these pages, and perhaps show you his picture.

MARJORIE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

MARJORIE hides in the deep, sweet grass;
Purple its tops bend over;
Softly and warmly the breezes pass,
And bring her the scent of the clover.

Butterflies flit, and the banded bee
Booms in the air above her;
Green and golden lady-bugs three
Marjorie's nest discover.

Up to the top of the grass so tall
Creep they, while Marjorie gazes;

Blows the wind suddenly—down they fall
Into the disks of the daisies!

Brown-eyed Marjorie! Who, do you think,
Sings in the sun so loudly?
Marjorie smiles. "'T is the bobolink,
Caroling gayly and proudly."

Bright-locked Marjorie! What floats down
Through the golden air, and lingers
Light on your head as a cloudy crown,
Pink as your rosy fingers?

"Apple-blossoms!" she laughing cries.
"Beautiful boats come sailing
Out of the branches held up to the skies,
Over the orchard railing."

Happy, sweet Marjorie, hidden away,
Birds, butterflies, bees above her;
With flowers and perfumes, and lady-bugs gay—
Everything seems to love her!

PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

CHAPTER IX.

PATTIKIN.

THINGS went better with Thirza after that. She bent all her energies to the task of keeping the house orderly, the little ones clean, and, above all, the bread-box full, and the meals in proper season; and as she was really an energetic little body, she succeeded pretty well. To be sure, accidents happened now and then. Her judgment could not always be relied upon. Sometimes the loaf did not hold out, as she thought it would, and she had to fall back pretty often on those miserable make-shifts that Sandy called "slap-jacks."

But, though Pattikin seldom forgot her dusting till it was quite dinner-time, she did not stay in the house much, and made little headway learning to work. She said it made her "homesick for mother;" so they let her run pretty much as she chose. She liked to sit perched on the top of the wood-pile, in the sunshine, and look down upon her brothers, while they sawed, and split, and piled, breaking forth now and then into a merry "Oh, come, come away! from labor now reposing!"

Sometimes she busied herself with the birch-bark that she picked from the logs, making sheets of paper "for father to write sermons on," or making "canoes," as her mother had taught her.

"You'll let that child catch her death of cold, besides getting as brown as a Malay," said Miss Ellenwood, who called to see how the minister's folks were getting along.

But Thirza was doing the best she could, and somehow or other Pattikin never caught cold; and if she did get to be a regular little "nutte-brown mayde," perhaps it did n't so very much matter. Something happened to her, however; so Miss Ellenwood could say, "I told you so."

A log rolled, one day, as she was descending from her high perch, and her foot was caught under it, and the poor little ankle got a bad sprain.

Then Pattikin had to stay in the house. You may think she was homesick,—or mother-sick, those days. And so she was, till her father saw how the poor child was pining, and took her into his study. He made her a pallet near the sunniest window, and let her lie there and watch him, as he wrote, and read, and studied, and let her look over

hitherto forbidden books. And he made her a puzzle out of little blocks of wood, and often he would sit beside her on the floor and draw on the slate for her amusement pictures of all sorts of things.

Pattikin had no idea of her father's resources before. He was just as good as a mother to her. When he had to go off parish visiting, he wrapped

with her doll, or sewed on its clothes, making her father quite surprised at the womanly instincts of his little roving gypsy maid, when once they were developed.

Tilda would have liked much to come and play with her; but there was always a good deal to do. Tilda and Thirza still had the hardest of the work and care, notwithstanding the help they now



"THERE SHE SAT, AND PLAYED WITH HER DOLL."

her up nicely and took her with him. And such nice people as they went to see! And the curious, twisted, crispy, delicious doughnuts, and the rosy-cheeked apples, and the cunning little scoloped cakes of maple-sugar that were given her! Pattikin never enjoyed any week in her life more than the second one after she sprained her ankle.

And when she was well enough to limp about a little, lest she should try her strength too much by walking, he set his round green-covered table in the place of her pallet, and let her have it for her house. She had her little chair, and her dolly's bureau on the top of it, and there she sat, and played

had from their father and brothers. It is quite wonderful how many steps there are to take in a large family. It was cooking and washing dishes, and then skimming milk and washing dishes, and then churning and more washing dishes;—large, unwieldy dishes, too. And the clothes must be sprinkled, and the ironing took a whole half day always, and then everything to be sorted, and folded, and put away. It is of no use to try to tell you all. Nobody can know but a woman who has had it all to do, or a little girl who has tried with her inexperienced little head, and her small, unskillful hands, to remember it all, and do it all.

But their father was on the watch, and when he saw the clouds thickening and showers threatening in his little girls' sky, he had some little charm or other to drive away the forlornness, and the homesickness, and the weariness. Sometimes it was an hour's work in the kitchen behind the big blue check apron with his own hands; sometimes it was a bright silver sixpence slipped into the weary hands, or turning up unexpectedly under their plates; and children like Tilda and Thirza, who rarely get money, and make the best use of it when they do get it, know well how to value it. Sometimes it was a ride behind old Gray.

He found a way for them out of every "slough of despond." Once the yeast-jug got empty, and the united wisdom of the whole family could n't produce a supply of this most necessary article. It seemed for a while as if they must live on biscuits and "slap-jacks" the rest of the four weeks. The minister took the jug away at last to a neighbor, and got her to fill it.

He had to pursue a similar course with his "bosomed shirts," after Thirza had privately fretted and fussed and worried two or three days over them, trying to get one ironed for Sunday. He never knew how many tears sprinkled those shirts, nor what a struggle it cost his little girl to give up trying, and own that she could not do them. He only said:

"The shirts!—what ails them? They only need to be starched and ironed like other things, I suppose. But if you can't do them, I'll take them over to Mrs. Preston. She'll be glad of a chance to pay part of her subscription by ironing them."

Thirza only wished he would make the attempt to iron one himself. But he did n't, and it aggravated her much to think it should seem such a simple and easy thing to him, when she had found it so impossible.

"Now, this evening shall see us all busy darning our stockings," said the minister, one day, and the party that made the molasses candy were not merrier than the party that crowded around the lamp that evening, each armed with a darning-needle and a ball of yarn.

Pattikin and Sandy insisted on having some work, too, so darning-needles and old socks were given them, and they worked away with great zeal. Thirza was voted teacher and general inspector, but the minister really did a great deal in that line, and many a "boggle" had to be taken out, and done over in better shape at his bidding.

But even this could not make them believe it was anything but fun, and they were ready to agree to a darning-evening once a week the whole year round. Seth advocated it heartily,—“it would be such a relief to mother,” he said. The minister smiled

warmly at his oldest son,—the boy who was always most thoughtful for mother.

"I shall have to have a pair of spectacles," said Sammy, "if we are to keep on through the year. I can never see where to make my needle come out. And the strands get all mixed up, so there is n't any right place for it to come out, I believe."

Here Thirza had to bring her chair to sit beside Samuel, and give him a lesson.

"I wish mother could look in, and see how cozy we are," said Seth.

Thirza looked up gratefully, thinking of the "slap-jacks" at dinner that day, and which Seth seemed to have forgotten. The four great loaves of bread had proved to be sour, too, and the pies were leathery, and the insides dry and half cooked. But they all had healthy appetites and excellent digestive powers, and, whatever was wrong with the cooking, there was always the consolation of knowing that the food would soon be eaten up, and a chance afforded of trying again, with the hope of better success next time.

But the longest month will come to an end, and all were rejoiced when a letter came naming the day on which the long-absent mother would return. They all were standing at the gate, in good season, watching for the stage, as they had stood four weeks before watching it away.

At last it came,—the old, slow thing,—rattling, and bouncing, and jouncing along down the hill; and there!—they were sure they could see a peep of the green alpacas!—and then the baby poked his jolly little fat face out of the window, and there was mother, holding out both hands to them; and oh!—joy of joys!—they had her in a minute, and were all clinging to her hands, and her neck, and her dress, till the stage-driver said to the minister:

"Do see to your wife, and I'll see that I'm paid, and take off the trunk. She'll be pulled to the ground with all that crazy raft of young ones."

But the minister only laughed, and joined the "raft of young ones," and got a hand, and the baby, and a smile and a tear for his portion.

And when they had got inside the door, such a budget of news as there was to tell! And the minister declared that his wife had grown so young and handsome that he was quite ashamed of himself, and that he must go off awhile and rejuvenate too. Also, that they all had got to be such house-keepers that she would have no more such hard and constant work and care, because they would all help more than they ever had, since they had begun to realize how many steps were necessary to keep a house in order.

And Thirza felt so light-hearted and free, that she laughed and cried for joy, and let all the water

boil out of the kettle in which the fowl was cooking for supper. But of course it was n't spoiled, for mother had got home, and her quick ear caught the sizzle, and the danger was averted.

What a supper it was, to be sure! And how sweet to Thirza was her mother's praise of the light biscuit, the mealy potatoes, and the well-baked custard-pie! It was worth all they had endured, to have the pleasure of that home-coming.

CHAPTER X.

THE MENAGERIE.

THE minister came in, one day in the following June, with a great flaming, yellow hand-bill, and a look that said as plainly as words could:

"Now for a treat! Here 's something that will please the youngsters."

"Ho!—a circus-bill! May I have a look at it, father?" said Simon, wondering a little at his father's bringing it home, since the circus was a proscribed amusement in that home. "Is it going to be here?"

"*Not* a circus-bill, as you will see, if you look at it," said the father, delivering it over to the eager hands of the boys. "No circus, but a fine menagerie,—the best that ever came into the State. It's to be at Belleville next week."

"Oh, father, menageries are good! Oh, father, could we go?" said Simon, and Thirza, and Tilda all in a breath. "Oh, will you take us, father?"

"It is Van Amburgh's. A rare collection, and he will go into the lion's cage, and perform some marvelous tricks," said the minister, coolly, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, that was itself half a promise.

"Oh, could n't we go? It's only a little ways to Belleville. Just 'leven or six miles!" pleaded Pattikin.

"Five miles to Belleville," said the minister, musingly. "Five miles,—and five back, are ten."

"You go there and back in half a day, very often," said Seth, who was secretly as eager as any of them, though he felt that he was too old to tease.

"I think," said the minister, very deliberately,—
"I think—I may go. And perhaps you, Seth, as you are the oldest, and have never seen many wild animals, can go with me."

"And I! Oh, let me! And me! And me!" cried the rest in chorus.

"And I think," the minister began again, "that Thirza ought to go too, because she was such a faithful little woman while her mother was gone to Boston."

"And I!—did n't I help? Was n't I good too?" said a trio of listeners, agonized with impatience and desire.

"And Tilda, because she was always ready to help," slowly continued the tantalizing man. "Let me see; that will take, how many ninences? Four! Four times twelve and a half is—how much?"

"Fifty cents!" screamed the chorus.

"You need n't pay for me, father. I've got money enough to pay for myself," said Seth.

"And I, too!" said Thirza.

"I should think I might go! I've a whole quarter of a dollar in my box," said Simon.

"And I've got eighteen cents," said Samuel.

"I want to go just as much as anybody!"

Pattikin clung to her father's hand, and jumped up and down, saying all the time: "Me too, father! Why don't you say me, too?"

"Pattikin will have to go, I suppose, because she is the little one, and it would break her heart to be left at home. And Simon is so much interested in natural history that it would be a pity not to let him see such a show."

By this time the children had become convinced that no one would be left out, and they only had to wait patiently, and their father would find some reason for letting every one of them go. So they waited more quietly, only laughing and shouting a little when a new name was added to the list of favored ones.

"Samuel *must* go, because he is such a good boy to tend the baby, and mother will want him for that; and Sandy,—I think we must take him, because he's got such fat cheeks that the showman *may* take a notion to *buy him, to put on exhibition.*"

There was great shouting and laughing at this ingenious reason.

"Mother and the baby are going, too!" cried Thirza, delightedly. But mother and the baby demurred.

"I've had my good time for this year, and it would be a hard day's work for me to go, and take Robbie. You all can do quite as well without me, and I'd much rather stay at home," said she. And neither persuasion nor pleading could change her mind.

If it should rain! But that would be too great a misfortune! Of course it would n't.

And it did n't. Never sun rose on a more perfect day. The birds sang, the dew-drops glistened, the violets and dandelions crowded each other in the grass, and the air was balm. Not a cloud in all the sky, except a few great snow-banks that went floating about in the blue overhead.

Every one of the seven Sunday suits was freshly washed and ironed. The boys in brown linen were in a most uncommon state of starchedness, and the little girls, in their pretty light calicoes and shaker

bonnets, looked as fresh and sweet and smiling as the flowers themselves.

The minister had a family ticket. And proud he was of the family that were to go in on it. He chuckled unmistakably, quite forgetful of ministerial dignity as he thought how the showman would say: "These all yours, sir?" And perhaps add: "You get the worth of your money, anyhow!" He quite wished Robbie was old enough to go.

"Would n't you better go, after all, mother?" he asked, just as they were getting into the wagon to start. "Wont cost a cent more, you know!"

But mother was not to be coaxed into a reversal of her decision. So they drove off, leaving her nodding and smiling, and waving the dish-towel, in answer to their vociferous good-byes.

They had plenty of time before them. The gray pony might choose her own gait. Seth and Simon and Samuel jumped out and walked up all the hills, and came back into the wagon with great bouquets of sweet June pinks, and delicate white flowers, not to be despised or slighted because they grew in every field-corner, and bore the very common and homely name, elder-blows.

They stopped at a deserted house, and went in and explored the dilapidated rooms, and wondered who had lived there last, and what sort of stories the walls would tell, if they could speak.

Of course, none of them had wanted any breakfast, and of course Pattikin and Sandy were hungry soon, and must have a slice of bread and cheese, and the rest "did n't care if they had a bit," and the yellow firkin was opened, and they saw that there was a whole chicken beautifully roasted for their dinner, and a pie, beside an unlimited supply of bread and butter,—which did not tend to lower their good spirits in the least.

They were so gay that their father cautioned them. "They must be more sober, or the showman might take them for wild animals, and shut them up in his cages." Inwardly, he was scarcely less gay than they were, however. He had not yet lost the boy's heart,—for all his many cares and duties,—this minister.

They were grave and quiet enough, though, when they went through the narrow door into the great white tent, among the crowds of people standing everywhere, or sitting tier above tier, all along one side of the tent. Gravely and wonderingly they looked into the great iron cages where tigers and lions paced back and forth in uneasy confinement, or bears lay and slept, or gazed back at them with sharp, fierce-looking eyes.

Pattikin clung fast to her father's hand, Sandy held on to Seth, and the rest kept close in the rear, feeling that if they should get separated from the rest, they might not be found soon in such a crowd.

They watched the mother-elephant with her immense baby by her side, and the majestic old father-elephant, as he performed his tricks in obedience to that slender little man, his keeper. It was all a wonder, and a mystery. And oh, delight of delights! there was the least of small ponies, who danced and pranced and curveted round a ring with a monkey on his back, dressed in a red coat and yellow pantaloons, with gold on his cap and gold on his sleeves, clinging tightly to his seat, and flourishing his small riding-whip; and though the pony jumped, and reared on his hind feet, and even rolled on the ground, he never could get that monkey off. And at last he just gave it up, and cantered gayly around the ring.

Van Amburg himself came in presently in splendid costume, bespangled with gold and silver, and went into the lion's cage, as the hand-bills had promised, and played with the terrible creatures as if they had been dogs; and he opened their mouths, and showed the people their dreadful teeth, till the children's faces grew white with excitement.

They went away soon after this was over. There were many side-shows, but they lingered only a little to look wistfully at the pictures on the outside of these, entering none. Their father went to a stand where candies and lemons and other nice things were kept for sale, and bought three lemons, and then they made their way out of the crowd of people that were everywhere about the tent, and went out where the gray pony was tied.

They got into the wagon and drove quite out of the town, till they found a good place to eat their dinner, under a shady tree, near a well.

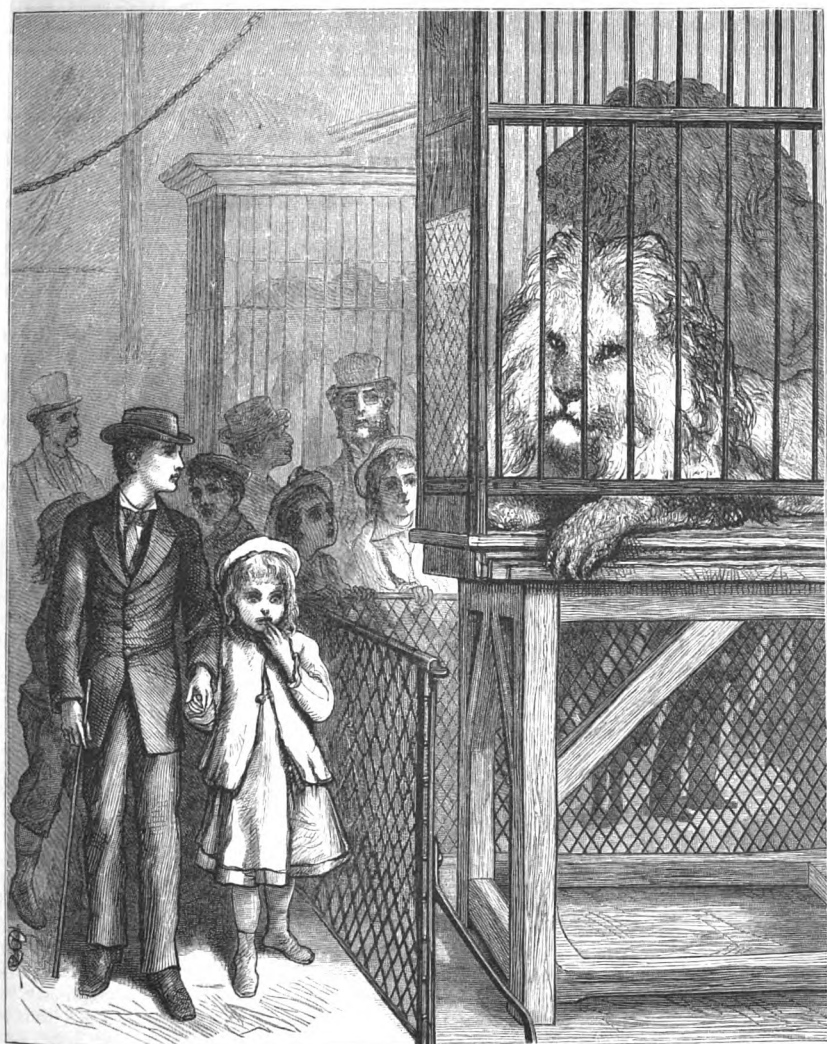
Seth got out the tin pail, and brought a supply of well-water. The minister took a brown paper package from the firkin, which proved to contain some sugar, and made some lemonade; and they were so very hungry, and everything tasted so good, that the eatables disappeared with great rapidity.

After dinner they went back into the town, for the minister had some shopping to do. Then the children had another rare treat, looking in at the gay windows, where were dolls that set Pattikin teasing, and made the hearts of Thirza and Tilda restless with longing, and hoops and balls and marbles and tops to coax the boys' money out of their pockets.

Their father had not taken their money to pay for their entrance to the menagerie. Very likely he did not intend to do so, but they were not sure.

"If we only knew!" whispered Tilda to Thirza in a whisper. "I should so like one of those dolls!"

"I have thought of something we'd better do, if he does n't take our money," said Thirza, though



PATTIKIN'S FAMILY AT THE MENAGERIE.

her eyes rested lovingly on a rosy-cheeked doll with curling hair, that lay near the glass window.

"Hear what father is saying to Pattie."

"No, no, little daughter! We've spent all the money we can afford, for one day."

This was what the minister was saying in reply to Pattikin's teasing.

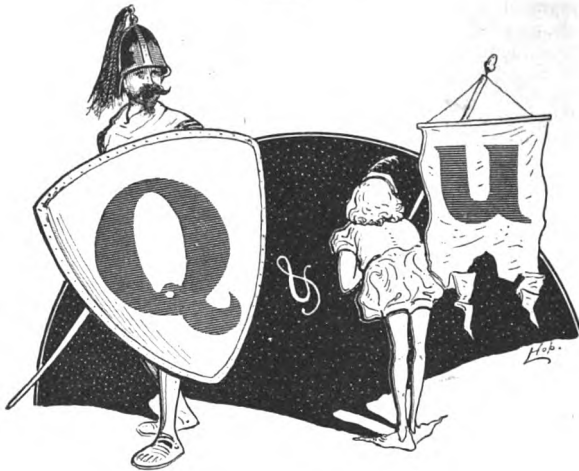
"What have you thought of?" said Tilda.

"I can't tell you now. But very soon I will," said Thirza.

(To be continued.)

Q AND U.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.



ONCE Q and U a bargain made
 ('T was very long ago),
 And they have kept the contract well,
 As you, perhaps, may know.

"I'd like to be your faithful page,"
 Said valiant little U;
 "And I your service will engage,"
 Replied the honest Q,

"If you will always stand by me,
 My ready right-hand man."
 "I'll take delight," said earnest U,
 "To show you that I can."

"If I should in a quarrel get,
 What then?" asked careful Q.
 "Then I'd be there to help you out,"
 Quoth nimble little U.

"If, weary of the strife, I seek
 Rest from the noise and riot?"
 "We'll quell disturbance, and secure
 A safe retreat—in quiet."

So, side by side, U stands with Q,
 Through all the passing ages,—
 Proving, by tireless constancy,
 The very best of pages.

THE STARS IN MAY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

TOWARD the north we now see the Dipper raised directly above the Pole-star; the constellation of the Great Bear occupying a much wider region of the sky. The Little Bear, which last month had passed just above the horizontal position, has its length now in the position of the minute hand of a clock eight or nine minutes past the hour.

Since I wrote the account of the stars for April, I have come across a singular Arabian picture of a part of the northern heavens, from which it would seem that anciently the two Bears had their feet in the same direction. From the picture of the Little Bear shown last March, you will see that the feet of the animal are toward the stars η and γ , or away

from the Great Bear; and the feet of the Great Bear are toward μ , λ , etc., of that constellation, or away from the Little Bear. So that the Bears are



FIG. 1.

back to back; and whenever one is placed, as in nature, with his plantigrade feet lowermost, the other has his legs wildly waving above him,—which, on the whole, seems absurd. Now, in the old Arabian picture, drawn in the eleventh century, we find the Little Bear turned the other way. His tail still lies toward the Pole-star, but his feet lie toward the Great Bear,—the fore-feet at the stars δ and ϵ ; so that the Bears come into their natural attitude simultaneously. The accompanying picture (Fig. 1) is copied from the very rough drawing of the Arabian astronomers, except that the stars are represented a little more clearly than in their drawing. Only six stars are shown. The bear is not a very good-looking one; but he is more like a bear than the long-tailed creature in the account of the stars for March. In fact, astronomy cannot be said to distinguish itself pictorially, though serious confusion would follow a sudden changing of its familiar representations.

The constellation Cassiopeia is now well placed for observation,—and, according to my promise last month, I will now give a brief account of this ancient star-group.

According to Hyginus, Cassiopeia and Cepheus were placed in the heavens with their heads turned from the pole, so as to swing head downward beneath it, because Cassiopeia boasted that her beauty surpassed that of the Nereids. It is convenient to keep this in mind, not because her error of judgment (she

had not even seen the Nereids) was of much importance, but as a help to the memory. The star ζ , the remotest from the pole of all shown

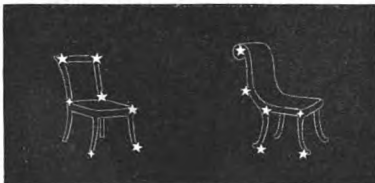


FIG. 3.

in our northern map as belonging to Cassiopeia, marks, then, her head, and her queenly robes flow toward ϵ and δ , though in most pictures of Cassiopeia a raised dais is placed where these stars are. The figure shows the position of the lady with respect to the stars. You will see that, in order to make it agree with the constellation as now seen, the picture must be inverted. Flammarion, in his book on the heavens, strangely mistakes the position of the chair. I quote from Mr. Blake's work based on Flammarion's, and for the most part a translation; but possibly the error is Mr. Blake's. He says "the chair is composed principally of five stars, of the third magnitude, arranged in the form of an M. A smaller star, of the fourth magnitude

(κ), completes the square formed by the three, β , α , and γ . The figure thus formed has a fair resemblance to a chair or throne, δ and ϵ forming the back; and hence the justification for its popular name." But, apart from the agreement of all the old authorities as to the position of the chair, there can be no doubt that the six leading stars of the constellation show a much closer resemblance to a chair, having β and α for the back, thus (Fig. 2); that, too, is the shape



FIG. 2.—CASSIOPEIA.

of ancient chairs. People who lived in the years B. C. did not loll; like Mrs. Wilfer in more recent

times, they were "incapable of it." Now the group of stars placed as in the second drawing (Fig. 3), forms an unmistakably easy chair.

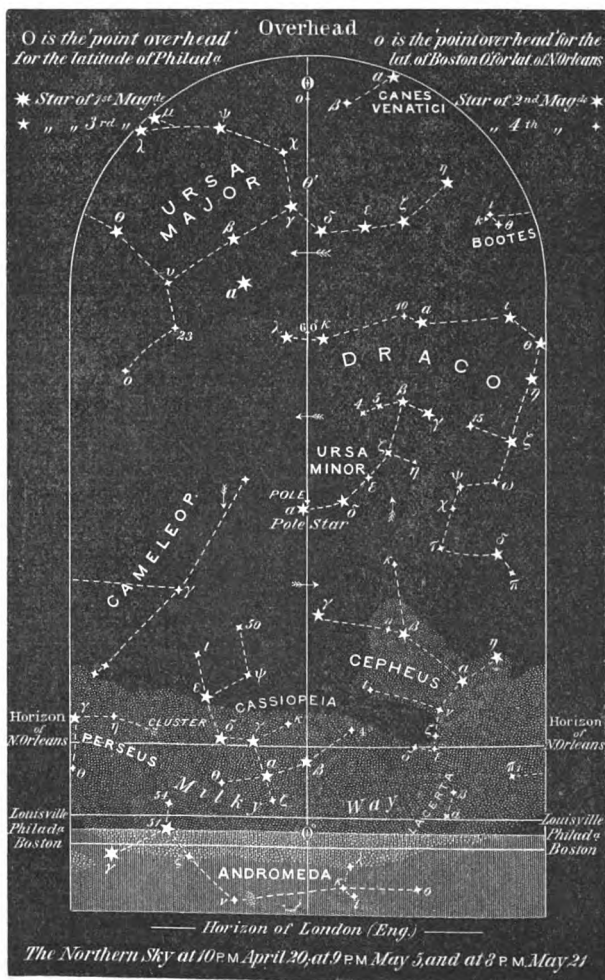
It is useful to remember the letters corresponding to the brighter stars, and any aid to the memory, however absurd in itself, is worth noticing if it

this aid to the memory so often useful, that I do not hesitate to mention it, like those others relating to the heads of Cepheus and Hydra. (I add, in passing, that the head of Cassiopeia, like that of Cepheus, has a star ζ in it.) It is not with the least idea of raising a laugh about these absurd

combinations that I mention them; though I can see no reason on earth why science should be studied always with a serious face. But these little helps to the memory, or others like them which you can make for yourselves, are often very useful.

For instance, I proceed to note that the two stars γ and δ of Cassiopeia point toward a most wonderful and beautiful cluster of stars, lying about twice as far from δ as δ does from γ . If you remember the names of the five leading stars, this direction at once shows you where to look for the cluster, without referring anew to any map. Of course, the northern map belonging to this paper also shows you how to find the cluster, which is marked in its proper place. But it is well to remember the way in which δ and γ point to it. In the sky, the cluster can only just be seen on clear nights as a small round mist. If, however, you turn a small telescope, or even a good opera-glass, upon it, you will see that it is sparkling all over with stars. In a powerful telescope, it is one of the most wonderful objects you can imagine. You see at a single view, in that little spot of misty light, more stars—that is to say, more *suns*—than the unaided eye can see in the whole sky on the darkest and clearest night!

The constellation Perseus, or the Rescuer of Andromeda, is now approaching the region below the pole, and in England is fairly well seen when thus placed. But in the greater part of the United States, the southern half of the constellation passes below the horizon as it approaches the northern sky. It will be well, therefore, to look for Perseus half an hour, or even an hour, earlier than the times mentioned in the northern Chart V., no-



helps to recall the arrangement of the letters. It will be observed that the five leading stars of Cassiopeia have the first five letters of the Greek alphabet. To remember their order, notice that, beginning with the top rail of the chair, they follow thus, β , α , γ , δ , and ϵ , making the word "bagde," or, in sound, "bagged." I have myself found

low the pole, and in England is fairly well seen when thus placed. But in the greater part of the United States, the southern half of the constellation passes below the horizon as it approaches the northern sky. It will be well, therefore, to look for Perseus half an hour, or even an hour, earlier than the times mentioned in the northern Chart V., no-

ting that the stars γ and δ of Cassiopeia—or, better, the stars κ and δ —point toward Perseus. It is impossible to mistake the beautiful festoon of stars, η , γ , α , δ , μ , and λ , with other smaller stars shown in the northern map, which form the northern half of the constellation Perseus: Next month,

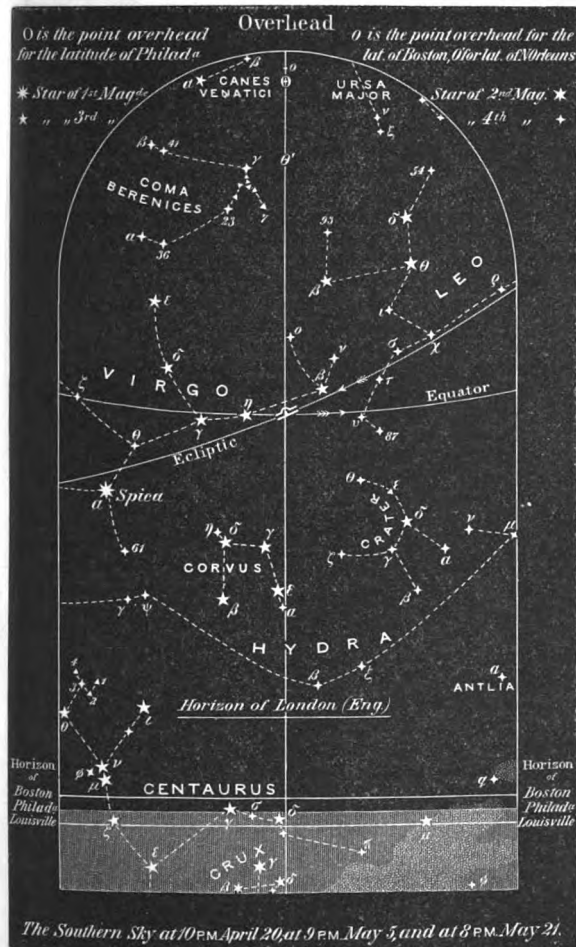
as an angel, her head between the stars α and ν , and β marking the upper part of one wing, while the other wing has its tip near ϵ . She bears in her hand an ear of corn, whose place is marked by the bright star Spica, so that the young lady's feet lie on a part of the constellation beyond the range of

the map. It is easy to recognize the constellation by the bright star Spica, and the corner formed by the five third magnitude stars, ϵ , δ , γ , η , and β . For some cause or other,—a celestial reason, no doubt, since no earthly reason can be imagined,—this corner was called by Arabian astronomers "the retreat of the howling dog." The order of these star letters is nearly identical with that of the five stars of the same magnitude in Cassiopeia—Bégde instead of Bagde. According to the ancients, Virgo represented Ceres, or Isis, or Erigone, or the Singing Sibyl, "or some one else," as Admiral Smyth conveniently adds; some of the moderns have recognized in her the Virgin Mary. Most probably she was at first intended to represent a gleaner in the field, Virgo having originally been the constellation through which the sun passed in August, and Spica very near the place of the sun at gleanings time in the warmer parts of the temperate zone.

Above the Virgin is the pretty star-group called Coma Berenices, or the "Tresses of Queen Berenice." The story ran that Berenice vowed to devote her hair to Venus if her husband, Ptolemy Energetes, was victorious over his enemies. On his return in triumph, he was pained to find her closely shorn, and to comfort him they sent for the priests and astronomers, who found that the queen's hair had

been placed among the stars. The story seems open to some little question.

Hydra's length still trails onward athwart the southern sky. The constellations Corvus (the Crow) and Crater (the Cup) are now well seen. A cup is rather strangely placed on a snake's back; yet you are not to suppose the cup belongs



I shall give a brief account of the constellation, and especially of the star Algol, one of the most remarkable variable stars in the whole heavens.

For the present, however, we must turn toward the southern heavens.

The zodiacal constellation for the month is Virgo, or the Virgin. The maiden is usually represented

to the Virgin. The Crow is usually drawn as perched on the Snake, and pecking his back, the bird's head being where the stars ϵ and α are shown. But it has always seemed to me that the little group reminds one more of a crow resting, with his head, as at η , depressed between the raised shoulders, whose top would be marked by the stars δ and γ . This bird has been claimed for Noah's raven.

The Centaur, or Man-horse, is moving toward the south; but will be better placed next month, when I will describe it. The Southern Cross shows about two-thirds of its height above the horizon of New Orleans, but its leading brilliant, the foot of the cross, cannot be seen from any part of the United States, nor any star of the Cross from the Northern States.

The parts of the heavens now in view toward the south, especially the Locks of Berenice and head and wings of Virgo, are very interesting regions for telescopic study, being crowded with little clouds of light called nebulae, some of which are clustering collections of small stars, others formed of some kind of shining gas. We owe the discovery of most of these to the two Herschels, Sir William and Sir John, father and son, each the greatest astronomer of his day and generation.

The sun's path through Virgo carries him, as you see by the maps, descendingly across the equator. When he is at the place marked α , the sign for Libra (or the Balance), the days and nights are equal. This is at the time called the autumnal equinox. The zodiacal constellations now to follow are those below, or south of the celestial equator.

"THE WORTHY POOR."

BY M. M. D.



A DOG of morals, firm and sure,
Went out to seek the "worthy poor."
"Dear things!" she said, "I'll find them out,
And end their woes, without a doubt."

She wandered east, she wandered west,
And many dogs her vision blest,—
Some well-to-do, some rich indeed,
And some—ah! very much in need.

So poor they were!—without a bone,
Battered' and footsore, sad and lone;
No friends, no help. "What lives they've led,
To come to this!" our doggie said.

"I ought not give to them; I'm sure
They cannot be the worthy poor.
They must have fought or been disgraced;
My charity must be well placed."

Some dogs she found, quite to her mind;
So thrifty they—so sleek and kind!
“Ah me!” she said, “were they in need,
To help them would be joy indeed.”

‘T was still the same, day in, day out,—
The poorest dogs were poor, no doubt;
But they were neither clean nor wise,
As she could see with half her eyes.

‘T is strange what faults come out to view
When folks are poor. She said: “‘T is true
They need some help; but as for me,
I must not waste my charity.”

So home she went, and dropped a tear.
“I’ve done my duty, that is clear.
I’ve searched and searched the village round,
And not one ‘worthy poor’ I’ve found.”

And all this while, the sick and lame
And hungry suffered all the same.
They were not pleasant, were not neat—
But she had more than she could eat!

And don’t you think it was a sin?
Was hers the right way to begin?
No, no!—it was not right, I’m sure,
For she was rich and they were poor.

O ye who have enough to spare!
To suffering give your ready care;
Waste not your charitable mood
Only in sifting out the good.

For, on the whole, though it is right
To keep the “worthy poor” in sight,
This world would run with scarce a hitch
If all could find the *worthy rich*.

LA BOUCHE DE MADEMOISELLE LOUISE.

PAR F. DUPIN DE SAINT-ANDRÉ.

LA bouche de Mlle. Louise est très-grande.
Quand on la voit, on a toujours envie de dire:
“Quelle énorme bouche!”

Eh bien, ce n’est pas un malheur. Une grande
bouche est très-commode. C’était l’avis du loup
qui a si bien croqué le petit Chaperon rouge, et
c’est aussi l’avis de Mlle. Louise. Elle a toujours
très-bon appétit, et elle ne trouve pas sa bouche
trop grande pour tout ce qu’elle a besoin d’y mettre.

Une grande bouche est aussi bien commode pour
babiller. Celle-là n’est jamais fatiguée de causer et
de dire des drôleries. Et quand elle a assez babillé,
elle chante: c’est alors qu’elle s’ouvre bien!

Et pour crier donc! Ce n’est plus une bouche,
c’est un four, une caverne, un gouffre retentissant.
Quand elle est ouverte comme cela, ce que les audi-

teurs ont de mieux à faire, c’est de se boucher les
oreilles et de se sauver.

Les cris ne durent pas toujours. Le rire revient,
un bon rire qui montre de jolies petites dents bien
blanches;—elles n’y sont pas toutes encore, car
Mlle. Louise n’est guère qu’un bébé.

Et quand elle a bien ri, quels bons gros baisers
elle sait donner, cette bouche!

La maman ne la trouve pas du tout trop grande
et l’aime comme elle est.

Et plus tard, quand Mlle. Louise sera plus âgée,
quand elle sera devenue très-raisonnable, très-
spirituelle et très-bonne, sa bouche dira des choses
si sensées, si jolies et si aimables, que tout le monde
l’aimera et que personne n’aura l’idée de la trouver
trop grande.

[We give the above little French story for the benefit of our young readers who are studying French. All translations received before May 18 will be credited in the July number.]

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE GREEN FROG.



WHEN the clouds above are blue,
Little frog in his bright green coat
Comes up the ladder, clearing his throat,
To greet the sun, "How d'ye do?"

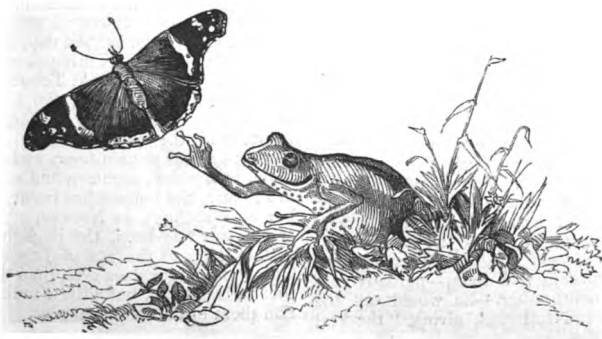


When the clouds above are drear,
And the rain makes the bright sun frown,
Little frog on his ladder goes down,
And waits till the sky is clear.

Little frog can sing a tune—
He is proud of his voice, I think ;
He sits and sings, while his dull eyes blink,
As he serenades the moon.



He likes tender things to eat—
Quick little ants and butterflies ;
He snaps them down, and he shuts his eyes,
As if they tasted sweet.



He sports all the summer through—
Don't you think Froggie's life is play ?
How will he live on a winter day ?
He has no idea—have you ?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"ROBINS in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm, and larch—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?"

Of course you do! So do I. Now we'll talk about matters and things in general, beginning with

HOW A LETTER WON A CROWN.

THE Little Schoolma'am knows Noah Brooks, the author of the "Boy Emigrants," and Noah Brooks knows about a young woman who wrote a letter, and wrote it so very well that—that—in short, it made her a queen. Not one of your fancy queens, such as the "queen of the quill," nor even the "queen of letter-writers," but a real crown-wearing queen, sitting at the king's right hand; and Noah Brooks incidentally remarked to the Little Schoolma'am that soon,—perhaps next month, or the month after,—he would tell the whole story in ST. NICHOLAS, giving "the real names of the parties," etc.

Meanwhile, get out your note-paper, girls, and practice. Never mind about the "Young Woman's Complete Letter-Writer;" the Little Schoolma'am does n't approve of that sort of thing. She says there was an article by Miss Susan A. Brown in the March ST. NICHOLAS that is worth more than a dozen "Complete Letter-Writers."

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

I HAVE heard that it is the custom of the sailors on board fishing-smacks or schooners lying-to in a heavy blow off the Banks of Newfoundland to pour oil on the waves alongside of the vessels, and that it is effectual in smoothing the sea,—not a wave breaking within its influence.

This is very wonderful, if true, and might be very useful to know. And I do not see why it may not be true. The great Doctor Franklin says that once, on a very windy day, he quieted the ruffled surface of nearly a half acre of water, rendering it as smooth as a looking-glass, by pouring upon it a single tea-spoonful of oil.

I do not vouch for these oily bits of information, my chicks, but simply call attention to them. If you find out anything important in the course of your inquiries, please let your Jack know.

THE LONGEST DAYS.

ONE Monday morning the dear Little Schoolma'am gave out "LONG DAYS" as a subject for the children's weekly composition, and I afterward heard her telling Deacon Green that it was wonderful how much they made out of it. Some treated the subject from a moral point of view, some treated it sentimentally, some repeated the old joke that summer days were longest because the heat caused them to expand, and one little astronomer actually gave the average length of day enjoyed by each one of the planets. Which of you can do this? The young rascal said he would like to spend all his school-days on Jupiter, and his Saturdays on Mars. Another industrious little fellow, named Franklin R—, had managed, with the assistance of a gazetteer, or something, to find out the lengths of the longest days in various parts of the world; and as the dear Little Schoolma'am read his composition aloud to the Deacon, your Jack can give you some of the most interesting points. Here they are:

In New York the longest day, June 19, has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes of daylight; at St. Petersburg, Russia, and at Tobolsk, in Siberia (you have read "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia"—have n't you?), the longest day has nineteen hours, and the shortest five. At London, the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, in Sweden, eighteen and a half; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest has twenty-one and a half; but at Wardhuys, in Norway, where little Tradja of Norway was born, the daylight lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July without a break. There are longer days even than these in the world the birds tell me, but little Franklin did n't mention them in his composition.

A HOUSE-BUILDING FISH.

IN Lake Nyassa, in the far interior of Africa, is a kind of black fish which every year builds what the natives call "a house." In the mud at the bottom of the lake it makes a hole some two or three feet broad, allowing the earth removed from the hole to form a little wall around it. The

depth of the hole and the height of the wall measured together make a small basin from fifteen to eighteen inches deep. In this little lake within a lake the fish feels secure from all enemies, and very quietly keeps house until the eggs are laid, when it becomes restless, and leaves the house as a nursery for successors, while it roams about again at will.

THE FISH THAT WENT ASHORE.

DEAR JACK: Here are some verses that I send as an awful warning to vengeance-takers, if you allow any such small fry to enter your circle.—Yours heartily,
JOEL STACY.

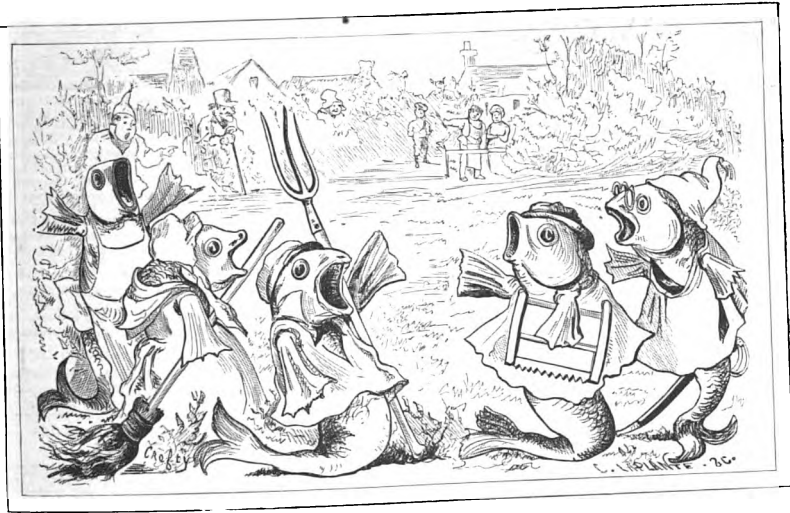
ONE day the fish were so enraged
At the boys who came to swim,
They vow'd they'd catch the first who plunged,
And make quick work with him.

They wriggled and they writhed, poor things!
They cried aloud with pain;—
And to the cool refreshing tide
They never went again.

The farmer stared and laughed, "Ha! ha!"
The children fairly roared;
They caught the fish, and had that night
A feast fit for a lord.

MORAL.

Now here's the moral of my tale—
And, prythee, well construe it:
Whene'er you try to vengeance take,
Be sure that you can do it;
Or, like the fish who went ashore,
You very soon will rue it.



ROUTE DU ROI.

But the boy kicked out to right and left,
And not a fish could stay;
So they wiped their eyes and wrung their fins
Until he went away.

"I know!" cried one; "we'll go on shore
At noon, and let them see
How we can go and bother them
If they can't let us be."

So on the shore they went, each armed
With things that lay around;
One bore the farmer's old buck-saw,
And one his pitch-fork found;

Another seized the housewife's broom,
Another got the scythe;
And thus equipped they soon began
To wriggle and to writhe.

I AM told that there is in London a road called Rotten Row; a very disagreeable name, but one whose meaning is as little remembered by those who use it every day, as are the meanings of the names of the Bowery and Canal street in New York by people who daily walk those streets. Hearing the names Bowery and Canal, people remembering without difficulty that the first originally ran through the old "Bowerie" farm—or, at least, was once a "bowery" road overhung by trees; and that where the second named street now is, was once a canal. But in speaking of Rotten Row, who would suppose that it once meant *Route du Roi*, "the king's way?" Yet this is the real name, given because it was in former times the favorite drive of some royal person. Yes, "*Route du Roi*," passing from lip to lip, finally became corrupted to Rotten Row, and nowadays nobody ever thinks of calling the road by its right name.

NEW PARLOR TABLEUX-VIVANTS.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

GETTING up parlor tableaux is a very pleasant way for girls and boys to pass an evening. There generally is plenty of fun in it, and, beside that and the pleasing of others, the performers get skill in overcoming difficulties, learn to tell if things are right and in fit places, and find out how best to set them right when that is necessary and practicable.

Here are some new and effective tableaux that almost any company of girls and boys will be able to get up, if they go to work with a will, as the arrangements and requisites are few and simple:

A drapery of dark shawls can be arranged to conceal the back and sides of the room, and curtains may be made to draw away in front of the scene-space upon a rope or wire. At each side of the curtain a shawl must be hung to conceal the persons who draw it and to hide the lamps, which should be placed at the left side. Common kerosene lamps answer very well, standing, some upon the floor, some on a table, and others on a box upon the table; and mirrors or reflectors placed behind them are useful to collect and direct the light. Foot-lights should not be attempted, except under the most careful direction, and with ample wire guards. In such a case, the light from a row of lamps may be reflected by a long board covered with tin-foil, and set at the proper angle, or by mirrors similarly placed.

ROMA.

Roman peasants are grouped about a statue which stands upon a high box or table draped with a sheet, and is personated by a performer, as presently described. A girl is leaning over a corner of the pedestal, holding a bunch of grapes in her right hand. Another girl reclines upon a box, also covered with a sheet, which stands in front of the table, and seems to form a part of the base of the statue. This second girl is reaching for the grapes in a gracefully playful attitude, and is in the act of taking one off the bunch with her lips. At the right stands a girl with a brown pitcher upon her shoulder, and at the left one girl is helping another to poise a large basket of vegetables on her head. In front, two children are at play upon the floor.

The girls wear plain black or red skirts, white waists and bodices; each has a large pillow-case folded upon her head, as shown in pictures of Italian maidens, and all wear aprons made of narrow pillow-cases, upon which many strips of bright and black cloth or paper are sewed alternately, and also Roman sashes, if convenient. The statue is draped with cotton or heavy linen sheets, with a wig of cotton wadding, and the arms and hands are whitened, or else covered with stocking-legs sewed to white cotton gloves. The face is whitened with powder or chalk.

OUR FOREFATHERS.

A patriotic group of four boys, each tending a rag-baby, to the tune of Hail Columbia, sung, or played on the piano.

THE SCULPTOR-BOY'S VISION.

A boy is at work upon a block of marble, imitated with a box three feet high, the end of which is knocked out, and the cover removed, so that the personator of the statue stands in the box in such a way that only the head and shoulders appear above the box, which is covered with white cloth. Suddenly, a screen to the right of the sculptor is removed; the boy drops his chisel and mallet, turns to the right, and,

raising his hands, kneels before a group of fair-haired girls in flowing muslin drapery. They all have wings; one stands upon a table holding a large cross, another kneels upon the floor at the left of the table, and a third stands between them, pointing to the cross with her right hand, and touching the shoulder of the kneeling angel with her left hand.

The effect of this tableau is bettered by a concealed person reading aloud the well-known poem called "The Sculptor-Boy." In this case, the screen is removed on the uttering of the word "angel."

THE SPOILED CHILD.

This may be made a very funny scene. A nurse-maid is tending a rag-baby wrapped in a blanket. A knock is heard, and she runs off by the left entrance, laying the baby in the only chair in the room. A very stout old lady enters, puffing and blowing, and fanning herself. She overlooks the baby, and sits down upon it. Just as she has seated herself, the nurse returns, and touches her on the shoulder. The old lady rises, turns and looks at the baby, faces the audience, screams, faints, and falls back on the chair. [Curtain.]

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

An artist sits at the left of the center of the room, just finishing a picture. The picture is imitated with a large frame standing upright upon a box, which should be covered with black cloth and placed eighteen inches in front of the black hangings, and in the center of the stage; a brace at the top will keep it steady, as it can lean against the foot of the girl who stands behind it to represent the picture. She may be in Roman dress; in which case, another Roman girl must stand at the right, to represent the model, and must be as nearly like the other as may be, and in precisely the same kind of costume. A statue prepared as already described stands on a table at the back right corner, and between this and the large frame is another picture, represented by a half-length frame resting upon the floor just in front of a little child in a reclining position. Various articles, suitable for an artist's room, may be introduced to add to the effect.

GRANDMOTHER'S JEWELS.

This tableau represents an old lady, with a high turban, holding in her hand a casket of jewels. Children of various ages stand about her, one looking over the back of her chair, and a little one kneeling in front, and intent on examining the contents of the casket.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

A short, stout boy kneels imploringly before a very tall girl, who is standing upon a desk-stool concealed by a shawl tied around her waist under her skirt, which is thus made to resemble an over-skirt. The boy should be dressed and wigged to represent a very fat man, and the girl should wear a large hat and a bright shawl. The cresins in her dress should be straight up and down.

The entertainment may conclude by a group of all the performers of the evening, wearing the dresses they appeared in. The statues stand upon the tables, and the rest are grouped carelessly about. They may sing a good-night song, or a very little child may appear with a candle in her hand, make a little courtesy, and say "Good-night" to the audience, as the curtain falls.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Oak Knoll, 1st mo., 6, 1877.
MY DEAR MRS. DODGE: I intended, before this time, to send thee a "Talk" founded on my early experience, but I could not quite suit myself with it. In its place, I send a little poem, which details an incident in our "Winter in the Country," which I hope will prove satisfactory to thy young readers.

Thine always,

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

By the above extract from the letter which accompanied Mr. Whittier's "Red Riding-Hood," printed in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, our readers will see that the poem was sent as a substitute for the expected "Talk with Boys."

No one, we think, will regret that the dearly loved poet followed his own mood, and sent the thing that he felt most like writing. And the "Talk" is in the fresh, picturesque verses, after all: for under their beauty lies the great lesson of kindness that is foremost among all the lessons to be learned on earth.

THE beautiful tablet by Mr. Pyle, which adorns our cover this month, tells a true story in its own lively fashion. Its quaint costumes of successive centuries, showing how May-day rejoicings have been kept up from age to age, will send some of you a-Maying in encyclopedias and year-books, but it gives its real meaning at a glance—which is, that through all time people have welcomed the first coming of the spring. "Merric May," meaning pleasant May (for in old times "merry" simply meant pleasant), was as fresh and beautiful ages ago as it is to-day; and in one way or another the thought at the bottom of all the rejoicing is ever that of the old carol:

"A garland gay I've brought you here,
And at your door I stand;
It's but a sprout, but it's well budded out,
The work of our Lord's hand."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals give good advice.

1. A meadow or plain. 2. A musical instrument. 3. An authoritative prohibition. 4. A military badge. 5. A large bird. 6. A pointed instrument. 7. A subtle fluid.

ISOLA.

CONCEALED DIAMOND.

1. Did Dan delay declaiming? 2. My cape needs mending. 3. Always respect and help aged people. 4. What degree says the thermometer? 5. This medicine, Ed, you need. 6. Hide your money in a safe. 7. Silas slapped Sarah's sister.

Find concealed letters and words to form a diamond.

CYRIL DEANE.

REBUS.

(The name of a famous musical composer.)



A WOOD-PILE.

Stricks of wood are big things to hide, but there are ten different kinds hidden in what this boy says: "I have been as busy as a bee, chopping wood, for a short time, hoping to give papa and mamma pleasure by earning some money. O, a king would n't be prouder than I, if I could—and give up, I never will! I shall tell Archie Taft and Will Owen I'll shovel more snow for them, and if I raced around the village all day, I could pick up a good deal of work."

O.B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. An Italian poet. 2. A tree. 3. Masts. 4. To wait upon. 5. An attack.

B.

RIDDLE.

I'm a part of a flower, a stem and a leaf.
The gay love me not, for I'm always in grief.
The proud and the lowly alike know me not;
But the lonely and weary are never forgot.
I am not a day, yet I make up the week,
And for me in years, not in vain will you seek.
No musician am I, yet in bells hear me chime;
And will you but hasten, I'm always on time.

M. M. D.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



What four celebrated Englishmen are represented in this picture?

J. C.

METAGRAM.

I am extensively used by shoe-makers. Beheaded, I become an instructive story; behead again, and I am cultivated. Divide my whole into two equal parts, and each part becomes a reversible word, the first meaning a mineral, the second powerful; read backward, my first is changed into blows, my second into an island in the Mediterranean Sea. Omit my first two and last two letters, and I am a native of an Eastern desert country. What is my whole? D.

A HIDDEN BOUQUET.

Fill each blank with the name of a flower or plant concealed in the sentence.

1. Gayly blooming in two old tin pans, I espied some choice —. 2. How can there ever be names enough invented for all the varieties of —? 3. Can costly jewel or chiseled marble rival the beauty of the —? 4. I hope on your parterre you sometimes allow an old-fashioned —. 5. I wandered o'er "a stern and rock-bound coast" gay with the —. 6. In spring we search far and near, but usually with success, for the beautiful —. 7. Stretched on the hill I lie, scenting the fragrance of the —. 8. That tall and stately plant I call a —. 9. Be off! or get me nothing but a —. 10. Let us stop in kind old Betsey's yard, for an old-fashioned —. 11. Nancy, press vinegar on your aching brow, instead of a wreath of —. 12. "Upidee-dec-i-da" is your favorite song, and your favorite flower a —. 13. At sight of the bush, I cried in ecstasy, "Ring at the door, and ask if we may pick some —." 14. Fading leaf by leaf, ever fewer and fewer, soon we shall see no more our pretty little —. 15. Truly, all I lack in my garden is another bush of —. 16. Aunt Sue says that Uncle Mat is covering the trellis with —.

O.B.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

I AM a word of seven letters, the sum of which is 752.

$$\text{My } 3 \div \text{my } 1 = \text{my } 7 \div 10.$$

$$\text{My } 7 \times \text{my } 4 = \frac{1}{10} \text{ of my } 3.$$

$$\text{My } 7 \times (\frac{1}{10} \text{ of my } 1) = \text{my } 3.$$

$$\text{My } 3 \div 5 = \text{my } 6 \times \text{my } 5.$$

STALLIKNECHT.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

- One-fourth of a vessel oft seen on the sea;
One-fourth of the man heading our pedigree;
One-fourth of an object you have in your eye;
One-fourth of a number you next must supply;
One-fourth of a story now next you must trace;
One-fourth of a member that sets off your face;
One-fourth of an item quite new you'll command;
One-fourth of a sea-bound projection of land;
One-fourth of a something I use when I write;
One-fourth of a grain in which horses delight;
One-fourth of a texture, much for ornament used;
One-fourth of the man Master Cain had abused;
One-fourth of a light every night shining o'er you;
Will tell you the name of what now is before you:
A capital thing all set down, to a letter,
That helps make you jollier, wiser, and better.

R. E. M'D.

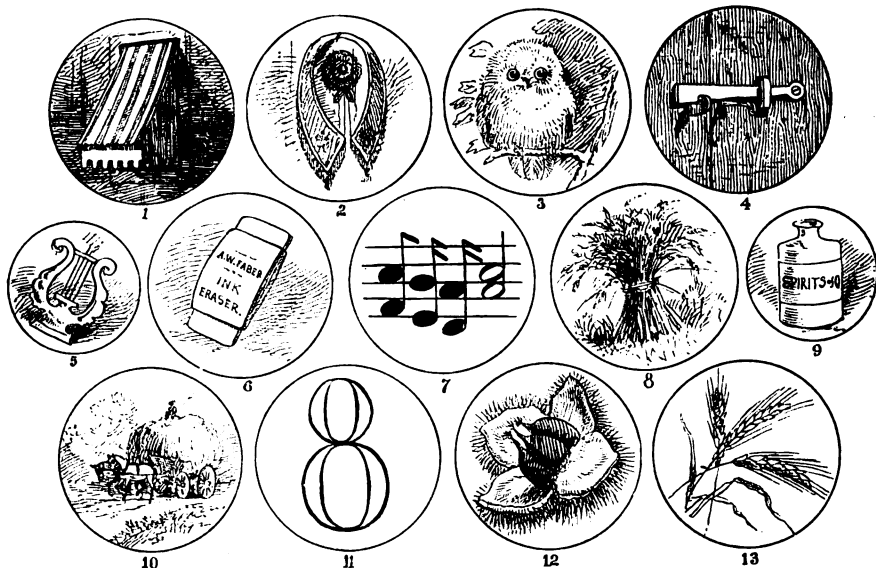
SYNCOPEATIONS.

1. SYNCOPEATE a domestic bird, and leave a female wild animal. 2. SYNCOPEATE a male wild animal, and leave a covering for the head. 3. SYNCOPEATE a shell-fish, and leave a part of a peculiar wheel. 4. SYNCOPEATE another shell-fish, and leave a covered carriage. 5. SYNCOPEATE a fresh-water fish, and leave a young wild animal. 6. SYNCOPEATE another fresh-water fish, and leave an article of food. 7. SYNCOPEATE an evergreen tree, and leave the same article of food. 8. SYNCOPEATE an aquatic plant, and leave a color. 9. SYNCOPEATE an instrument for sharpening, and leave a gardener's implement. 10. SYNCOPEATE a measure of surface, and leave a unit.

ISOLA.

PICTORIAL PROVERB-ACROSTIC.

Each of the small pictures represents a certain word or phrase, and the initials and finals of all the words and phrases (read from top to bottom of initials, and continuing from top to bottom of finals) form a certain well-known proverb.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Evidences (seven dice). 2. Heightens (eight hens). 3. Co-exists (six cotes). 4. Frivolous (four viols). 5. Festivals (five lasts). 6. Nectarines (nine carts).
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“Handsomeness is that handsome does.”
SQUARE WORD.—False, Aroma, Louis, Smile, Easel.
ANAGRAMS.—1. Legislator. 2. Emancipation. 3. Depreciating.
4. Indispensable. 5. Contemporaries.—6. Dissatisfaction.

DIAGONAL PUZZLES.—Marion and Robert.

I.	MARTHA	II.	REUBEN
	RACHEL		HORACE
	DORCAS		EGBERT
	LOUISA		JOSEPH
	MARION		HUBERT
	LILIAN		ALBERT

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—
T —o— P
U —rani— A
R —e— D
I —o— U
N —in— A

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—P, Pea, Pearl, Arm, L.

LOGOGRAPH.—Treat, rate, tare, tear, ear.

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Farce, arc. 2. Pearl, ear. 3. Heart, ear. 4. Spine, pin. 5. Gruel, rue. 6. Honey, one. 7. Jelly, ell. 8. Scarf, car. 9. Sloth, lot. 10. Prune, run.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Conjugation.

CONJECTURES
COMPOSITE
COUNTRY
MAJOR
CUT

G
FAN
PUTTY
PATIENT
PRISONERS
PERMANENTLY

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Parody, rod, pay. 2. Trident, rid, tent. 3. Patient, tie, pant. 4. Frigate, rig, fate.

CHARADE.—Cob-web.

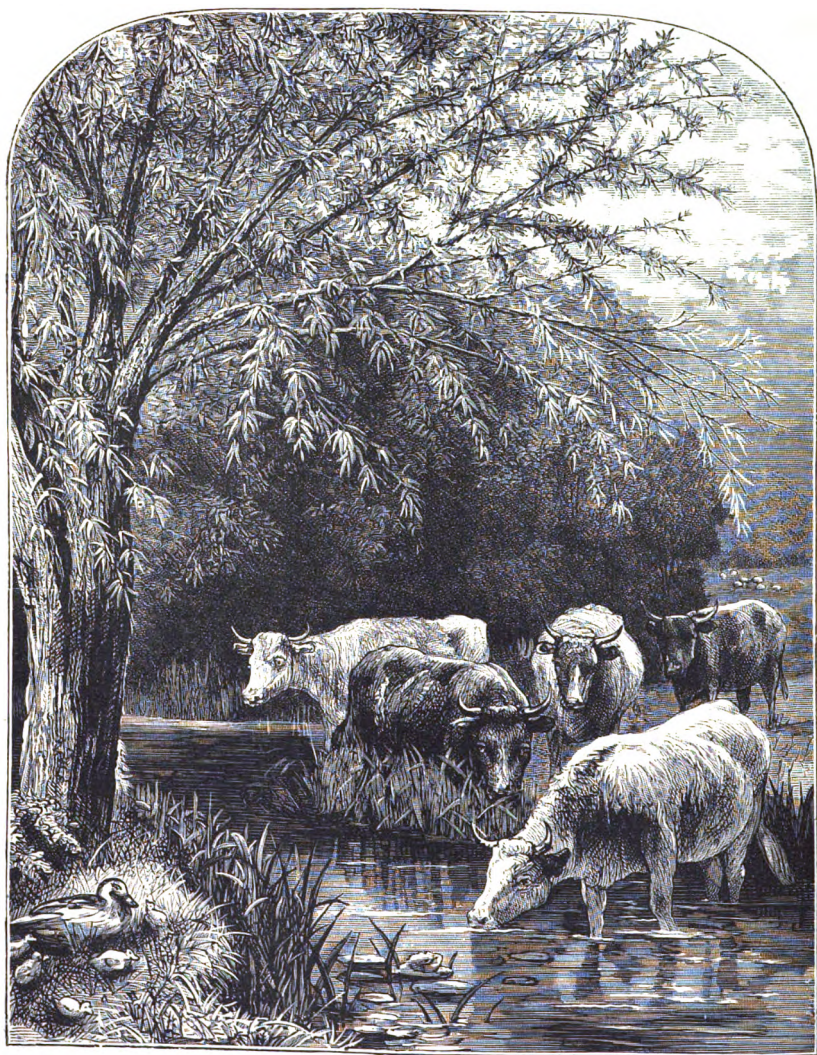
HIDDEN DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—

MARIA
RALPH
BARON
LATCH

REBUS.—“A sleeping fox catches no poultry.”

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.—“Chaque pays a sa guise.”

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, previous to March 18th, from T. A. R. Ruth D. Horsley, C. A. Montague, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Warren Van Vleck, Walter Raymond Spalding, Edith Harrison, Frieda Lippert, Lillie H. Vandegrift, Howard Steele Rodgers, Charlie Bowie, Isabel Jackson, “Telemachus,” “Monmouth,” Nellie M. Lyon, L. Ford, Harriet A. Clark, Bessie T. B. Benedict, “Professor,” T. B. M., Allie Bertram, Cecy S. Slate, “M.,” Allie P. Mead, Georgiana Mead, “Bob White,” “Kittiwake,” Amy Shriver, Ella G. Condie, A. Carter, Del Howland, May E. Ogden, Louis M. Ogden, Hugh Toland Carney, Arthur D. Smith, “White Rose,” Scudder Smith, Pauline Schloss, Henry L. Bailey, George H. Hudson, Mabel C. Chester, Lucy Allen Paton, J. M. Paton, M. L. W., Lillie Loverage, John W. Nichols, Homer Foot, 3d, Constance Grand-Pierre, Arthur C. Smith, “Alex,” Florence Sheppard, John Hinkley, B. P. Emery, Nina Dalrymple, Charles Fritts, Willie Dibblee, Maud H. Crane, “Hunter,” Nellie S. Thompson, Frank and Mary Frick, Edith Lowry, William C. Delaney, H. M. Howell, Nellie S. Colby, M. C. Warren, S. Lillie Brown, Edward S. Griffing, Augusta Larrabee, Carroll L. Massey, “Vulcan,” Eleanor N. Hughes, Harry Nathan, Nannie Rihelidaffer, Nellie May Sherwin, Wm. Creighton Spencer, W. Irving Spencer, Carrie Speiden, Austin M. Poole, Fred. M. Pease, C. A. D. and S. A. M., Bertha Blanchard, Eddie Vulce, Clem. M. C. Y., Helen Greene, Bessie MacLaren, M. Josie Pope, Archibald D. Fillitt, Maude R. L. Hammer, “Minerva” and “Pluto,” Mattie G., Jennie Platt, Frank J. Brothers, “Oliver Twist,” Anna Stuckewald, Hattie Peck, Jennie Passmore, George Herbert White.



A JUNE MORNING.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1877.

NO. 8.

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FRANK.

BY FRANCES E. BEALE.

"MOTHER!"

The loud, boyish voice rang through the quiet house. The mother, sewing in her sunny chamber, heard but did not answer; she knew by long experience that the call was only a courier, sent on in advance to announce the coming of him whose feet were even then bounding up the stairs, and who burst into the room with all the noise it is possible for an active boy of fourteen to make in that simple act.

"Mother, Uncle Charlie is going blue-fishing, and wants me to go with him; may I?"

Her eyes rested upon him a moment before she gave consent. He was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." His father, and several others of his kindred, lay beneath the waves. Perhaps she thought of them as she gazed so fondly upon his face, glowing with health and animation. But he had spent half of his summer life in and upon the water; she did not think of refusing his request—only added to her consent a hope that he would be careful.

"Oh, mother! there is n't a bit of danger with such a sailor as Uncle Charlie; besides, if I do get tipped over, I can swim ashore; why, I could swim from here to the Neck!"

"I should not want you to try such a swim as that, Franky."

Frank turned to go, but paused; perhaps the mother-look drew him back; he stole shyly to the back of her chair, and leaning over her, kissed her forehead hurriedly, and then ran away. The unusual caress warmed her heart, and the thought of it was a comfort to him before the day was over.

Captain Charlie was waiting, and they started briskly for their walk of a mile to the shore. The captain was a young man still, but a sun-stroke, received while on duty in a hot climate, had disabled him from active service, and indeed from prolonged or violent exertion of any kind. Frank liked nothing better than to be with him, he had so many stories to tell of foreign countries and hair-breadth escapes at sea; besides, he could tell him stories of his father,—his brave, noble father,—of whom his mother could not speak without tears. Frank had seen very little of his father; he could remember a few brief visits, when he had come like a good providence with wonderful gifts, and the few weeks of his stay had been one joyful holiday time, with visits and merry-makings, the little boy always at his father's side, "to get acquainted," the captain said. Then had come the parting, and the counting up of months, and weeks, and days, until his return. Alas! the last reckoning had ended in the bitterness of despair.

But sorrow, thank God! cannot stay long with the young; and Frank, walking by his uncle's side, with many a skip and bound of overflowing life, was as happy as he could be. Before reaching the shore, they saw a man with lines, apparently bent upon the same errand as themselves. They recognized him as one Josiah Smith, a man of many occupations beside that of a fisherman.

"Going blue-fishing, 'Si?" said the captain, as they overtook him.

"Ya-as, ef I can find a boat; it's a good day for 't," drawled shiftless 'Si.

Captain Charlie thought of the wife and two

little children to be supported by his uncertain earnings, and good-naturedly offered him a place in his boat, which was accepted, and they were soon off and ready for business.

Boys, did you ever go blue-fishing? If so, you would have said there could not be a finer day for the sport than that which Frank and his uncle had taken. It was a cool day in early autumn; the sky was deeply blue, the sun often obscured by flying clouds, and the north-west wind blowing briskly. On such a day step into your boat, give her all the sail she will carry, let out your lines astern, then, as the boat bounds along, the greedy fish jump at the bait, and you have nothing to do but take them in as fast as you please: is not this better than to float lazily about, hour after hour, in the common way of fishing?

The sport proved to be all that the day had promised. Back and forth through the bay the boat flew—the fish shoaled behind; the fishers had all they could do to attend to the lines, and did not notice that the clouds became darker and more threatening, until a gust of wind tipped the boat so much that the water poured over her side.

"We must haul in sail!" cried the captain, springing up and shouting out orders to Frank unhooking a fish, and the slow-moving 'Siah.

Too late! Another and a stronger gust completely capsized the boat, and her three late occupants struggled in the water. Of course they could swim,—no boy nor man in the little sea-coast town of Dunkirk could not,—and they made for the boat, which floated keel up, and supported themselves as well as they could upon the sloping bottom. The next thing to do was to take a review of the situation, and determine what was best to be done. They were in the channel, distant about three-quarters of a mile from the main shore, and somewhat nearer the "Neck" (a long, sandy cape, inclosing the bay upon its northern side). The water was intensely cold, and so was the wind, as it blew upon them wet to the skin. No other boat was out—their only hope seemed to be that some one might see them from the shore and come to their rescue. But how long would this faint hope sustain them? how long could they keep their hold with this icy numbness creeping over them?

They waited—at first full of impossible plans for escape, then silent. Who can tell what thoughts came to their minds in those fearful minutes? Did not the captain think of his brothers, yes, and his father before them, to wonder if the sea would be his grave as it was theirs?—and the poor fisherman—did he not feel, in a mocking dream, the warm, clinging arms of his babies around his stiffening neck? But Frank's thoughts were all of his mother, swelling his boyish heart till it seemed

ready to break, as he fancied the bitterness of her grief if he never came back to her. The townspeople often called him "mother's boy," not only because he had grown up under her sole care,—and it was evident that he was the one precious thing she had still to live for,—but also because of a certain neatness in his dress at all times, and gentleness and refinement in his speech and manners, which might have come from that constant womanly influence. Many feared that his character might lack the manly virtues of courage and decision; and even his schoolmates, when the love of teasing was very strong, would call him "mother's baby," and "Franky," laying an insulting emphasis upon the last syllable, so that he had begged his mother to call him *Frank*, which she did, unless in a moment of tenderness the old baby name slipped from her tongue. If the veteran seamen of the place could have known the situation of this forlorn and shivering trio, what hope of rescue would they have found in the disabled captain, the inefficient Smith, or the boy who, according to their prophecy, "would never be good for much brought up so soft by women?"

The clock in the steeple of the village church struck; the sounds were faint, but they could count the strokes.

"Uncle Charlie," said Frank, "is that twelve o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Don't the tide turn about this time?" asked Josiah.

"It has turned," replied the captain; "it is ebbing now."

"Then," cried Frank, "we'll drift out to sea; everybody will be home to dinner now; no one will be likely to come to the shore for an hour, and perhaps no one will see us to-day!"

"Frank," said his uncle, earnestly, "keep up your courage,—don't give up. My miserable head is beginning to whirl, and I may drop off soon; but hold on,—think of your mother, Frank, and keep afloat as long as you have your senses."

But even while he spoke, he felt how slender was the chance that the poor mother would ever see her living darling again.

The mention of his mother called up before the boy her gentle face as he saw it last, smiling at his boast of swimming from the "Neck" to the shore. He had never heard that any one had ever performed that feat; but would it be possible to swim from the boat to the shore, through the icy water and the wide belt of entangling eel-grass? It did not seem so far to the "Neck," and there was no dreaded eel-grass on that side to catch his feet and pull him down; but the nearest point was fully two miles from the light-house, the only inhabited

house there. He might reach it alone, but could he be so mean as to leave his uncle without an effort to save him, and poor 'Siah too?

"Uncle," said Frank, "I am going to swim ashore; here we are right opposite Captain Wentworth's; I can swim ashore, get his dory, and come after you and 'Siah. I think I can do it; at any rate, I can't hold on long in this wind, and I shall soon be too numb to swim."

The captain was silent,—what could he say? To go or to stay seemed equally dangerous; but Frank, loosing the hold of one hand, was already working his stiffened fingers, and trying to throw off his boots in readiness for a start.

"Go!" said his uncle; "and God help you!"

the house for the key and return; twenty minutes lost, when every one was precious! He seized something heavy which lay at hand, and showered frantic blows upon the cruel door; at last it yielded, and there was the boat, with oars all in readiness; he had dreaded that the oars might have been taken away. Yes, there was the boat, but it was many feet from the water, and it would be a hard task for a man to drag it through the deep sand, while he was but a boy, nearly exhausted already by extraordinary efforts; but he hardly thought of all that,—he laid determined hands upon the boat, and it moved.

Impossible as it would have seemed to him at any other time, the boat was launched; then he took



FRANK LAUNCHES THE BOAT.

And God did help him as he threw himself into the angry waters and struck out for the shore. He felt resolute and confident, wasted no strength in uncertain, hurried movements, but with deliberate and steady strokes went on. The tide being almost at the flood, he passed through the entangling eel-grass with less trouble than he had feared; on, on, stroke after stroke, the shore seeming to grow no nearer, until at last, with one final desperate effort, he reached the shallow water; his feet touched bottom, he staggered forward, and fell upon the sand.

Hardly a minute would he take for rest,—the others must be saved. He sprang up, waved his hands toward the distant boat to show the men that he was safe, and looked about,—no boat in sight; he ran up the sands to the boat-house and pushed at the door,—it was *locked*!

Here was a difficulty that he had not foreseen; it would take at least twenty minutes to run up to

up the oars,—his work was almost done, but he must not rest yet, and with straining muscles, he retraced his way over the rough water. His uncle almost fell into the boat, with the words:

"Frank, you have saved my life. I could not have held on a moment longer."

"But where is 'Siah?" asked Frank.

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he's gone. He declared that if you could swim ashore, he could. I begged him to wait until you could take us off, but I could n't keep him. I think he went down just on the bar yonder."

Frank shed bitter tears; it was hard to give up a life he had done so much to save.

They took up the oars and pulled slowly to the shore. Frank went directly home, sending what men he met at once to the shore; while the captain walked to the nearest house, borrowed dry clothes, and returned to the shore to direct the efforts made to recover their unfortunate com-

panion. Accordingly, the neighbors were startled from their afternoon quiet by the sight of Frank, a few wet garments clinging to him, running at full speed toward home. There, of course, he was received with great surprise, and his story heard with exclamations of deep sympathy and thanksgiving, while grandmother and mother rubbed him, and brought dry clothes and hot drinks, and finally put him to bed among soft blankets, where, tired out, he soon fell asleep. His mother watched him for a short time as he lay warm and rosy, his yellow hair curled by the dampness into hundreds of little rings upon his dear head, safe upon the pillow at home, instead of on the sea-weed under the waves; then, reluctant to leave him, she went forth upon her sad errand of sympathy to poor Mrs. Smith; and the two widows,

each with a baby upon her lap, wept together. In a day or two, Frank was quite well. Of course he was a hero among his playmates, and, indeed, in all the village; but he bore his honors modestly, well pleased that the boys never again called him by the old insulting names.

And is this all? No; his mother keeps as a priceless treasure, shining out from a bed of satin in its case, a silver medal, awarded by the Massachusetts Humane Society to Frank P——, for courage and perseverance in saving life. She showed it to me last summer; and as I looked into her face, with its habitual look of sadness, but glowing then with pride in her good boy, I felt that I should like to add to the inscription after the name so deservedly honored, these words: "A MOTHER'S BOY."



TELL me, Daisy, ere I go,
Whether my love is true or no.
One leaf off: He loves me. What?
One more leaf, and he loves me not.

Three leaves: Will he? Four leaves: So,
He never will love me—oh no, no!
I don't care what a daisy says;
I'm *sure* to get married one of these days!

PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

CHAPTER XI.

THIRZA'S PLAN.

ON the evening of the day when the Pattikin family visited the menagerie, Thirza slipped away, after supper, as they all sat around the table, and going to her corner of the bureau-drawer, took out her little hoard of money from a small pasteboard box with a glass lid.

She picked out just what she wanted, and came and laid it on her father's knee.

"There's my part of the money for the menagerie," said she; "and I'm very much obliged to you, father, for giving me so much pleasure."

"Keep it, dear. I did n't intend to take your money, or the boys' either. You're all welcome to your pleasure," said her father.

That night Thirza disclosed to Tilda and the boys the plan she had hinted to them when in town. They would put together all they had, and buy father a new hat. He needed one. His last summer's hat was quite too shabby, and fit only for the garden. The old garden hat ought to have been burned up, or used to scare the crows with, before now.

They all consented, willingly. Seth was commissioned to make the purchase, as his head was quite as large as his father's. Having obtained the new hat, he was to put it in place of the other, giving that in turn the place of the garden hat, which he was to abstract and hide in the garret, or somewhere out of sight and recollection. It was all done successfully, and their father's surprise and pleasure fully equalled their expectations.

It was some days before the old hat that had been such an eyesore to Thirza came to light. The minister came down one morning from a rummage in the garret, with it in his hand.

"Here's a kettle for you, mother dear!" he said, advancing toward the stove, where she was busy with her cooking. "Take off the cover and let me set it in."

As she only smiled, he took it off himself, and set the old hat in over the burning wood.

"Bring some water, Thirza, child,—quick! It spoils a kettle to stand empty over a hot fire without water in it! Why don't you run? Why will you stand there and laugh when the kettle is spoiling?"

The children gathered around, much amused at their father's well-counterfeited distress. The flames

burst through the old crown, and the sides began to cave in.

"It's melted down, I declare! Well, we may as well let it all go in, now;" and he poked the old brim down into the fire, and put on the cover. "You might have had it for a kettle, as well as not, mother, if Thirza had n't been so slow about bringing the water."

"What *are* these children all laughing at?" And he went off into the study.

"Is n't father a jolly minister?" said Thirza.

CHAPTER XII.

TAKING A PAPER.

IT must be confessed that the children of the Pattikin family were models of patience while their mother was absent, for they never complained so long as there was johnny-cake enough for breakfast, beef and potatoes enough for dinner, and warm biscuit for supper, with now and then a taste of maple sirup for sweetening.

But Samuel and Simon, and Thirza and Tilda had another kind of hunger, which even mother's arts could not abate, and which seemed as if it could never be satisfied. It was a hunger for books. They had been supplied with just enough to keep the hunger well whetted. Uncles and aunts knew well what sort of presents were most appreciated in "Pattikin's house," and though the minister had to calculate closely enough, to make the ends meet, still he would, sometimes, buy books for himself, and books for his children.

But Ida Iturbide had shown Tilda some copies of a paper published on purpose for children, full of stories and pictures, and Tilda had printed out the address of the publisher; for from the moment she set eyes on it she was determined to have it.

It was a dollar a year, and a dollar was a great deal of money for her to save; but she was strong of purpose, and sooner or later, have it she would.

For one day and night she kept her purpose a secret, never so much as hinting that such a paper existed. It would be so glorious to have it come, some day, directed to "Matilda Melissa Jones." Very likely it might even be "Miss Matilda Melissa Jones." The very thought was rapturous.

But after she had lain awake half a night studying ways and means, and could contrive no way of increasing her cash capital, which, after the purchase of the new hat for her father, consisted of

three big red cents, a solitary dime, and a half a cent, she concluded to tell Thirza. Their united resources amounted to nineteen cents. And they studied and contrived, and ended by admitting a third and then a fourth partner. Then the capital of the whole company amounted to forty-one cents.

It was hard to see where the rest of the dollar was coming from. In fact they had to wait a good while, and now and then a penny was added to their pile, but it grew very slowly, till blueberry time came.

To be sure, there was no market for the blueberries, but their Aunt Matilda, who lived in Boston, had told them if they would pick some and dry them for her, when she came to visit them she would pay them ninepence a quart. Ninepence, you ought to know, is twelve and a half cents.

It took a good many berries to make a quart of dried ones, but they picked, day after day, and Simon built a platform out over the south door to spread them on; and when the season was over they had fourteen quarts. Fourteen ninepences! How many cents? It took a slate and pencil to solve that problem. Thirza and Tilda and Samuel looked over, while Simon did the ciphering.

One hundred and seventy-five cents!—A dollar and three quarters was the amount.

They had to wait several weeks for Aunt Matilda's visit, but they concluded it would be best to let their papers begin with the new year, and this resolve lessened their impatience. Simon was a splendid penman. He could write almost as handsomely as the school-master. But he could n't spell. He always spelled his words the shortest way. Thirza was a good speller but a poor writer. The letter to the editor would be an affair of much importance. It might as well be begun in season. So, as soon as the blueberries were dried and measured, and put up carefully in a paper bag, and suspended from the rafters in the garret, the letter was begun.

Thirza's spelling, Simon's penmanship, and the united wisdom of the four were to produce a letter fit to send to an editor.

It was written on a slate three times over, and then they tried on paper. It took a week of evenings. When it was done they showed it to their father, and he laughed!

"I leave it to you if that was n't a little too bad! Simon looked proud and angry,—Samuel turned his back and walked hastily to the window, where he stood looking out at nothing. Thirza pouted, and Tilda blushed like a peony, and then asked meekly:

"What's the matter, father? Is n't it right?"

"Right! yes, indeed! I beg everybody's pardon! It's well written! nicely written! I guess

you would have got your paper, though, if you had n't made your request quite so humbly,—that's all."

That was all he would say; and, after talking it over, they concluded they would send it just as it was. No matter if it was humble; better so, than impudent. And I think so, too. Don't you?

So they laid it away till Aunt Matilda came. She was so pleased with her berries, when she came, that she paid them two dollars, because, as she said, one dollar and seventy-five cents does n't divide by four so well. How rich they felt!

They set the door open between the two chambers that night, and laid awake hours talking and trying to agree what they should do with so much money. Thirza and Samuel thought it best to send for two years. Simon and Tilda were opposed to this plan, being inclined to get all the pleasure possible this year, and let the next take care of itself. And their counsels prevailed.

Then there were other plans, and the next time Samuel and Simon were arrayed against Thirza and Tilda, and both sides were obstinate. The boys wanted "The Arabian Nights," and the girls Hans Christian Andersen's story-book. And not being able to agree, they concluded to go to sleep, and decide it in the morning by lot, especially as their father shouted up to them just then:

"Children!—must n't talk any more to-night! Time to go to sleep!"

In the morning they drew cuts with some splinters of pine. And the lot fell in the girls' favor. So Hans Andersen's story-book was sent for; which occasioned the writing of another letter.

"I should think you might know how to spell some words after this," said Thirza, when she had spelled the second letter through for him from beginning to end.

"Write it all over by yourself, and see how many words you will get right," suggested their mother.

Simon did, and he actually got thirteen words right, and there were thirty-four in the letter.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAIN.

PATTIKIN pattered out into the barn, one warm day in midsummer, and came in—her eyes "as big as saucers"—without the egg she had been sent to fetch for the johnny-cake for breakfast.

"What's the matter, child? Could n't you find any eggs?" asked her mother.

"I was a-walkin' along," said Pattikin, with her most dramatic air, for she fully appreciated the importance such news as she had to tell would give her in the eyes of the family, "and I stopped to

look into the pony's crib, 'cause the red hen lays there, and what should strike my eyes but a little bit of a mouse-colored colt, lying right down close to the gray pony!"—and having finished her story, Pattikin dismissed her dignity and capered about for joy.

The breakfast was forgotten, and they all made a rush for the barn. There was n't half so much excitement in the family when the baby came. But, then, they had never had a colt before.



CAIN'S CAPERS.

They searched the dictionary, and the "Ancient Mythology," and the "Hand-book of Biography" for a name. And then it was called "Cain" at last. That was because he turned out to be such a mischievous fellow.

He would chew up the boys' hats or the little girls' bonnets when they left them out on the grass, and he would put his head in at the pantry-window, and if there was a pie, or johnny-cake, or gingerbread, or even butter within reach, he would help himself. He stepped on Pattikin's toes, and kicked Mr. Iturbide's old Prince in the face, and "cut up Cain" generally, and so earned the name.

But they loved him! Oh, I guess they did! And one night when he was sick, not a child of them could be induced to go to bed, but sat on the hay beside him half the night while their father

worked over him, they helping what they could to rub him and pour all sorts of doses down his throat out of a long-necked bottle. Of course he got well.

The minister often told his children that the colt was to be sold some day, to pay an old debt. This was a very sad thought to them, so they forgot it as soon as they could, and went on loving naughty, frolicsome Cain just as well as ever, till at last the day came. The minister told them

of it beforehand, and that the man was coming to take the colt away. He wished them to be quite prepared for what must be done, but it seemed as if they could not be prepared. They hung about Cain to the last possible minute, and when they were obliged to let go, and he went trotting off behind the wagon to which he was tied, Thirza and Tilda and Pattikin hid their faces in their aprons and sobbed, and Sandy wiped his eyes and nose on his jacket sleeve till they were royally red, and Seth and Samuel and Simon trudged off, each a separate way, with their hands in their pockets and lumps in their throats, and a terrible hatred of the old ogre Debt in their hearts.

They "would never allow

themselves to get into his clutches—never!"

And it is to be hoped they kept this resolution.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRE! FIRE!

"COLD weather, this!" said the minister, as he raised his night-capped head from the pillow one morning late in September.

"Yes," said his wife, "I felt that it was growing colder last night. But we must be stirring, or the children will be late at school."

This suggestion brought the minister's head up from the pillow, and his night-cap off. He reluctantly released himself from the comfortable clinging of the warm bedclothes, and began to dress.

The fire was soon snapping and crackling in the kitchen stove, and by ones and twos the family made their appearance. The kitchen was not a warm room or a pleasant one in winter. There were none but north windows, and when cold weather came these were thickly covered with frost, so thickly that curtains were quite needless except for keeping out cold.

"This morning makes me think of winter," said Sammy, disconsolately. "I don't see why they could n't have put the kitchen on the south side of this house. It's an awful gloomy lookout this way in winter-time."

"I don't think there is any lookout at all on very cold days," said his mother. "But winter's a long way off yet. Still, if all consent, you might build the fire in the study, Sammy, and then we can sit there after breakfast."

All agreed to this proposal with delight.

"We can appreciate our good dry wood these chilly mornings," said Seth. "We thought there was no use preparing such a lot more than we could use last season."

"You never can have too much dry wood ahead in this latitude," said the minister, speaking with pins in his mouth, for he was dressing Pattikin.

Thirza and Tilda were setting the table. Their mother was putting a great broad pan of buckwheat cakes into the oven. Seth was grinding the coffee, and Simon held the baby. Sammy had gone to build the fire in the study. Sandy did nothing but sit on the wood-box behind the stove, and warm his nose and fingers.

The tea-kettle began to send forth great puffs of white steam.

"Thirza, you can make the coffee," said her mother.

So Thirza took the coffee which Seth had finished grinding, and put it into the coffee-pot and took it to the stove to give it its portion of boiling water.

The minister was in his slippers, with one foot on the stove hearth, and the mother said: "Take care! That tea-kettle is very full!"

But the caution came too late. There was an outcry, and then the minister was hopping about the room on one foot, uttering exclamations of pain, and the family were all beside themselves with fright. The mother brought a pail of cold water.

"Put your foot in there, father! Woolen holds heat so long, it will burn deeper and deeper. That'll stop it quickest."

The foot was thrust into the pail, and a short relief afforded. Then the stocking was taken off. The minister groaned as he looked at his foot.

"It will be six weeks before I shall walk outdoors with that, and who'll preach, I should like to know?"

It was a serious burn, and day after day the minister sat in his chair by the kitchen fire, or lay upon the bed in the adjoining bedroom, helpless,—taking an involuntary vacation from his work. I don't know who preached, but I do know that the time seemed very long to him, and he beguiled it with many devices. He played games of skill with the children, or made verses, taxing their ingenuity to supply rhymes or adjust meters. He astonished them with such philosophical experiments as he could command materials for; and if his dexterity at sleight-of-hand performances did not rival those of the famous Peter Potter, they delighted his children, and confirmed them in the belief that their father was something quite above the average of mankind, and that they were highly favored in being the minister's children.

Poor Thirza, who could never be done repenting of her carelessness, hung about him and waited on him, and racked her brains to think of ways to please him. But she could not help enjoying, with all her heart, the jubilee he made of those four weeks of confinement to the house.

It was about a week after the accident happened, before he had even ventured to hobble across the floor by the help of a crutch,—though he had that day made one, in anticipation of the time when he might use it,—that the family were awakened one night by a vigorous pounding at the front door.

"What's the matter? Who's there?" shouted the minister, raising his night-capped head.

"Fire!—fire! We want your help!" came the reply.

The minister threw back the bedclothes, and was about to spring from the bed. But a twinge of pain and the quick hand of his wife brought him down on his pillow again, and it was she who sprang out and went to the door.

"The Willoughby house is burning up! We want the minister to come, and bring his axe."

"He can't come. He has scalded his foot, and has n't walked a step for a week. Go to the shed and take the axe, if it will do any good," she answered through the crack of the door.

"Water-pails! Give us all you have!"

She brought them quickly, and passed them out, and the men were gone immediately. Then she slipped on her stockings, wrapped a warm garment about her shoulders, and went to the study window to look out. The Willoughby house was but a few rods distant, on the same side of the street. It had been the pride of the village for years, with its grand old halls and stately portico, its magnificent garden and greenhouse, its ebb and flow of city visitors, the children and grandchildren of the aged lady who alone called the place home.

Vainly they had coaxed and entreated the old

mother to leave the house to which she had come as a bride full sixty years before, and to dwell with them in their distant homes. Her reply was always, "Here I have lived, and here I will die!"

And now!—this was the sorrowful thought of the minister's wife as she saw from the window the flames already bursting through the roof. She stayed to look but one moment. Then she hurried back to her restless and impatient husband, to whose eager questions she replied:

"There is no hope of saving it. I'll go over, if

only go!" he said, again and again, as he moved restlessly about, now resting his poulticed and clumsy foot upon a chair, now holding it down till its painful throbbing warned him to raise it again; now submitting to have it incased in the blanket which Thirza remembered to fetch him, and then allowing it to drop on the floor, as he hurried back to the window.

Seth and Simon were gone, to help if they could; if not, to look on. Thirza would have gone but for the notion that she was taking care of father,



"FIRE! FIRE!"

you'll lie still, and see if I can help to comfort Grandmother Willoughby. I can't bear to think what she will feel."

She was dressed very soon, and calling up the children, and charging them to dress themselves warmly before they came down-stairs to see, she ran away.

Everybody disobeyed her instantly, and most innocently. Half-clad, shoeless, stockingless, they hurried down-stairs and crowded about the study windows. Wrapped in his dressing-gown, the minister hobbled, leaning on his crutch, from one window to another, lamenting his helplessness.

"They'll think I might come! Oh, if I could

who might seriously injure himself, in his distress and excitement, if she left him.

"Why-e-e! what will Grandmother Willoughby do if her house burns all up?" said Pattikin, standing on one foot, and trying to pull on a stocking and keep her eyes on the burning house at the same time; and the minister answered with a groan.

The blows of the axes, cutting away the sheds that the barn might be saved, resounded on the still night air, and the crash of the falling timbers, could be plainly heard. There was timber enough in one of those old mansions to build half a dozen of our modern houses, and the rare spectacle lasted longer than similar ones do now.

But it was over at last. The minister went back to his bed, and the children huddled about the kitchen stove, which was not yet cold, waiting for their mother to come back.

When she came, and told her pitiful story of the grief of the poor old lady, and how they had to force her out of the burning house, they were quite overcome, and Pattikin said:

"It's too bad! and to-morrer mornin' I'm just

going to carry her over my Willie book,"—which was very generous in Pattikin, since this was her most precious possession.

By the time the boys came home, their mother had ready a two-quart pailful of boiling hot ginger tea, of which everybody had to drink a portion, to keep them from taking cold. And then they were sent back to bed, and silence and peace reigned again in Pattikin's house.

THE END.

THE MOTHER IN THE DESERT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

MANY, many centuries ago, in a far-away country, whose laws and customs were different from ours, and allowed men to have several wives at a time, if they liked, there lived an old man who had two. One of these wives was a very aged woman, but she was still wise and beautiful, and the old man loved her very much. The other wife was young. She had been a slave in her husband's family, and was still treated as an inferior by the older wife, once her mistress. This younger wife had a little boy, a fine hardy fellow. He was the only child in the house,—or rather in the tents,—for there were no houses in those days. I will not tell you the names of these persons, but I think most of you will guess them, for you all have heard about them or read of them in that most beautiful book of stories which we call "The Old Testament."

One of the mischiefs of putting two wives into the same home is, that they are almost sure to quarrel with each other. It was so in this case. The wife who had been a slave, was proud of her motherhood, and now and then would say provoking things to the other wife who had no boy to be proud of. Then the older woman would feel jealous and unhappy, and be in her turn unkind and harsh, till the tent resounded with bitter words, sobs and cries. At last a marvelous event happened. God pitied the childless wife, and to her, also, sent a boy, a dear little baby, soft, and sweet, and helpless as our babies are to-day, and just as much loved and rejoiced over as they. For a time the brown tent, standing close to the green pastures where the white, bleating sheep nibbled and wandered, was a happy place. A great feast was given in honor of the baby. Friends and relations came

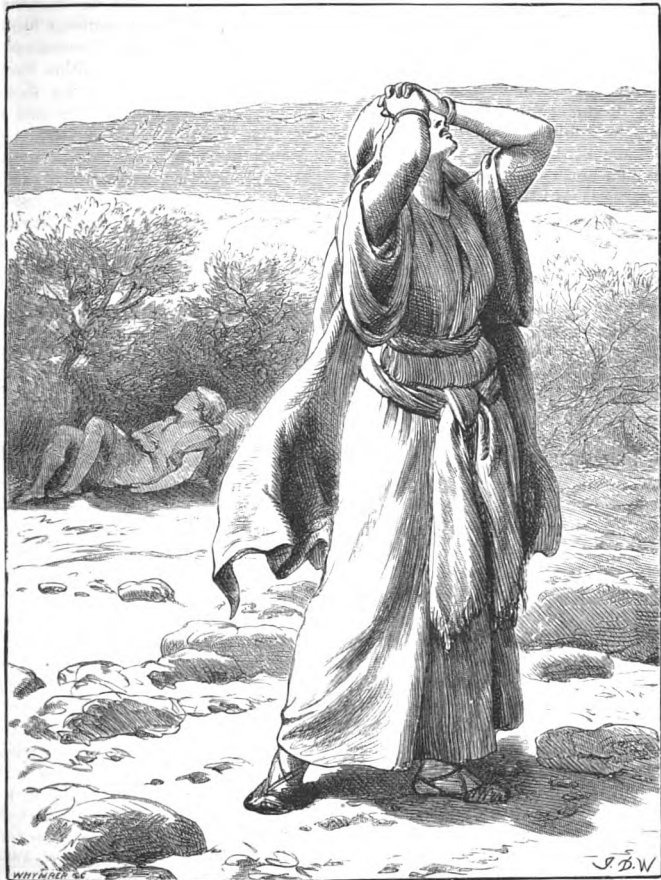
on horseback and camelback from far away. Kids were roasted, rich milk, herbs stewed with butter, and all the dainties known to the time, prepared; and the proud mother was never weary of showing her child, and boasting of his size and strength and goodness, as mothers have done from that day to this. But after the feast was eaten and the company dispersed, the old disturbances began again. Each wife was jealous; the children quarreled with each other; the good old man tried, in vain to keep the peace between them. At last, matters came to a crisis. The old wife said she would dwell no longer under the same tent with the other, and would not let her boy be brought up with his big domineering brother. Both must go away, she said,—the mother and the child,—and she persisted, and stormed, and urged, till her husband did not know what to do.

And, indeed, it was difficult to know what to do. There were very few people in the world in those days, and those few were scattered about at long distances from each other. The brown tents beside the sheep-pastures were miles and miles from any other tents. One could travel for many days without meeting a human being. There was no particular place to send any one to, saying, "There you will find shelter and food;" and it seemed hard and cruel to say "Go" to a poor woman, without telling her where to go. So the old man went to bed unhappy and puzzled,—and no wonder.

But in the night God spoke to him in a dream, as often happened in those times, and told him not to fear, but to let the mother and child go, for He would take care of them and preserve their

lives, and the boy should grow up to be the father of a great multitude. I do not think, except for this promise of the Lord's, that the old man could have said "Go," for he was a just and wise man, and tender-hearted. There is a tradition among the people of his nation, that he was the first man

For, rising with the dawn, he called the younger wife, filled a bag with bread, tied a bottle of water to her back, pointed to the desert, and bade her "Go." Poor thing, her heart must have been heavy enough as she turned her face away from the tents. She had not been always happy there.



"WITH A GREAT SOB, SHE WENT AWAY."

in all the world whose beard became white, and that he asked of God, "What is this?" and the Lord replied, "It is a token of gentleness, my son." The old man's beard was very white as he lay dreaming that night, and his heart had grown gentle with the blanching of his hair; so that it was not cruelty or unkindness, but faith in the Heavenly Promise, which, when morning broke, led him to comply with his old wife's request.

There had been quarrelsome hours and sad hours,—hours of complaining and hours of tears,—but still, the tents were home, there was food in them and shelter, and the wilderness was desolate and lonely. She went, however,—there was nothing else left for her to do. Husbands in those days were masters as well, and had power of life and death over their wives. There were the barley-loaf and the water-bottle; there was the desert track;

and taking her child by the hand, she walked away, going she knew not where or to what.

A long time they wandered in the rough sandy wilderness. When they were tired, they lay down to sleep under the thorn-bushes; when they were hungry, they broke a piece off the loaf and drank from the bottle. Gradually the loaf grew less, the last drops were drained, and still they were in the desert wilds, and as far from human help as ever. The poor boy cried with thirst, and the mother was thirsty too, though she suffered in silence. At last, the boy lay down. He could go no farther. His hands were hot, and his head burned with fever. Each moment he grew more ill. His mother tended him, but what could she do without food or medicine? At last, his eyes closed, he no longer moved or spoke, and gradually the conviction grew in her that, unless aid came from somewhere, he must die.

Where could she hope for help? The hot sand gave none, the blue sky looked pitiless. All she could do was to draw him beneath the shadow of some bushes, put a stone under his head by way of pillow, kiss him, call his name; and for neither kiss nor call did he open his eyes. At last, with a great sob, she went away,—quite a long way off,—and sat down with her back to him. "Let me not see the death of the child," she said within herself; and with the words came thoughts of what a dear baby he had been; how brave and bright always; how pretty and coaxing in his ways; and she began to cry, gently at first, then loudly, with moans and sobs, as if, in that inhospitable spot, some one might hear and come to her relief. There was no chance of that, she knew; still, the tears seemed to relieve, in part, the misery of her heart.

But some one did hear. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," a good man has said; and in this poor mother's extremity, help came to her. A voice called her name. She looked up, and there above her head was the shining form of an angel.

"What aileth thee?" the angel said. "Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift the lad and hold him in thy hand, for I will make of him a great nation." Then the angel vanished.

"Oh!" gasped the poor mother, "what can he mean. 'A great nation,' when I have not even a drop of water to give him to drink!"

She arose, however, for the angel was not to be disobeyed. It seemed as if God led her, for, as she went back to where her son lay, her feet, as if of themselves, turned aside in the thicket, and there, shining out from the sand, was a cool, bubbling spring of water. There it had been all the time, while she sat despairingly with her back to

the dying lad,—there, close by; but she had not guessed it until God's moment came.

I think, do you know, that there is a beautiful thought here for all of us. Almost every one, at some time or other in his life, has unhappy days when hope seems dead, and all things go wrong. If our eyes were opened to see, on such days, or our faith were stronger, perhaps for us too would be revealed some bright fountain of refreshment which God has set for us to drink from, and which, pretty soon, we shall come to, if only we have patience to bear our trouble and to wait His pleasure.

You can guess how glad the poor mother was when she saw the water. She ran to her boy, lifted him in her arms, and laid him down beside the spring, where the ground, carpeted with fresh herbs, made a soft bed. Then she bathed his head with water and gave him drink; and when he felt the cool touch on his lips, he opened his eyes and smiled, and she knew that he was saved.

We don't know much about the history of the mother and boy after that day. The Bible tells us no more, except that "God was with the lad, and he grew and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer." Later, when he was a man, he married an Egyptian girl. It is from him that the Bedouins of the desert and the wild tribes of Palestine and India are descended. "Ishmaelites" they are called, from the boy's name; for now that you have guessed, as I think you must, I don't mind telling that the story is about Hagar and Ishmael, and the old man who sent them forth into the wilderness was Abraham, the friend and servant of God, about whom such wonderful and beautiful things are told in the Old Testament.

I have heard just one more curious little story about Ishmael, which I will tell you. It is not given in the Bible, and may not be true; but the Jews accept it as a tradition, or unwritten story, handed down from one generation to another:

"Ishmael lived a wandering life with his wife and cattle, and the Lord blessed his flocks, and he had great possessions. But his heart remained the same; and he was a master of archery, and instructed his neighbors in making bows.

"After some years, Abraham, whose heart longed for his son, said to Sarah, 'I must see how my son Ishmael fares.' And she answered, 'Thou shalt go, if thou wilt swear to me not to alight from off thy camel.' So Abraham swore. Then he went to Paran, over the desert, seeking Ishmael's tent; and he reached it at noon, but neither Hagar nor her son was at home. Only Ishmael's wife was within, and she was scolding and beating the children.

"So Abraham halted on his camel before the tent-door, and the sun was hot, and the sand white and glaring beneath. And he called to her, 'Is thy husband within?'"

"She answered, without rising from her seat, 'He is hunting.'

"Then Abraham said, 'I am faint and hungry; bring me a little bread and a drop of water.'

"But the woman answered, 'I have none for such as thou.'

"So Abraham said to her, 'Say to thy husband, even to Ishmael, these words: "An old man hath come to see thee out of the land of the Philistines, and he says: The nail that fastens thy tent is bad; cast it away, or thy tent will fall, and get thee a better nail."' Then he departed and went home.

"Now, when Ishmael returned, his wife told him all these words, and he knew that his father had been there, and he understood the tenor of his words; so he sent away his wife, and he took another, with his mother's advice, out of Egypt, and her name was Fatima.

"And after three years, Abraham yearned once more after his son, and he said to Sarah, 'I must see how Ishmael fares.' And she answered, 'Thou shalt go, if thou wilt swear to me not to alight from off thy camel.' So he swore.

"Then he went to Paran, over the desert, seeking Ishmael's tent, and he reached it at noon; but neither Hagar nor her son was at home. Only

Ishmael's wife, Fatima, was within, and she was singing to the children.

"So Abraham halted. And when Fatima saw a stranger at the door, she rose from her seat and veiled her face, and came out and greeted him.

"Then said Abraham, 'Is thy husband within?'"

"She answered, 'My lord, he is pasturing the camels in the desert.' And she added, 'Enter, my lord, into the cool of the tent and rest, and suffer me to bring thee a little meat.'

"But Abraham said, 'I may not alight from off my camel, for my journey is hasty; but bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread and a drop of water, for I am hungry and faint.'

"Then she ran and brought him of the best that she had in the tent, and he ate and drank, and was glad.

"So he said to her, 'Say to thy husband, even to Ishmael, that an old man out of the land of the Philistines has been here, and he says: The nail that fastens thy tent is very good; let it not be stirred out of its place, and thy tent shall stand.'

"And when Ishmael came home, Fatima related to him all the words that the old man had spoken; and he understood the tenor of the words.

"And Ishmael was glad that his father had visited him, for he knew thereby that his love for him was not extinguished."

THE GREEN HOUSE WITH GOLD NAILS.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

AMONG the butterflies which flit gayly about our summer flowers, there is one in which I was much interested last season, and which I would like to describe to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, that this summer they may study it for themselves. It has been my "progressive object-card"* for the summer, and I do not believe even the Little Schoolma'am would object to my studies when I tell her that no pin or other instrument of torture has been used, either in its capture or mounting.

How did I catch my butterfly? As I would advise all to do who wish for success and a perfect

specimen. Take with you a box; watch for a nice plump caterpillar; break off the leaf you will easily find him feeding upon; and when you have carried him home in the box, put him on a white paper and invert a clear plain-glass tumbler quickly over him; feed him daily with whatever sort of leaf you found him eating, and—you have caught your butterfly. You can see him through the glass, and will find it a source of enjoyment to watch from time to time his great changes.

But it is of one particular kind I wish now to tell you. The caterpillar lives upon the common milk-weed, or *Asclepias*, which grows by the road-side,

* For an account of progressive object-cards, see "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1876.

with pinkish clusters of flowers in summer, and curious bird-shaped pods in the fall. This caterpillar (whose true name is *Danais* archippus*—we



FIG. 1.—THE CATERPILLAR.

might call him Archie, for short) is very pretty, and the butterfly is handsome; but the crowning beauty of all is the chrysalis. It looks like a little green house, put together with gold nails. It is somewhat of the size and shape of a long, delicate pea-green acorn, and has a row of dots half way around what would be the saucer of the acorn, with others about the size of a pin's head on different parts of the chrysalis, and you will say they are not *like* gold, but are real gold itself.

The caterpillar, when full-grown, is about two inches long. It is cylindrical, and handsomely

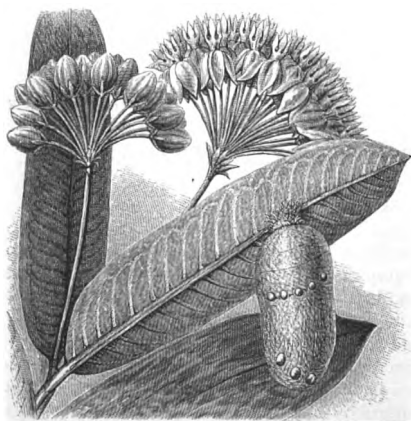


FIG. 2.—THE MILK-WEED AND THE CHRYSALIS.

marked with narrow alternating bands of black, white, and lemon-yellow. The bands are not en-

tirely even, and occasionally run into each other. On the top of the second ring or segment are two slender black thread-like horns, and on a hind ring two more not quite as long as those near the head. You can find it almost any day in July or August, if you look closely on the under side of the broad ovate-elliptical leaves of the milk-weed.

It was the accidental finding of his chrysalis, attached to a spray of wild carrot, that led me to study this particular species. It was a secret to me—this beautiful green and gold house. It held something. What, I must know! Cutting the stem of the carrot, I brought the treasure carefully into the house, covered it with a tumbler, and for a week it remained just the same. Then the green began to turn to a light purple, and lines began to show through the clear case. The front showed lines like a curtain, parted and folded back each way, like drapery, to the bottom, as shown in Fig. 3. The back was curiously marked off, and

FIG. 3.—FRONT.



FIG. 4.—BACK.



THE CHRYSALIS BEGINNING TO CHANGE.

looked like Fig. 4. The whole gradually took on a very dark purple hue, and I hoped to see it open and give up its treasure. But though I watched very carefully, it stole a march on me, and one morning I found its secret disclosed and fluttering below the empty chrysalis, now but a clear, rent tissue, with here and there a pale gold dot.

The butterfly is handsome and quite large (more than three inches across when the wings are spread), but not quite so beautiful as you would infer from his elegant house. He is of a rich tawny orange, bordered with velvety black, on the upper side, and a lighter, nankeen yellow below; and has a large velvety black head, spotted with white.

As I did not know how large he would be, nor when he would come out,—for he did not invite me, as I said, to his “opening,”—I had not given him a glass roomy enough for his wings to expand entirely at the first, as they must, or remain imperfect. So afterward, although he had the liberty of the whole room, he walked about with one wing folded back over his shoulder, like a

* From the name of *Danaë*, the only daughter of Acrisius, who shut her up in a brazen tower, for fear some one would rob him of her; and Jupiter visited her there by transforming himself into a shower of gold.

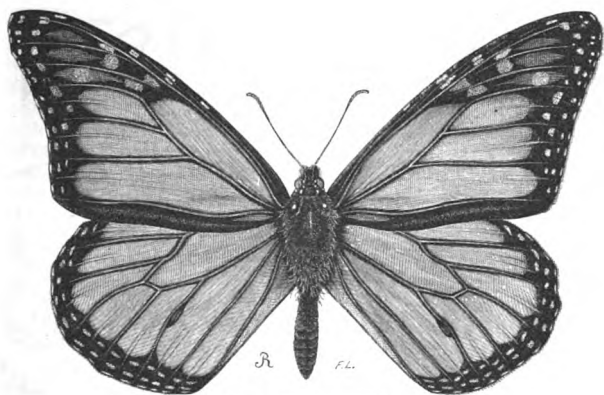


FIG. 5.—THE BUTTERFLY.

lady's opera-cloak. But I kept him, and, learning that he came from the milk-weed caterpillar, I went in quest of some. I was fortunate enough to find five in one search—three on one large milk-weed, and two on another. I put them in a glass fernery, about one foot long and ten inches high, and fed them with fresh milk-weed leaves daily. Soon they mounted, one after another, to the top, and began to work on the under side of the glass cover. My curiosity was on the alert to see how each would build his green house. I had seen cocoons of various kinds spun, but the glass-smooth chrysalis could not be spun. Oh, no! It was altogether too nice work to be done in sight. There was no sound of hammer or sight of tools. It was all polished and painted and ready—and lo! the inner layers of the caterpillar's skin had been the workshop, and the outer skin was taken down and discarded, like worthless scaffolding, when the green and gold house was ready. Pretty soon there were

five of these houses hanging from the glass roof, side by side; and now there are five empty homes, still clinging by the little shiny black twist that fastens them firmly to the glass, and five handsome great butterflies, like the one shown in the picture. Only one of all these did I see break the shell and come out, and that only by the most diligent watching. The butterfly was packed, head downward, at the bottom of the chrysalis—wonderfully packed, as all will admit who see him emerge, to shake himself out into something five or six times as wide, a beautiful uncramped butterfly.

After seeing them brighten a bouquet, and watching them eat with their long spiral tongues from a little bed of moss sprinkled with sweetened water, I let them take a nap under a tumbler with a little pillow of chloroformed cotton, and, unmarred even by a pin, they were ready to be laid away in a glass-covered box in their long, dreamless sleep.

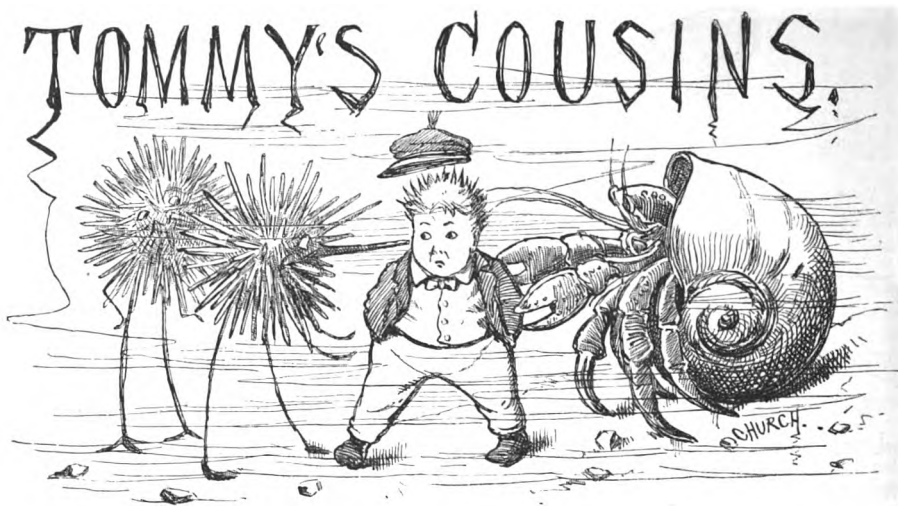
THE CATERPILLAR.

By M. F. B.

I CREEP on the ground, and the children say:
"You ugly old thing!" and push me away.

I lie in my bed, and the children say:
"The fellow is dead; we'll throw him away!"

At last I awake, and the children try
To make me stay, as I rise and fly.



BY E. MULLER.

TOMMY had been cross all day. He had pulled Robbie's hair, and taken his pea-nuts from him. He had sat down on Susie's lovely doll and flattened her nose, and he had put the kitten on top of the book-case. He had even been saucy and hateful to his dear mamma, when she asked if her little boy felt quite well, or if his long visit to the Aquarium yesterday had tired him. Instead of answering pleasantly, Tommy had hunched up his shoulders, shoved out his elbows, and snapped out, fiercely :

"No; I aint tired, and I aint cross either."

Every one was glad when bed-time came, and Master Tommy was taken upstairs.

"I do declare, Master Tommy, you 'll turn into a nasty, snappy turtle, or a crab, some of these nights, when you're so cross," said nurse.

"Pooh!" said Tommy, "I wont."

"Well, something will happen; you 'll see if it does n't. I've read of just such things coming to boys in books," said nurse, as she tucked him into his bed.

Nurse thought he had become very quiet all at once, and as she bade him "Good-night," she wondered if he was up to more mischief. But he was already snoring as she reached the door.

As soon as she had gone down-stairs, Tommy got out of bed, and felt under the bureau for the piece of mince-pie he had hidden there. He had taken it from the pantry shelf, that evening,—a good big quarter of a pie. It was rather dusty, but tasted good, and Tommy sat up in bed, and ate it

all in ten bites. Then he curled down among the blankets, and wished he was a crab.

"I'd crawl right down and bite nurse, now," he thought. "I wonder how it would feel to be a turtle, or a crab, or a—a —"

"A very fine specimen indeed," said a gruff, strange voice.

Tommy looked around. Where was he? Where



TOMMY ON EXHIBITION.

was his bed, and his room with blue paper on the walls?

"Oh, my! what is the matter?" cried Tommy. He was sitting upon a bit of sea-weed, in a great

glass case full of water, and a red-nosed man in spectacles was looking at him.

"A fine specimen of fresh-water urchin," said the red-nosed man.

"I aint a urchin," cried Tommy, indignantly.

"See him open his mouth! How ugly he is!" exclaimed a small boy beside the red-nosed man.

Tommy looked around for something to throw at him, but right at his elbow sat a huge hermit crab, who stretched out four claws, and said:

"Shake hands, cousin! Glad to see you!"

cousin! Nonsense! Of course you are. Come along."

He was just stretching out his claws to drag Tommy off the bit of sea-weed, when two little sea-urchins came rolling along, and said:

"Why, here's cousin Tommy!"

"Go 'way!" exclaimed Tommy. "I never was such an ugly, prickly thing like a chestnut bur."

"Ugly, prickly thing, indeed!" cried the sea-urchins. "Did n't you pain your poor mamma with your naughty, prickly temper,—you ugly little



TOMMY'S TORMENTORS.

"I'm not your cousin," said Tommy, drawing himself up.

"Oho! He says he is not my cousin!" squeaked the hermit crab, so loudly that all the skates came to see what was the matter.

"You're a horrid ugly thing!" screamed Tommy. "I saw you yesterday pinching a poor little crab, and poking your old claws into his shell. I'm not *your* cousin."

"Now, just hear that!" said the hermit crab, with a wicked smile. "Here is an urchin who pinches his little brother, pulls his hair, and takes his pea-nuts away, and yet he declares he is not my

fresh-water urchin!" And both the sea-urchins gave him great pokes with their sharp spiny sides, and then rolled away, laughing at his pain.

They had no sooner gone, than up came a whole family of thin little alligators, and with them a whole family of fat little seals, giggling, bouncing up and down, and eating mince-pie.

"Tommy, how d'ye do? How d'ye do. Tommy?" said they all.

They looked so mischievous, and so big, that Tommy began to cry.

"Cry, baby,—cry! Have n't any pie!" sang all the fat little seals and thin little alligators,

jumping at him and trying to bite his toes, till Tommy was frightened half to death.

Just as he made sure they were going to eat him, something wonderful happened. A beautiful sea-horse, with a silver bridle, came floating down, led by the loveliest little mermaid that ever was seen. And as she came close to Tommy, she said:

"Poor Tommy! Come with me. Mount my little friend here, and we will take you away from these tormentors."

So Tommy got upon the sea-horse's back,—and he just fitted there nicely, which surprised him, till he remembered that since he had become a fresh-water urchin, he had grown very small.

They pranced away from the seals and alligators, and all the skates smiled pleasantly as they passed. Soon they came to the mermaid's house,—a large pink conch-shell, with sea-weed climbing over it, and a long avenue, marked by rows of pink sea-anemones, leading up to it. The sea-anemones bowed, and waved their fringes to the mermaid, and welcomed her home.

"I have here a poor little urchin who has been naughty, and has been punished; but now he will be good, and happy," said the mermaid.

Then they went into the conch-shell, and around and around, and up the spiral stairs, that were pinked at every step, till at last the mermaid put Tommy into a little bed like a rosy pink sunset, and kissed him good-night.

"You won't want to get up and look for pie again, will you?" said she.

"I just guess *not*!" answered Tommy; and then he fell asleep, while she sang to him songs about the sea.

When he woke up, the sunshine was streaming over him.

"I did think of giving him some paregoric, ma'am," nurse was saying. "But after a little while he stopped crying, so I did not get up."

"Why! I must have dreamed it!" said Tommy to himself. Just then he looked down and saw some pie-crust crumbs in his bed. "I don't know, though," he thought. "May be it was true. May be I really was—a—urchin."



THE RIDE WITH THE MERMAID.

CECILE AND LULU.

(Translation of French Story in April Number.)

BY A. A. CHAPMAN.

"WHAT are those funny black marks, Cecile, that we see everywhere on the walls?"

"Letters, Lulu; don't you know them?"

"No, Cecile; nobody has ever taught me them."

"Alas! how you have been neglected, my poor little one; but when one must work all day long to earn a living, one does not easily find the opportunity either to teach or to study. I myself have forgotten a great deal of what I used to know when we were happy. But what I still remember, I will teach to you, little by little, as I find time."

"Why are we so poor, Cecile?"

"It is our misfortune, my child; we must bear it with patience until Heaven sends us better days. Only, if we could find our uncle, all our troubles would end."

"Why do we not go and look for him at once, Cecile?"

"My child, I did look for him everywhere until all my money was gone. But don't let us think of that any more. You are going to take a lesson, you know. Here is a poster which will serve very nicely for a reading-book."

"This letter here," said she, pointing to it with her knitting-needle, "is called 'H.' Look at it well; will you remember it?"

"H," repeated Lulu, "I will remember it. 'H,'—I know it already."

And so Cecile taught her little sister the letters H-O-U-S-E.

"What does all that mean?" asked little Lulu at length.

"These letters spell the word *house*,—do you see it? H-o-u-s-e—*house*. But there strikes the hour. I have no more time to teach you. I must go to the factory. Here is a little basket of fruit that I bought for your luncheon. Let us go!"

"Oh, Cecile! don't shut me up in that dark, narrow room! I hate it. Let me follow you, or even leave me here, where I feel the fresh air, and where there is something to look at, I beg of you!"

"Will you promise me not to leave this place to wander in the streets?"

"I will stay here until you return, Cecile."

"Remember, Lulu, that if I lose you, I shall be all alone in the world."

"Have no fear, Cecile; be sure I will take good care."

"I ask only that you will stay where you can see the word *house* all the time. Be good, my child, and don't forget what I have taught you. Good-bye!"

She kissed her little sister, with tears in her eyes, and went away.

Lulu sat down well satisfied, and proceeded to examine the contents of her basket, happily not dreaming that it had cost her sister a dinner. But her attention was soon diverted from her agreeable occupation by the various things that were passing in the street. She thought them so new and so delightful!

At length Lulu ate her luncheon, then she read over two or three times the word *house* that she had just learned, and then she began to grow weary of the place where she was, which became now very quiet, for everybody had turned the same street-corner, which seemed to her the entrance to a mysterious place, where all sorts of pretty things were to be found. In order to see again these lost wonders, Lulu ran to the corner, whence she looked down a broad street lined with magnificent shops, and thronged with handsome carriages, children richly dressed who were amusing themselves with all sorts of pretty playthings, and a number of those little rogues that we call *street-Arabs*.

For a few minutes she took good care not to lose sight of the word *house*, of which she could still get a glimpse. But she was not yet six years old, and besides, she was very inexperienced, having come recently from the country, where she was born. This is why it is not very surprising that she soon forgot the word, and thought of nothing but the interesting objects that she had before her eyes.

Little by little she drew nearer to these marvels, that attracted her irresistibly by their splendor, until she had entirely turned the corner, and found herself in the midst of her new paradise.

Time passed. More and more drawn away by these charming novelties, Lulu turned a great many corners, without remembering how many, when all at once the hour sounded when her sister was accustomed to return home! Thus awakened from her dream of pleasure, she realized that she was lost in the great city, not knowing whither to direct her steps!

Sad and terrified, she turned corner after corner, crossed street after street, looking for the place that she had left, without knowing how to recognize it if she should succeed in finding it again, there were so many that looked like it. After many turnings, she remembered the word *house* which she would be certain to recognize, and which she resolved to look for.

At length she espied it again on a wall at the other side of the street.

"My house!" cried she, "I have found it again; soon my sister will find me again."

A gentleman who was passing at that moment stopped and said: "Of which house do you speak, my child? This one is mine."

"I am speaking of the *word* 'house,' which is here on the wall."

"And can you read that word?"

"Yes, sir; my sister taught it to me."

"And what is this good sister's name?"

"Cecile."

"And your name, little one?"

"My name is Lulu."

"Cecile and Lulu!" repeated the gentleman; then he said quickly: "What is your father's name?"

"My father is no more. His name was Mr. Henry Jolivet, but —"

"My child," said the gentleman, in a deeply moved voice, "truly you have found your house, for henceforth it is yours, like all that I have in the world. My poor little lost lamb that I have vainly

sought so long, come to my arms!"—and he embraced her tenderly.

Just then a young girl with a wild look turned the corner at a rapid pace.

"Oh, Lulu!" cried the new-comer, in an impatient voice, "how could you have been so naughty? Here have I been looking for you more than an hour!"

"But why did you not come here to look for me at once?"

"What are you talking about, Lulu? This is not the place where I left you."

"Why yes, Cecile; don't you see the word *house* that you taught to me?"

"You are mistaken, Lulu; it is the same word, but it is another place."

"She is not mistaken," said the gentleman; "it is the place she ought to have found. Don't you know me, Cecile?"

She looked at him fixedly for a moment, then she uttered a cry: "My uncle!"

Lulu now knows how to read, write, and do many other things; but she will never forget the lesson her sister gave her, and which had so happy a result.

[The great number of translations which the story of "Cécile et Lulu" has called forth from all parts of the country, proves how gladly our young readers welcome these stories in foreign languages. Many of the versions received are truly admirable, and one and all show commendable painstaking. We are very glad to see this eager interest displayed by our young correspondents, and we see signs of a like enthusiasm over the shorter and simpler French tale published in our last number. For further notice of translations received, see "Letter-Box" of this issue.]

ST. NICHOLAS' DAY AND THE CHILD-BISHOPS OF SALISBURY.

BY MELVILLE EGLESTON.

THERE are few more interesting regions in England than that of which the old cathedral town of Salisbury is the center. A few miles away, upon the gently undulating downs of Salisbury Plain, is Stonehenge, one of the most celebrated monuments of the ancient Britons. Nearer to the city are the ruins of Sarum, a stronghold of the same people, and, afterward, of their Roman conquerors. Later still, it was fortified and held by English kings, and was for a long time a bishop's seat. In the reign of Henry III. its honors were transferred to Salisbury, and there, in time, rose the great cathedral, with its beautiful spire, the loftiest in the land. It is one of the finest examples of the English Gothic architecture anywhere to be found.

During the middle ages, the cathedral church of Sarum, and its successor at Salisbury, were very celebrated, and a certain precedence was given to their bishops. The forms of service were widely followed in other places, and the peculiar customs of Sarum were held in high respect. Among these customs were some that were very curious, and one of them will certainly be of interest to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

But, first, I must say a little about St. Nicholas; for the queer custom which I shall describe was connected with the celebration of his festival. This magazine has already told you that he was a saint of the early days of Christianity, and especially honored in what is called the Eastern Church—the

church of Russia and other eastern countries. He was the Bishop of Myra, a city of Asia Minor, and is often called "the child-bishop," because of the piety and goodness for which he was noted even in his infancy. It was said of him, as of Timothy, that "he knew the Scriptures from a child." Very strange stories are told about him, and one of them

high honor in many countries, and that he is especially distinguished as the patron of young scholars and children.

Now you see that, in the old times, when great attention was paid to the observance of saints' days, it was very natural that St. Nicholas' Day, the 6th of December, should be celebrated by the children,



THE PROCESSION.

I will give you in the very words of the old book in which I found it,—written in the queer English of our forefathers.

"And whan he was born, they made hym chrysten, and called hym Nycolas. That is a mannes name; but he kepeth the name of a chyld; for he chose kepe vertues, meknes and symplenes, and without malycie. Also we rede, whyle he lay in hys cradel, he fasted Wednesday and Fryday. These days he would souke but ones of the day, and therewith held hym pleased. Thus he lived all hys lyf in vertues with this childes name; and therefore chylidren don hym worship before all other saynts."

But in another old book we find another anecdote, which does not speak so well for the "meknes" of his disposition; for it is said that at the great Council of Nice he had a very lively dispute with another divine named Arius, in the course of which our saint gave his heretical opponent a sound box on the ear. Whatever may be the truth of these stories, we all know that St. Nicholas was and is a very famous saint, that he has long been held in

especially in the schools, and wherever many were gathered together for any purpose; and so we find traces of many odd and interesting customs connected with the observance of the festival. But nowhere was it celebrated with greater solemnity, or in a more singular way, than at Old Sarum, and afterward at Salisbury. It was there the custom to choose from among the choristers—the boy-singers of the cathedral—an *episcopus puerorum*, which means, as those who have studied Latin will know, a "bishop of the boys." In old English he was called the "barne byshop," or "chyld byshop,"—that is, child bishop. From the feast of St. Nicholas until Innocents' Day, the 28th of December, this child-bishop was invested with great authority, and maintained all the state of a real prelate of the church. He wore a bishop's robes and miter, and carried in his hand the pastoral staff or crozier, while the rest of the choristers attended him as

prebendaries, and yielded to him the same obedience which was shown by the real officials to their superior, the bishop. Upon the eve of Innocents' Day,—a day observed in memory of the innocent children murdered by Herod,—the boy-bishop, attended by his fellow-choristers in rich copes, with lighted tapers in their hands, went in solemn procession to the altar of the Holy Trinity. As they marched along, three of the children chanted hymns. The dean and canons walked at the head of the procession, the chaplain next, and the bishop, with his little prebendaries, in the place of honor, last of all. The bishop then took his seat upon a throne, while the rest of the children were arranged on each side of the choir upon the uppermost ascent. They then performed at the altar the same service, with the exception of the mass, that the real bishop and his clergy would have performed had they officiated. After service, all left the church in the same solemn order. Such a singular ceremony must have excited great curiosity among the people who filled the cathedral on the holiday, and we can well imagine that there would have been much confusion and disturbance but for a severe law which forbade any person to press upon the children, or to hinder or interrupt them in any way, upon pain of excommunication. One can fancy that he sees the little fellows with their long faces, filled with a sense of their momentary dignity, marching solemnly up the aisle, while the rude crowd on either hand pushes and jostles, each

man trying to elbow himself into a place where he can see the odd and attractive spectacle! What did they think of it, these child-priests of a day? Did they feel that they were taking part in a sacred ceremony, or was it simply a novel kind of play to them? We cannot tell. But as for the boy-bishop, although he may have enjoyed the importance of his position for a day or two, I am quite sure that he must have grown heartily tired of his dignity before the three weeks of his episcopate were over. During all that time he was forbidden "to feast or to make visits," but was required to stay in the common room of the choristers, keeping up the dignity of his office. Think of the little fellow, compelled to act his part with all the gravity of a grown person, sitting in solemn state while his light-hearted playfellows were perhaps romping in the cathedral close, or even making sly attempts to disturb his composure.

In the case of the little bishop's dying during his term of office, his funeral ceremonies were celebrated with the greatest pomp and magnificence, and he was interred, like other bishops, with all his ornaments. At least one such case seems to have happened at Salisbury, for there is in the cathedral a very ancient sepulchral monument, with the effigy, or rather the figure in demi-relief, of a child lying on its back, with a miter on its head, and a pastoral staff in the left hand. The feet are upon a dragon, while over the head is a trefoil canopy with two small angels.

WILD MICE AND THEIR WAYS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

"When every stream in its pent-house
Goes gurgling on its way,
And in his gallery the mouse
Nibbleth the meadow hay;

"Methinks the summer still is nigh,
And lurketh underneath,
As that same meadow-mouse doth lie
Snug in that last year's heath."

—THOREAU.

WALKING about the fields, I come upon little pathways as plain as Indian trails, which lead in and out among the grass and weed-stalks, under Gothic arches which the bending tops of the flowering grasses make, like roads for the tiny chariots of Queen Mab. These curious little paths branching here and there, and crossing one another in

all directions, are the runways of the field-mice, along which they go, mostly after sunset, to visit one another or bring home their plunder; for the thieving little gray-coats of our cupboards, whose bright eyes glance at us from behind the cheese-box, and who whisk away down some unthought-of hole, learned their naughty tricks from their many out-door cousins, whom we may forgive on the plea of their not knowing any better. Suppose I tell you about some of these same cousins who live in the woods and fields of the Northern States?

Well, to begin, if you take the *o* and the *e* out of "mouse," you have left, *mus*, which is the Latin word for mouse; but instead of saying "mousey," a Roman girl would have said *musculus*. Put the

two together, and you have *Mus musculus*, the name we write when we want every person, whether he understands our language or not, to know that we mean the common house-mouse, for all the world is supposed to know something of Latin. This little plague was originally a native of some Eastern country, but has now spread all over the world, forgetting where he really does belong. Sometimes, in this country, he forsakes the houses and takes up a wild life in the woods.

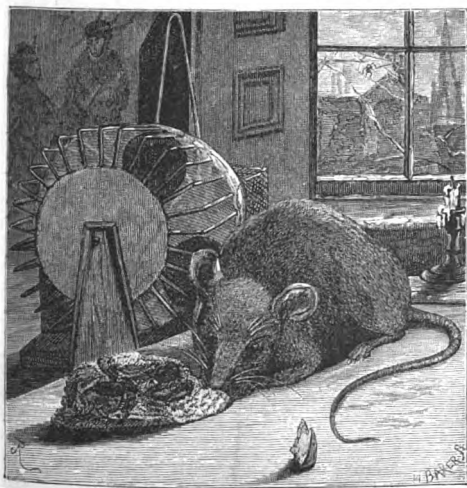
Coming now to the true field-mice, there is first a kind which, to distinguish it from Old World kinds, is called in the books by Greek words which mean the "white-footed Western mouse" (*Hesperomys leucopus*)—a very good name. A third sort is generally found in meadows through which brooks wander, and its Latin name, *Arvicola riparius*, just tells the whole story in two words; it is the "meadow mouse." The fourth and last sort of wild mouse was first noticed near the Hudson Bay, and, being a great jumper, received the Latin name of the "little Hudsonian jumping-mouse"—*Jaculus hudsonius*.

These four mice differ in shape, color, size and habits, and of the second and third there are sev-

Prettiest of all is the long-legged jumping-mouse. If you should look at a kangaroo through the wrong end of a telescope, you would have a very fair idea of our little friend's form, with hind-legs and feet very long and slender, and fore-legs very short; so that when he sits up they seem like little paws held before him in a coquettish way. His tail is often twice the length of his body, and is tipped with a brush of long hairs. He has a knowing look in his face, with its upright, furry ears and bright eyes. Being dark-brown above, yellowish-brown on the sides, and white underneath, with white stockings on, he makes a gay figure among his more soberly dressed companions. Various names are given him,—such as the deer-mouse, wood-mouse, jumping wood-mouse, and others.

The white-foot is somewhat larger than the house-mouse; being about three inches long. It has a lithe, slender form and quick movement; its eyes are large and prominent, its nose sharp, and its ears high, round and thin. The fore-feet are hardly half as long as the hinder ones, and the tail is as long as, or longer, than the body, and covered with close hairs. The fur is soft, dense, and glossy, reddish-brown above and white below, while the feet are all white. The most-ill-looking of the lot is the meadow-mouse, which reminds me of a miniature bear. His coat is dirty brownish-black, not even turning white in winter; his head is short and his nose blunt; all his four feet are short, and his tail is a mere stump, scarcely long enough to reach the ground. Nevertheless, he is a very interesting mouse, and able to make an immense deal of trouble.

In general habits the three wild ones are pretty much alike, though some prefer dry, while others choose wet, ground; some keep mostly in the woods, others on the prairies, and so on. All the species burrow more or less, and some build elaborate nests. Their voices are fine, low and squeaking, but the meadow-mouse is a great chatterbox, and the white-foot has been known more than once really to sing tunes of his own very nicely. Each one manifests immense courage in defending its young against harm; but I believe only the meadow-mice are accused of being really ferocious, and of waging battles constantly among themselves. Their food is the tender stems of young grasses and herbs, seeds, nuts, roots and bark, and they lay up stores of food for the winter, since none become torpid at that season, as is the habit of the woodchuck and chipmunk, except the jumping-mouse. This fellow, during cold weather, curls up in his soft grass blankets underground, wraps his long



THE HOUSE-MOUSE.

eral varieties in different parts of the country. The soft, brownish-gray coat of the house-mouse you know very well; or, if you do not, take the next one you catch and look at it closely. It is as clean as your pet squirrel, and just as pretty. See how dainty are the little feet, how keen the black beads of eyes, how sharp and white the fine small teeth, how delicate the pencilings of the fur!



THE LONG-LEGGED JUMPING-MOUSE.

tail tightly about him, and becomes dead to all outward things until the warmth of spring revives him, which is certainly an easy and economical way to get through the winter! They also eat insects, old and young, particularly such kinds as are hatched underground or in the loose wood of rotten stumps; but their main subsistence is seeds and bark, in getting which they do a vast deal of damage to plants and young fruit-trees with those sharp front teeth of theirs.

The field-mice make snug beds in old stumps, under logs, inside stacks of corn and bundles of straw; dig out galleries below the grass roots; occupy the abandoned nests of birds and the holes made by other animals; and even weave nests of their own in weeds and bushes. They live well in captivity, and you can easily see them at work if you supply materials.

In tearing down old buildings the carpenters often find between the walls a lot of pieces of paper, bits of cloth, sticks, fur, and such stuff, forming a great bale, and know that it was once the home of a house-mouse. You have heard anecdotes of how a shop-keeper missed small pieces of money from his till, and suspected his clerk of taking it; how the clerk was a poor boy who was supporting a

widowed mother, or a sister at school, and the kind-hearted shop-keeper shut his eyes to his suspicions, and waited for more and more proof before being convinced that his young clerk was the thief; but, as the money kept disappearing, how at last he accused the clerk of taking it. Then the story tells how, in spite of the boy's vehement and tearful denial, a policeman was called in to arrest him, and when everything had been searched to no purpose, and he was about being taken to the police-station, how, away back in a corner was discovered a mouse's nest made of stolen pieces of ragged currency—ten, twenty-five, and fifty-cent pieces. Then everybody was happy, and the story ended with a capital moral!

More than one such stolen house the mice have really built, and sometimes their work has destroyed half a hundred dollars, and caused no end of heart-aches. Their little teeth are not to be despised, I assure you. I believe one of the most disastrous of those great floods which in past years have swept over the fertile plains of Holland was caused by mice digging through the thick banks of earth, called dykes, which had been piled up to keep the sea back. In this case, of course, the mice lost their lives by their misdeeds, as well as the people,

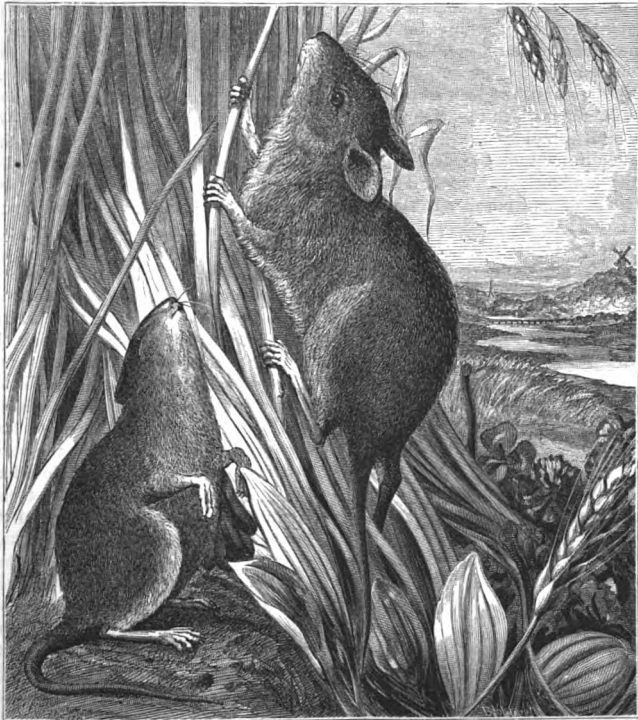
sharing in the general catastrophe. They hardly intended this; but

"The best-laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

It was by the gnawing of a ridiculous little mouse, you remember, that the lion in the fable got free from the net in which the king of beasts found himself caught.

Sometimes the house-mouse goes out-of-doors to live, and forgets his civilization; while, on the other hand, the woodland species occasionally come indoors and grow tame. At the fur-trading posts about Hudson Bay, wild mice live in the traders' houses; and Thoreau—the poet, naturalist and philosopher, whom all the animals seemed at once to recognize as their friend—wrote this beautiful story of how a white-footed mouse made friends

introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch-time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes and along my sleeve, and around and around the table which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between



THE WHITE-FOOTED WESTERN MOUSE.

with him when he lived all alone in the woods by Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts:

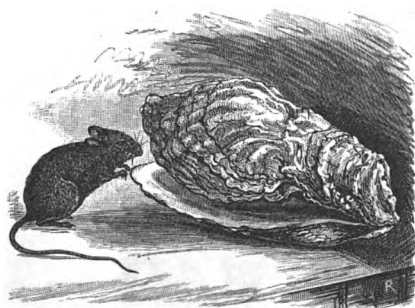
"The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been

my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws like a fly, and walked away."

Mice are full of such curiosity. They poke their

noses into all sorts of places where there is a prospect of something to eat, and sometimes failing to find so good a friend as Mr. Thoreau, meet the fate which ought to be the end of all poking of noses into other people's affairs—they get caught. I remember one such case which Mr. Frank Buckland has related. When oysters are left out of water for any length of time, especially in hot weather, they always open their shells a little way, probably seeking a drink of water. A mouse hunting about for food found such an oyster in the larder, and put his head in to nibble at the oyster's beard; instantly the bivalve shut his shells, and held them together so tightly by his strong muscles, that the poor mouse could not pull his head out, and so died of suffocation. Other similar cases have been known.

The most common of all our field-mice is the short-tailed meadow-mouse, the *Arvicola*. I find it in the woods, out on the prairies, and in the hay-fields. In summer these little creatures inhabit the low, wet meadows in great numbers. When the heavy rains of autumn drive them out, they move to higher and dryer ground, and look for some hill-ock, or old ant-hill, under which to dig their home. In digging they scratch rapidly with the fore-feet a few times, and then throw back the earth to a great distance with the hind-feet, frequently loosening the dirt with their teeth, and pushing it aside with their noses. As the hole grows deeper (horizontally) they will lie on their backs and dig overhead, every little while backing slowly out, and shoving the loose earth to the entrance. These winter bur-



THE MOUSE AND THE OYSTER.

rows are only five or six inches below the surface, and sometimes are simply hollowed out under a great stone, but are remarkable for the numerous and complicated chambers and side passages of which they are composed. In one of the largest

rooms of this subterranean house is placed their winter bed, formed of fine dry grasses. Its shape and size are about that of a foot-ball, with only a small cavity in the center, entered through a hole in the side, and they creep in as do Arctic travelers into their fur-bags.

"Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozy here, beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell."

Here five or six young mice are born, and stay until the coming of warm weather, by which time they are grown, and go out to take care of themselves. Sometimes one of them, instead of hunting up a wife and getting a home of his own, will wander off by himself and live alone like a hermit, growing crosser as he grows older.

In the deepest part of the burrow is placed their store of provisions. Uncover one of these little granaries in November, before the owners have used much of it, and you might find five or six quarts of seeds, roots, and small nuts. Out on the prairie this store would consist chiefly of the round tubers—like very small potatoes—of the spike-flower, a few juicy roots of some other weeds and grasses, bulbs of the wild onion, and so forth. If a wheat or rye patch was near, there would be quantities of grain; and if you should open a nest under a log or stump in the woods, you might discover a hundred or so chestnuts, beech-nuts, and acorns, nicely shelled. All these stores are carried to the burrows, often from long distances, in their baggy cheeks, which are a mouse's pockets, and they work with immense industry, knowing just when to gather this and that kind of food for the winter. A friend of mine, who had a farm near the Hudson River, had a nice field of rye, which he was only waiting a day or two longer to harvest until it should be quite ready. But the very night before he went to cut it, the mice stole a large portion of the grain and carried it off to their nests in the neighboring woods. Hunting up these nests he got back from two of them about half a bushel of rye, which was perfectly good. Sometimes they build nests in the russet corn-shocks left standing in the sere October fields, and store up there heaps of food, although there may be no necessity, so firmly fixed in their minds is the idea of preparing for the future. But they eat a great deal, and their stores are none too large to outlast the long, dreary months, when the ground is frozen hard, and the meadows are swept by the wintry winds, or packed under a blanket of snow.

(Concluded next month.)



ROSES.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

H, the queen of all the roses, it can never be denied,
Is the heavy crimson rose of velvet leaf!
There is such a gracious royalty about her vivid bloom,
That among all charming kindred she is chief!

Then the fainter-shaded roses, in their balmy damask pride,
Group like satellites about one central star,—
Royal princesses, of whom we can discover at a glance
What aristocrats the dainty creatures are!

Then those tender gauzy roses, clustered closely on their vines,
They are gentle maids of honor, I am told;
But the pompous yellow roses, these are sneered at, it is said,
For so showing off the color of their gold!

And the roses that are powerless to boast of any tint,
Unsullied as the snow itself in hue,
These are pious nuns, I fancy, who perhaps may murmur prayers
Very softly upon rosaries of dew!

But the delicate pink roses that one meets in quiet lanes,
Gleaming pale upon a background of clear green,
Why, these are only peasant girls, who never go to court,
But are loyal little subjects of their queen!

MRS. PETERKIN'S TEA-PARTY.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

It was important to have a tea-party, as they had all been invited by everybody,—the Bromwiches, the Tremletts, and the Gibbonses. It would be such a good chance to pay off some of their old debts, now that the lady from Philadelphia was back again, and her two daughters, who would be sure to make it all go off well.

But as soon as they began to make out the list, they saw there were too many to have at once, for there were but twelve cups and saucers in the best set.

"There are seven of us to begin with," said Mr. Peterkin.

"We need not all drink tea," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"I never do," said Solomon John. The little boys never did.

"And we could have coffee, too," suggested Elizabeth Eliza.

"That would take as many cups," objected Agamemnon.

"We could use the every-day set for the coffee," answered Elizabeth Eliza; "they are the right shape. Besides," she went on, "they would not all come. Mr. and Mrs. Bromwich, for instance; they never go out."

"There are but six cups in the every-day set," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys said there were plenty of saucers; and Mr. Peterkin agreed with Elizabeth Eliza that

all would not come. Old Mr. Jeffers never went out.

"There are three of the Tremletts," said Elizabeth Eliza; "they never go out together. One of them, if not two, will be sure to have the headache. Ann Maria Bromwich would come, and the three Gibbons boys, and their sister Juliana; but the other sisters are out West, and there is but one Osborne."

It really did seem safe to ask "everybody." They would be sorry, after it was over, that they had not asked more.

"We have the cow," said Mrs. Peterkin, "so there will be as much cream and milk as we shall need."

"And our own pig," said Agamemnon. "I am glad we had it salted; so we can have plenty of sandwiches."

"I will buy a chest of tea," exclaimed Mr. Peterkin. "I have been thinking of a chest for some time."

Mrs. Peterkin thought a whole chest would not be needed; it was as well to buy the tea and coffee by the pound. But Mr. Peterkin determined on a chest of tea and a bag of coffee.

So they decided to give the invitations to all. It might be a stormy evening, and some would be prevented.

The lady from Philadelphia and her daughters accepted.

And it turned out a fair day, and more came than were expected. Ann Maria Bromwich had a friend staying with her, and brought her over, for the Bromwiches were opposite neighbors. And the Tremletts had a niece, and Mary Osborne an aunt, that they took the liberty to bring.

The little boys were at the door, to show in the guests; and as each set came to the front gate, they ran back to tell their mother that more were coming. Mrs. Peterkin had grown dizzy with counting those who had come, and trying to calculate how many were to come, and wondering why there were always more and never less, and whether the cups would go round.

The three Tremletts all came with their niece. They all had had their headaches the day before, and were having that banded feeling you always have after a headache; so they all sat at the same side of the room on the long sofa.

All the Jefferses came, though they had sent uncertain answer. Old Mr. Jeffers had to be helped in with his cane, by Mr. Peterkin.

The Gibbons boys came, and would stand just outside the parlor door. And Juliana appeared afterward, with the two other sisters, unexpectedly home from the West.

"Got home this morning!" they said. "And

so glad to be in time to see everybody,—a little tired, to be sure, after forty-eight hours in a sleeping-car!"

"Forty-eight!" repeated Mrs. Peterkin; and wondered if there were forty-eight people, and why they were all so glad to come, and whether all could sit down.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Bromwich came. They thought it would not be neighborly to stay away. They insisted on getting into the most uncomfortable seats.

Yet there seemed to be seats enough while the Gibbons boys preferred to stand. But they never could sit around a tea-table. Elizabeth Eliza had thought they all might have room at the table, and Solomon John and the little boys could help in the waiting.

It was a great moment when the lady from Philadelphia arrived with her daughters. Mr. Peterkin was talking to Mr. Bromwich, who was a little deaf. The Gibbons boys retreated a little farther behind the parlor door. Mrs. Peterkin hastened forward to shake hands with the lady from Philadelphia, saying:

"Four Gibbons girls and Mary Osborne's aunt,—that makes nineteen; and now —"

It made no difference what she said; for there was such a murmuring of talk, that any words suited. And the lady from Philadelphia wanted to be introduced to the Bromwiches.

It was delightful for the little boys. They came to Elizabeth Eliza, and asked:

"Can't we go and ask more? Can't we fetch the Larkins?"

"Oh dear, no!" answered Elizabeth Eliza. "I can't even count them!"

Mrs. Peterkin found time to meet Elizabeth Eliza in the side entry to ask if there were going to be cups enough.

"I have set Agamemnon in the front entry to count," said Elizabeth Eliza, putting her hand to her head.

The little boys came to say that the Maberlys were coming.

"The Maberlys!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza. "I never asked them."

"It is your father's doing," cried Mrs. Peterkin. "I do believe he asked everybody he saw!" And she hurried back to her guests.

"What if father really has asked everybody?" Elizabeth Eliza said to herself, pressing her head again with her hand.

There was the cow and the pig. But if they all took tea or coffee, or both, the cups could *not* go round.

Agamemnon returned in the midst of her agony.

He had not been able to count the guests, they moved about so, they talked so; and it would not look well to appear to count.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"We are not a family for an emergency," sighed Agamemnon.

"What do you suppose they do in Philadelphia at the Exhibition, when there are more people than cups and saucers?" asked Elizabeth Eliza. "Could not you go and inquire? I know the lady from Philadelphia is talking about the Exhibition, and telling why she must go back to receive friends. And they must have trouble there! Could not you go in and ask, just as if you wanted to know?"

Agamemnon looked into the room, but there were too many talking with the lady from Philadelphia.

"If we could only look into some book," he said, "the encyclopædia or the dictionary,—they are such a help sometimes!"

At this moment he thought of his "Great Triumphs of Great Men," that he was reading just now. He had not reached the lives of the Stephensons, or any of the men of modern times. He might skip over to them,—he knew they were men for emergencies.

He ran up to his room, and met Solomon John coming down with chairs.

"That is a good thought," said Agamemnon. "I will bring down more upstairs chairs."

"No," said Solomon John, "here are all that can come down; the rest of the bedroom chairs match bureaus, and they never will do!"

Agamemnon kept on to his own room, to consult his books. If only he could invent something on the spur of the moment,—a set of bedroom furniture, that in an emergency could be turned into parlor chairs! It seemed an idea; and he sat himself down to his table and pencils, when he was interrupted by the little boys, who came to tell him that Elizabeth Eliza wanted him.

The little boys had been busy thinking. They proposed that the tea-table, with all the things on, should be pushed into the front room, where the company were; and those could take cups who could find cups.

But Elizabeth Eliza feared it would not be safe to push so large a table; it might upset and break what china they had.

Agamemnon came down to find her pouring out tea, in the back room. She called to him:

"Agamemnon, you must bring Mary Osborne to help, and perhaps one of the Gibbons boys would carry round some of the cups."

And so she began to pour out and to send round

the sandwiches, and the tea, and the coffee. Let things go as far as they would!

The little boys took the sugar and cream.

"As soon as they have done drinking, bring back the cups and saucers to be washed," she said to the Gibbons boys and the little boys.

This was an idea of Mary Osborne's.

But what was their surprise, that the more they poured out, the more cups they seemed to have! Elizabeth Eliza took the coffee, and Mary Osborne the tea. Amanda brought fresh cups from the kitchen.

"I can't understand it," Elizabeth Eliza said to Amanda. "Do they come back to you, round through the piazza? Surely there are more cups than there were!"

Her surprise was greater when some of them proved to be coffee-cups that matched the set! And they never had had coffee-cups.

Solomon John came in at this moment, breathless with triumph.

"Solomon John!" Elizabeth Eliza exclaimed, "I cannot understand the cups!"

"It is my doing," said Solomon John, with an elevated air. "I went to the lady from Philadelphia, in the midst of her talk. 'What do you do in Philadelphia, when you have n't enough cups?' 'Borrow of my neighbors,' she answered, as quick as she could."

"She must have guessed," interrupted Elizabeth Eliza.

"That may be," said Solomon John. "But I whispered to Ann Maria Bromwich,—she was standing by,—and she took me straight over into their closet, and old Mr. Bromwich bought this set, just where we bought ours. And they had a coffee-set, too —"

"You mean where our father and mother bought them. We were not born," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"It is all the same," said Solomon John. "They match exactly."

So they did, and more and more came in.

Elizabeth Eliza exclaimed:

"And Agamemnon says we are not a family for emergencies!"

"Ann Maria was very good about it," said Solomon John; "and quick, too. And old Mrs. Bromwich has kept all her set of two dozen coffee and tea cups!"

Elizabeth Eliza was ready to faint with delight and relief. She told the Gibbons boys, by mistake, instead of Agamemnon, and the little boys. She almost let fall the cups and saucers she took in her hand.

"No trouble now!"

She thought of the cow, and she thought of the pig, and she poured on.

No trouble, except about the chairs. She looked into the room—all seemed to be sitting down, even her mother. No, her father was standing, talking to Mr. Jeffers. But he was drinking coffee, and the Gibbons boys were handing things around.

The daughters of the lady from Philadelphia were sitting on shawls on the edge of the window that opened upon the piazza. It was a soft, warm evening, and some of the young people were on the piazza. Everybody was talking and laughing, except those who were listening.

Mr. Peterkin broke away, to bring back his cup and another for more coffee.

"It's a great success, Elizabeth Eliza," he whispered. "The coffee is admirable, and plenty of cups. We asked none too many. I should not mind having a tea-party every week."

Elizabeth Eliza sighed with relief as she filled his cup. It was going off well. There were cups enough, but she was not sure she could live over another such hour of anxiety; and what was to be done after tea?

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE way now appeared dreary enough to the young traveler, carrying his little bag in his hand along the uneven track.

He had not minded the stump fences at first; somehow they had looked rather picturesque, with their immense and many-pronged roots turned up and interlocked in an endless row on either side, suggesting the bleached and broken antlers of a whole species of some extinct gigantic stag. But they soon made Jacob feel that he was walking through a narrow and interminable prison, shutting him out from all the world beside; and ever afterward the sight of a root fence anywhere, carried his mind back to that hour of his parting from Ruth and setting out on his dubious journey alone.

He came to a more cultivated country before long, a region of orchards, groves, and fields, in which there were men and boys at work. When he got tired and hungry, he sat down on a log in the edge of some woods, where there was a road-side spring, and opened his bag, in which he knew that Mary's careful hands had placed his luncheon. He had many things to think of as he unfolded the neat brown paper covering, and found hard-boiled eggs, and salt, and butter, and biscuit, and cold chicken,—enough for luncheon and dinner too.

After eating, he got down on his hands and knees and drank at the cool spring. A spout led the water to a road-side trough, where travelers stopped to water their teams.

While Jacob was sitting there in the shade, a farmer in a wagon drove up to the trough, and was

about getting down from his seat, when Jacob sprang up and offered to uncheck the horses for him.

"Thank ye, boy," said the man. Then, after Jacob had put up the check-reins again, "Tumble in and ride, if you are going my way."

Jacob was going his way, and he "tumbled in."

So Jacob walked, and rested, and rode occasionally, without meeting with any remarkable adventures that day or the next. He slept the first night at a farm-house, and on the afternoon of the second day came to the village of Jackson.

Seeing the smoke of an iron-furnace, he made his way toward it; and, taking out Matthew's letter, and looking at the back of it, asked some men in the casting-room if they could tell him where to find Benjamin Radkin.

"You mean *Mr.* Benjamin Radkin, don't you?" said a big fellow with grimy arms and face, and a very blunt, overbearing manner.

"Y-y-yes, sir," stammered Jacob, quite abashed by the suddenness and strangeness of the question.

"Why did n't you say so, then?"

"I—I suppose—because it is simply *Benjamin Radkin* on the back of this letter. A letter from his uncle, Matthew Lane," added Jacob.

"The Quaker," said the big grimy fellow. "Mr. Radkin is something of a Quaker, too, but not so much of a one but what it'll be safe enough for youngsters like you to *Mister* him."

And the man turned away, swinging a long iron bar which he carried with both hands.

Jacob followed him along the sandy floor, on one side of which preparations had evidently been made for casting.

"Where can I find—Mr. Radkin?" said he.

"Don't know," said the man, gruffly.

"Is this his iron-furnace?"

"He's one of the owners."

"Is he about here now?"

"No, he aint about here now."

And the gruff and grimy one set his bar up against the great chimney with a clang.

Jacob immediately set him down as a sort of grim and surly foreman, puffed up by the importance of his office. He could not help feeling stung by the rebuff, which he regarded as a bad omen for the result of his search.

He turned to another workman, who answered his questions rather more civilly, although he, too, had something of the foreman's ill manners, perhaps more imitated than natural.

"Mr. Radkin is here generally every day, but I have n't seen him to-day. Anybody in the village can tell you where his house is."

So Jacob went out, and found the house after a little trouble. A young girl came to the door.

"Is Mr. Radkin at home?" he asked, being careful to put in the *Mister* distinctly this time.

The girl smiled on him pleasantly enough to have been a daughter of the cousin of Ruth. But her reply was by no means pleasant to poor Jacob.

"He has gone away."

"When will he be home?"

"I think not for three or four days. He went to Chillicothe, on business, this morning."

Jacob's heart sank more and more. Still he had hopes of what Friend Matthew's letter might do for him even in the nephew's absence.

"Is *Mrs.* Radkin at home?"

"Yes. But here is her father; perhaps he can tell you all you wish to know."

Jacob heard a heavy footstep behind her in the entry, as she spoke. She slipped out of sight, and there appeared a huge form in a drab coat and a broad red face under a broad-brimmed hat; at sight of which Jacob's heart, which had sunk low enough before, seemed for a dizzy moment utterly annihilated.

"What, Jacob! is it thee?" said he, with an odd smile. "Where does thee come from?—and what brings thee at this time to the house of my daughter, Jacob?"

"Is this—*is Mrs. Radkin*——" faltered Jacob, in utter discomfiture.

"Salome Radkin is my daughter. Benjamin Radkin is away. What can I do for thee, Jacob?"

Jacob had turned slightly pale at first, but now his face became redder even than that of the well-satisfied and grimly-smiling speaker,—who, as the reader has no doubt divined, was no other than our hero's old acquaintance, Friend David Doane, of that unlucky cow-trade.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE INCONVENIENCE OF HAVING AN ENEMY.

AS soon as he had recovered a little from his confusion, Jacob said: "I have brought a letter to Mr. Radkin from his uncle, Matthew Lane."

"Very well," replied Friend David; "thee can hand me the letter, and I will see it delivered to my son-in-law on his return."

Jacob reached out the letter, but immediately drew it back.

"I hoped—his uncle expected me—to hand him the letter myself."

"That thee cannot very well do unless thee comes again next week, or goes to Chillicothe to find him."

This was a new idea, and it afforded a gleam of light to Jacob's bewildered mind.

"How far is it to Chillicothe?"

"I think it is about forty miles by railroad; but perhaps not more than twenty-five in a direct line."

"Thank you," said Jacob, hesitatingly, putting the letter back into his pocket.

Friend David's immense waistcoat still blocked up the door-way, and there was no invitation in that grimly smiling face. Of course Jacob believed that he had made an implacable enemy forever of Mrs. Radkin's father; how, then, could he expect hospitality from her during her husband's absence, or even after his return? For would not Friend David prejudice the minds of both against him, perhaps to such a degree that the uncle's letter would be of no use to him?

"If I could see Mr. Radkin before he sees Friend David, deliver the letter, and, may be, tell him my side of that cow-story first, there might be some chance for me."

The thought passed quickly through the lad's mind, and he asked:

"How can I find him, if I go to Chillicothe?"

"He has business with the firm of Phelps & Walton; everybody, I should say, knows them," replied Friend David.

"Thank you, Mr. Doane,"—and Jacob slowly and reluctantly turned away.

"Anything else I can do for thee?" Friend David called after him.

"Nothing more," replied Jacob, too proud to ask anything of the man he had offended.

He walked off, still in a state of great anxiety and doubt as to the course he ought to pursue. The money Matthew had put into his hand was all spent, together with a part of the half-dollar which Longshore had given him. He had only thirty cents in his pocket, and it was Saturday afternoon. Experience had taught him that he could make thirty cents go farther in the country

than in a village, and he could see no good reason for remaining in Jackson. "Better be traveling, even if I come back here," thought he.

Then why not go to Chillicothe? He had found out about how far he could walk in a day, and believed that he could reach Chillicothe on foot by

of necessity?"—for he now recalled that convenient term by which the worthy woman used to excuse to her conscience and to him much of her own labor on the Lord's Day.

While making up his mind what he should do, he wandered back to the casting-room of the iron-



"THEE CAN HAND ME THE LETTER."

the evening of the next day. But the next day was Sunday. He did not wish to travel on Sunday again, as he had on the last Sunday, acting under Mr. Pinkey's advice and influence. That gentleman's free and easy principles were fast losing their power over him, while his pious aunt's instructions were remembered. But would not travel on Sunday, in his present circumstances, be a "deed

furnace, and sat down on a box near the door, for it now occurred to him that he was very tired.

"Where is that light of conscience Friend Matthew told about?" he said to himself. "Oh, I wish it would show me what to do!"

Meanwhile, there was a great glare of a different light before his eyes. In the back part of the room was the huge furnace, or "cupola," rising to the

roof. Before it were ranged a gang of men, with the gruff foreman at their head, who with his bar drilled out the baked mass of clay that closed the vent. Red spatters of melted iron flew at first, and then out gushed the fiery flood. This was conducted down channels in the sand to the casting-floor, and led off into side channels, which it filled, until the whole of that side of the floor was occupied by one immense gridiron-shaped mass of glowing and smoking metal.

Jacob watched this process with interest, although the heat from the casting made his position on the box very uncomfortable. But when water was showered upon the floor from a hose-pipe, filling the great hollow building with a terrible hissing and a vast cloud of stifling steam, he could stand it no longer, but, taking up his little black bag, he walked out and cooled his face and lungs on the bank of a stream that fed the works.

Meanwhile, there was talk about Jacob in Benjamin Radkin's house. The girl, who was indeed a daughter of Ruth's cousin, reported to her mother that a nice-looking lad was at the door inquiring for her father; and Friend David was duly questioned with regard to him, on his return into the house after the interview.

And now, if Jacob could have been behind the door, he would have discovered that Friend David was not so much his enemy as he supposed.

The broad face of the burly Quaker was crinkled with smiles as he re-entered the room.

"It happened to be a boy I know, who left our town a week since in company with a scapegrace dancing-master. He had a letter for Benjamin, which I offered to see delivered to him, but he said me nay, and departed."

"Why did n't thee ask him in?" said Salome.

"I had my reasons for that," replied the smiling David. "I had some little trouble with him just before he left. I desired to buy a cow of him, and he charged me a round price for her,—which was but natural. I respected him none the less for that. But as I was bargaining with him, he mocked me in my own language. I thought it right to punish him a little for his impertinence. Nevertheless, I think he is an honest-hearted lad, and when he comes back we will see what can be done for him."

"But what if he should not come back?" said the young girl, who had watched Jacob with interest as he wandered wretchedly away.

"He will come back, fast enough, Caroline?" said Friend David. "He inquired about Chillicothe, but there is no train to take him there to-night. His pride will be humbled. He will not mock me with his *thee* and *thy* again very soon."

Caroline and her mother looked anxiously to see

Jacob re-appear; and at last Friend David himself began to feel uneasy at his prolonged absence.

"I should like to know what his fortunes have been, and what has become of his flighty dancing-master," he said. "By his looks, I judge he has seen trouble; or I may have been deceived by the confusion he was thrown into by seeing me."

And the broad face crinkled again at the pleasant recollection of that triumph.

"If he were here, he might sit down to supper with us," said Mrs. Radkin. "I am sure Benjamin would wish us to do so much for one who brings him a letter from his Uncle Matthew."

After supper, Friend David, feeling more and more troubled in his mind at what he had done, walked out, thinking he would hunt Jacob up, speak more kindly to him, and bring him to the house. He traced him to the iron-furnace, and there learned that Jacob had last been seen sitting on the box near the door. But he had now disappeared, and none knew where he had gone.

"I did not think the lad would have been so foolish!" said David, on his return to the house. "He will be back here by dark, I am confident."

But at dark, Jacob was miles away, on the road to Chillicothe.

CHAPTER XXV.

JACOB HEARS PREACHING, AND GETS A RIDE.

FOOLISH or not, the boy had reasons of his own for going off in that way.

In the first place, he had made a great mistake in imagining Friend David to be a worse man than he really was; there being, after all, a kindly heart somewhere within that prodigious expanse of waistcoat,—its chief fault lying in that too earnest inclination we have noticed, "to hold the world rightly by the handle."

Then Jacob remembered how, in the matter of the cow-trade, he too had wished in a humble way to keep a hold on the said handle, and there had been a jostling which did not result to David's advantage. That a lad of fifteen should have beaten that wary old head at a bargain, would seem of itself no slight offense, however blameless. But he had added insult to that injury,—a conscious fault to an innocent victory; thereby putting himself in the wrong. He had gloated over that boyish triumph, fancying the Quaker's burning resentment, and laughing to think that it was powerless to harm him. And now, behold, it was not so powerless!—here was the terrible David, a lion in his path. No wonder he retired in dismay.

He got a supper of bread-and-milk at a farmhouse, for which he offered to pay. The woman who served it looked at him with a sort of moth-

erly interest, and for a moment there seemed to be a struggle in her breast between the instinct of hospitality and the desire of gain. She was evidently poor. She was having a hard struggle, there in a rough country, to bring up her own children and keep them from want.

"We don't often feed strangers," she said, "and I would n't take a cent if I could afford to keep you for nothing."

"I have thirty cents," said Jacob, as he produced three little ten-cent pieces of scrip.

"That all ye have?" said the woman. "Then I wont take any pay. Call it a treat."

But Jacob, fearing she might think he meant to plead poverty, and shirk paying for what he had had, insisted on her making change. This she refused to do, but she finally accepted one of the ten-cent bits of paper, on condition that he would put two of her fried cakes in his pocket. To this he agreed, and with mutual satisfaction they parted.

He now felt that he could not afford the expense of lodgings that night, and as it grew dark, he looked wistfully for a place to sleep in the open air.

Between him and the sunset sky appeared the giant arms and battered trunks of a ruined forest. Approaching it, he found it to be what the Kentucky people, who had settled in that part of the country, called a "deadening." To save the labor of clearing a piece of woods, which they wished to convert into a field, they had killed the trees by girdling with the ax, leaving them to enrich the soil with droppings of bark and limbs, until the trunks themselves should decay and fall. Meanwhile, in this dismantled and almost shadeless grove crops were planted, and flourished well; and Jacob, drawing near, found a freshly harvested field of late grain among the spectral giants that drew their black profiles on the sunset sky.

He sat down behind one of the stooks of grain, and waited some time to see if he was followed or observed. Then, by parting and re-arranging the bundles, he formed a sort of bed, into which he crept, and lay down in a tent of sheaves. Then the solitude deepened, the last gleam of day vanished, and through the open door of his tent, and between the ghostly trunks, he saw the stars in the deep, quiet sky. They had never seemed so far away before. He had never felt so utterly alone,—not even when left by the steam-tug at night on the wooded banks of the great river.

But Jacob was not afraid. And somehow he was not sad. There came to him a sense of wild freedom in this novel situation; and a stream of solemn joy flowed with his strangely awakened thoughts.

The crickets sang him to sleep. Then, in the middle of the night, the wind arose, and shook the rustling hair of the tall sheaves above his head,

and moaned among the dead trees. Jacob, aroused, heard also an occasional dull, heavy pattering, which excited his wonder at first, and then his fear. The wind was shaking down rotted fragments of the dismal old forest, and he thought, "Suppose one of the trunks or great limbs should fall on me here!"

He looked out, and saw wild clouds flying between those ruined columns and the moon; then crept back, with a sense of trust in the Great Power that rules the mighty spheres, and slept again.

The next morning, he decided not to go back to Jackson, but to go on to Chillicothe.

Holding with one hand the stick which suspended the bag over his shoulder, and, with the other, one of the good woman's greasy cakes, which he nibbled for his breakfast, our hero might have been seen trudging among the woods and fields, and scattered farm-houses, that quiet Sunday morning.

He dined on the other cake, sauced with roadside berries; and kept on, meeting with no adventures until afternoon. Then, feeling weary and hungry, and remembering that he had still twenty cents in his pocket, he stopped at a farm-house, but found it shut and deserted. It was near a mile to the next one; and that he found defended by a big dog.

"Folks have all gone to meeting," thought the young traveler, and tramped wearily on.

Country people on horseback or in open wagons had passed him a little while before, raising a dust for him to walk in. Now the last had gone by. The road was solitary; the silence was broken only by the sound of his own footsteps, the shrill noise of a locust, the far-off low of a heifer or the bark of a dog, and, at last, by the voice of a preacher.

The meeting-house was not in sight when Jacob first heard the voice rising in a wild wail, and then dying away in a sort of sing-song till it was heard no more. Soon he caught sight of the plain white building in a pleasant grove, and saw horses and wagons standing in the shade of the trees. The windows were wide open, and the voice was rolling out again in full volume; then it sank as before, running on in a low, monotonous chant.

He entered the grove, and, being faint from want of rest and food, sat down on a log, amidst a group of boys, some on the log, and others lying on the ground or leaning against the trees. He did not hear much of the sermon, even when the voice was at its loudest shout. Yet somehow those tones, and the atmosphere of the place carried his mind back to the many Sundays when he had sat with his aunt in her pew, and hearkened to the minister's earnest words, like a good boy; when he had a respectable home, and a place in the Sunday-school; and the influence of those days was so

strong upon him that he could not help regarding himself as one of the wicked now, resting there on the log, dusty, with his stick and bag.

Once, when the voice was low and the grove quiet, one of the boys sitting with him on the log, asked him if he would like to take a little ride.

"Of course I should," replied Jacob, "if it's in the direction I want to go."

"Which way is that?" said the boy.

"To Chillicothe," said Jacob.

"All right," said the boy. "We are just going to drive out on the Chillicothe road, and get back by the time preaching is over. One of the fellers here has a mule team that 'll carry a crowd."

Jacob felt his spirits revive at this unexpected good fortune. He thought it a little singular, however, that he, a strange boy, should be favored with such an invitation, and helped on his way by fellows who, from their looks, would never have been suspected of being so generous and accommodating.

grove was still, and moved on again at a time when the preacher's voice was drowning all other sounds.

It was a three-seated wagon, drawn by a pair of large mules, and it held eight boys,—a rather rough-appearing set, Jacob thought. He did not like the way they winked at each other, and snickered now and then, over some secret fun. But they were very good-natured and obliging; and, to a boy, a ride is a ride,—more particularly to one so sore-footed, worn, and hungry as Jacob was then.

The fellow who had been at the mules' heads backing them around, having got in last, took a seat by Jacob's side. A whip which he had dragged behind him he now thrust under the seat. He was round-shouldered, and not very well dressed, and seemed young to be the owner of a wagon and pair of mules. The others called him Josh.

"Just hold the lines a minute till I find my driving-gloves," he said to Jacob, and fumbled in his pockets, while the mules, moving at a walk, took them around out of the grove.

No driving-gloves were discovered. Indeed, even while searching for them, Josh appeared to be more intent on glancing up through the woods at the meeting-house, as if looking with anxious cunning for something in that direction.

As soon as the building was hidden from view, his attitude and expression changed. He straightened his stooping shoulders. He pulled up the whip from under the seat, snatched the reins, shook out the lash, and shouted with glee. All the others began at the same time to laugh and yell like young lunatics; and away went the mules at a round trot.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BOYS AND THE MULE-TEAM.

JACOB was now sure that something was wrong.

"This is n't your team, is it?" he said to Josh.

"Mine while I have it!" said Josh, and laid on the whip.

"Wont old Dorgan be mad when he comes out and finds his mules and wagon gone!" screamed a fellow on the back seat. The rattling

of the vehicle and the jargon of voices were so great that he had to scream to be heard.

"We 'll have 'em back there, fast tied to the tree, by the time preaching is over," yelled another. "Wont we, Josh?"



"HE LAY DOWN IN A TENT OF SHEAVES."

What was likewise remarkable, he was given a place on the front seat, and trusted to hold the reins while the boy was backing his team around. It also struck him as a trifle queer that the wagon should be turned so carefully, stopped when the

"If we don't miss of it!" shouted Josh, with a wild laugh. "Wake up there, you stingy man's mules!" And *crack! crack!* went the whip again.

The mules had struck into a canter, and the wagon, which was without springs, was bounding at a furious rate over the uneven road. Had the boys been subjected to that ride for a punishment, they would have considered it cruel. But as it was of their own choosing, they no doubt deemed it, if a trifle rough, yet jolly.

"Look here!" cried Jacob, "you are getting into a scrape! I'd rather walk than ride in this style!"

"Walk, then, why don't ye?" laughed the driver, and yelled to the team,—but suddenly stopped yelling to recover his whip. He had somehow, in brandishing it, got the lash caught in a wheel, and it was wound up so suddenly around the hub,—hickory stock and all,—and wrenched out of his hand, that he hardly had time to think about it.

He now tried to stop the team, and begged Jacob to help him tug at the reins. But the large, clumsy mules, having been forced into a gallop, were not to be easily forced out of it. One of them appeared rather inclined to lag, but the speed of the other increased. He was probably frightened at the whip-stock, which at every turn of the wheel struck the whippetree, and sometimes his heels.

Suddenly he too slackened speed a little. But it was only to waste his energies in another direction. That mule began to kick. The heels flew up to the whippetree, and at last clearing the whippetree, struck the fore-board of the wagon, and sent the splinters flying. One of them flew into the face of Josh, and made him put up a hand with a cry.

This was a change of business which seemed to amuse the mule. Having begun, he kicked a great deal longer than was necessary, if he could only have been made to think so. The whip had ceased to trouble him; but still he kicked. Kicking—like many other things—is catching, and at length the other mule began to kick. And now Jacob had to dodge the splinters. Such a rattling of whippetrees and play of mules' hoofs in the air those boys had never heard or seen before. Variety of this sort did not please them so well.

"Hold on to the reins!" cried Jacob, while he dodged. "They've kicked the whippetrees clear off! They'll get away and get killed!"

"Let 'em!" said Josh. "I'd like to kill that off mule!"

Indeed, he seemed to lay all the blame of the disaster and of the pain over his eye to the malice and depravity of that kicking beast.

"We must run 'em into the fence—there's no other way!" said Jacob; and pulling hard on *his* rein did the business.

The fence was what is called a "brush-wattling"—a thick platting of twigs and boughs, twisted in and out between slender upright supports. Had the team taken it at right angles, they would have gone through it as neatly as a circus-rider goes through a paper-covered hoop. But they struck it askant, and it proved too much for them. After tearing out four or five yards of it they stuck fast, with the fence between them, the wagon-pole and the broken harness tangled in the reins.

And still that perverse quadruped kicked!

"Run to their heads, or they'll get away!" cried Jacob; and he himself, jumping out, set the example, which nobody followed.

The young rogues seemed hardly to know whether to laugh or not. They flopped out of the wagon all at once and in every direction except that of the mules' heels, and stood around giggling excitedly and casting scared looks at the mischief done and back toward the meeting-house.

"I did n't get the wagon!" said one.

"Nor I neither!" said another.

"I don't care,—I've had the fun of seeing a mule-team make tracks once in my life!" said a third. "What ailed your whip, Josh?"

"There comes old Dorgan!" exclaimed a fourth; and half a dozen of the boys disappeared through the brush-wattling like squirrels.

Jacob looked up the road, and saw a horseman coming at a sharp gallop, his arms in the air like wings, flapping at every leap of the horse.

His own impulse was to run like the rest, but the mules were still struggling, and he could not make up his mind to let them go. It required no small courage, however, to stick to the reins, while "Old Dorgan" charged upon him with a terrible countenance and uplifted whip.

"What are ye doing with my team?" he shouted.

"Trying to hold 'em!" said Jacob, looking up straight into the pale, enraged face.

"Where are the other rascals? I see 'em!"

The horseman dashed through the ruined wattling, and soon had Josh and two of his companions marching back under the menace of his whip.

"Which of you stole my team?" he roared over their heads.

"*He* did! *he* did!"—and they pointed at Jacob.

"But you helped him!"

"No, we did n't!" said Josh. "Anybody that sees us start will tell ye he was driving! Ask the other boys."

"They've got away. And what was *you* scooting for?"

"When he run the team into the fence, we got scared," said Josh.

"He'd got us into the scrape, and we wanted to get out of it," said another, rather sheepishly.

The angry man drove the culprits back to the road, and brandished his whip over Jacob, who stood, white and trembling, for he had overheard what was said.

"Thought you could take my team and ask a crew of boys to ride, did ye? If you did n't have hold of my mules, I'd slash ye!"

"You'd better not slash me till you know the truth about it," said Jacob, as calmly as he could.

"Whose whip is that snarled up in the wheel?" Dorgan demanded.

"It's no whip that I ever saw, till I saw it in

afoot from Jackson to Chillicothe. My bag is there in the wagon. I had come into the grove, and sat down to rest, when they asked me to ride. They *did* get me to sit on the front seat and hold the reins, while they were backing the team around and that fellow with a sore eye pretended to be searching his pockets for driving-gloves. But I believe now it was all a trick, to have the blame laid on me if they got caught."

The rogues tried to interrupt Jacob's story, and vehemently charged him with falsehood; but the old man silenced them with a flourish of his whip.



OLD DORGAN'S PURSUIT.

that fellow's hands," replied Jacob. "They pretended that it was his team, and asked me to ride. I tried to stop the mules for him, after he got his whip caught in the wheel and they had kicked the whippetrees clear of the wagon; and I *did* turn them into the fence. Then, when all the rest ran, I stayed to hold the team. Where do you think they would be now if I had run, too?"

There was something in Jacob's honest, energetic face more convincing than the united voices of the lying rogues.

"What is your name?" Dorgan inquired.

"My name is Jacob Fortune. I am traveling

Without expressing any opinion on the matter, he told them if they valued their skins not to attempt running away again, but to help him get his mules and wagon out of the fence.

They took hold and helped accordingly. But Jacob was the only one who rendered any very efficient service. He found the lost whippetree bolt, and assisted in tying up the broken harness with the rope-halters.

"Now get in, every one of ye!" said the old man, when he thought it safe to start.

"I've had a pretty poor ride, and I think I've done enough to pay for it," said Jacob. "I've

had no dinner, I'm tired, and I should like to continue my journey."

"Get in, I tell ye!" growled the old man.

And, seeing that remonstrance was in vain, Jacob got in with the rest.

Driving the mules with his own whip while the broken one lay coiled up by Jacob's bag at his feet, and leading the borrowed horse by the bridle made fast to the tail-end of the wagon, the old man rode back to the meeting-house in grim triumph.

The meeting was over when he got there, and his return with the captured boys awakened a good deal of interest, and occasioned also some merriment, among the spectators. He restored the horse he had taken for the pursuit, and tossed the ruined whip to the owner.

The names of the runaways were given up by those who had been taken, and the fathers and friends of three or four of the crew came out to conciliate the old man. As soon as he found anybody who promised to take the responsibility of giving one of his prisoners a "sound thrashing" at home, he delivered him into his hands. In this way he soon got rid of them all except Jacob.

"There's nobody to promise any such favor for me," said he, with a ruefully humorous smile. "I'd like to go where I can get something to eat."

"Set right where you be!" said the old man, sternly; and, driving up to the meeting-house steps, he called out: "Mother! gals! come on!"

The "mother," who turned out to be the old man's wife, and three "gals," one of whom was herself a young mother with a baby in her arms and two other young children at her side,—a coarse-featured and oddly dressed family in old-fashioned bonnets and faded gowns,—came and climbed into the wagon.

Jacob was going to get out and make room for them, but again the old man growled to him:

"I tell ye, stay right where you be!"

"You don't seem to believe my story," the boy remonstrated.

"What makes you think so?"

"If you believed me, you would trust me."

"I do trust you. I believe you are the only honest boy of the hull caboodle."

Jacob looked up at the old man in astonishment.

"Then what are you going to do with me?" he inquired.

And the old man answered, still in a sharp voice, but with a kindly twinkle in his black eye:

"I'm going to take you home with me, give you some supper, keep ye overnight, and carry ye up to Chillicothe when I go there to get my harness mended. Does that suit ye?"

"Oh!" said the hungry and weary Jacob, overcome with surprise and gratitude.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CURIOUS CHANCE OR TWO.

It was about four miles to the old man's house, and the mule-team was so slow that it seemed to Jacob, impatient for his supper, as if they never would get there. The old man whipped enough, but he did not whip as Josh whipped. Riding with him, however, was pleasanter, on the whole; and, during those last hungry and weary miles, it was vastly better than walking.

"Then they'll have to build a fire and put on the potatoes and wait for them to boil, and by that time I shall be starved!" thought Jacob.

But it was not quite so bad as that. When they came in sight of a house which the old man informed him was his "roost," Jacob was pleased to observe a smoke curling up from the chimney, and to hear the comments of the young ladies on that signal of domestic cheer.

"Jim's there!" said one.

"I hope he's got the potatoes on," said another.

"Trust Jim for that!" said her sister.

Jim, as it proved, was her husband; and her confidence in his attention to the family comforts turned out to be well placed. Not only did the kitchen door, as they rode up to it, exhale the steam of boiling potatoes, but it also breathed the fragrance of roasting corn. Jacob was glad.

That exemplary husband and son-in-law had, moreover, set the table for supper; and he now came out—a bushy-headed fellow in shirt and trousers—to take the children down over the wheel and kiss them, help the women, and then assist the old man in taking care of the team.

The old man had talked all the way home about the adventure of the boys with his mules and wagon, and he now had to go over it all again for the edification of Jim. The story was vividly illustrated by the broken harness and splintered fore-board; and at about every sentence the bushy-headed son-in-law broke forth with the exclamation, "Lucky for the scoundrels I was n't there!" This he repeated some fifty or sixty times during the talk, frequently enlarging on the lively treatment the rogues might have expected if he had been in the old man's place.

Supper was soon ready; and, though it was served in very homely style, it seemed to Jacob that food had never tasted so good to him.

"My corn at home would have been fine for roasting by this time," he thought; and, his mind starting off on a train of rather homesick reflections, he wondered where he would be eating supper when another Sunday came.

What he next needed most was sleep, and he was glad when the early rural bed-time arrived.

"We shall want to be starting for town by sun-up," said the old man, with his good-night.

Jim showed Jacob upstairs into a low-raftered garret, and left him to crawl into a bunk with the two boys. Jacob slept well in spite of too short a bed; and he was up betimes the next morning, ready for the early start the old man had promised. He was now impatient to be in Chillicothe, inquiring out Mr. Radkin.

But it was not until long after sunrise that the family sat down to breakfast. Then the old man had his wagon to grease. Then the mules, which were in the pasture, had to be caught and harnessed. More than once, in his increasing anxiety of mind, Jacob had proposed to set off on foot. But the old man had always prevented him, saying: "Don't rush; don't be desperate; plenty of time; we shall be off now in two minutes."

After the two minutes had become about two hours, the mules were at the door at last, and Jacob and his bag were in the wagon. Even then it seemed as if the old man would never be ready. Jacob, watching him with impatience, wishing many times that he had started on foot immediately after breakfast, said to himself:

"I believe that old man never hurried but once in his life, and that was when he came after us on horseback, with his arms flapping like wings!"

Could it be possible that this was that once energetic, furiously angry old man? Jacob wished he would get angry at something now.

At last they were off. The women, with red arms just from their wash-tubs, watched them from the door; while Jim called after Jacob, "If ever ye see any of them young scoundrels again, tell 'em 't was lucky for them I did n't ketch 'em!"

It was five miles to town, and the mules were slower even than when the old man drove them the day before. He said it would n't do to drive fast, on account of a tub of eggs he had in the wagon. So Jacob, finding it useless to fret, gave up at last, and enjoyed the journey.

The old man's talk was racy and interesting; and all the while the country was growing more and more beautiful. When at length the valley of the Scioto opened before them, Jacob thought he had never seen anything so enchanting.

From the eastern hills they looked down upon it, and across to the background of almost mountainous uplands beyond, refulgent with sunshine and soft blue haze. Through this broad, fertile, verdant plain, checkered with farms, and rising on either side in magnificent cultivated slopes, wound the many-looped river, with the accompanying canal near its western bank. Chillicothe was in

the distance, with its spires and smoke. A train of cars was flying along their iron track. Over all, superb cloud-shadows were chasing each other.

Jacob could not conceal his pleasure at the view. And even the old man, often as he had seen the same, was not insensible to its charms.

"Looks very much like a scenery," said he.

"Why, it *is* scenery," replied Jacob, not quite understanding the old man's meaning.

"I mean a painted pictur'," said Dorgan.

"Oh yes!" said Jacob; "only I am sure nobody ever saw a painting so beautiful!"

The old man said that he knew Phelps & Walton's place of business; and on reaching the city at last, he directed Jacob how to find it. Then he went to sell his butter and eggs, and get his harness and wagon mended.

Jacob found Phelps & Walton's easily. But the members of the firm had gone home to dinner. A boy left in charge of the counting-room could give no information regarding Mr. Radkin, except that he had seen him on Saturday. He advised Jacob to wait for Mr. Walton.

Jacob sat down and waited, and walked to the door and watched, then sat down again,—in his restlessness repeating this operation a dozen or twenty times. At last, a brisk, florid little man came bustling in; and the office-boy whispered to Jacob, "That's Mr. Walton."

Jacob stepped up to him with an anxiously beating heart.

"Mr. Walton," he said.

Mr. Walton was already opening papers at his desk, and appeared too busy to give him even a glance. Nevertheless, Jacob went on.

"I want to find Mr. Benjamin Radkin, of Jackson."

"Go to Jackson, then," said Mr. Walton, in a quick, bluff tone, and went on with his papers.

Jacob was struck dumb for a moment. Then he spoke up resolutely: "I have been to Jackson. He was not at home. I was told he was here, and that you would know about him."

Mr. Walton turned partly about, still with papers in his hands, and said: "He has been here, but he left this forenoon."

"To return to Jackson?" faltered Jacob.

"I don't know. My partner does. Here he is now. Phelps, which way did Radkin go, when he left this morning? Back to Jackson?"

"No," said Phelps, stopping to knock the ashes from a cigar. "He took the train for Cincinnati."

Jacob stood for a moment looking dazed; then, as if there were nothing more to be said, he quietly walked out of the store.

(To be continued.)

SPRAY.

(A Sketch from Real Life.)

BY J. REED SEVER.

"HERE, Spray! Come here, old fellow!" as some of the young guests had never seen them;
 The words, spoken in an affectionate tone, were and Spray's master readily consented.
 answered by a joyful bark. and a large black-and- "Here, sir!" said the gentleman, in a tone of



SPRAY.

tan dog sprang into the room, and leaped up against his master, licked his hand and snapped playfully at his feet.

His entrance now, when many little folks were having an evening party, was greeted with a lively clapping of hands; for Spray was a great pet, and had been taught by the gentleman who owned him to do some wonderful tricks. Many of the company begged that he be allowed to show these tricks,

command, after Spray had been introduced all around; "show me how big people waltz."

Spray pricked up his ears intelligently, and, as his master whistled some bars of a favorite air, rose on his hind legs, and began to dance around and around, keeping time with the tune.

While the little folks were laughing heartily at this clever imitation of a popular amusement, the gentleman suddenly cried, "Cigars!"

The word was scarcely spoken, when Spray dropped on all-fours, and, raising himself on his fore-paws, walked slowly about the room in that difficult position.

"Now, sir," said his master, when he had done, "we'll do something harder. Show me how the school-master reads."

All Spray's little audience waited with delight to see how he would do this.

Lifting himself on his haunches, he stretched out his paws, as if he were holding a school-book, and turning his head around slowly, with a comical air of severity, as if trying to get the attention of imaginary scholars, he began to open and shut his jaws, so as to imitate reading the lesson.

"Big word, Spray?" said his owner, as his pet was thus acting the school-master, reminding him that a long, hard word was near at hand.

Spray took the hint, and with a funny look that made all the party laugh, opened his jaws very wide indeed, to show his scholars how to pronounce the hard word properly.

The lesson done, and school dismissed, the dog dropped to the floor at a sign, and allowed himself to be petted and praised by the company.

"Tell me," said his master, after a time, "whether you would rather be a wicked traitor or die for your country?"

Spray, on hearing the question, ran around the room, and at last, finding a soft spot on the carpet, rolled over on his back, curled up his legs, and closed his eyes, to show the company that, if he had his choice, he would die a hero. As he lay this way, the little folks tried to make him move by coaxing and threats; but he did not stir until his master cried "Police!" And then he sprang up and ran to him, as if for protection from the dreaded policeman. When told that the policeman had gone away, however, he came out from his hiding-place, and turned a somersault on the floor, as much as to say:

"I'm not a bit afraid! I'll play as much as I like, spite of all the policemen in the world."

"Now show me how the minister prays," said Spray's master, when the dog had turned a number of somersaults.

The pet went over to a chair in one corner of the room, and sitting on his haunches, placed his paws on the rung, bowing his head between them in a very solemn way.

Again did Spray's little friends try to coax him away, and frighten him with cries of "Police!" but Spray knew his duty, and did not pay the slightest attention to them, but kept perfectly still, until, at a signal from his master, he sprang up, ready to obey further orders.

"Go and open that door, sir!" said his master,

pointing to the parlor door, that stood slightly ajar.

Spray, hearing the command, sprang away from the girls who were petting him, and creeping through the opening into the hall, raised himself on his hind legs, and pushed the door wide open against the wall.

"Now, shut it again, sir!" said his master; and Spray obeyed, forcing his way behind the door, raising himself on his hind legs as before, and slamming it to with a loud bang.

"That's a good dog," said his master, patting him on the head. "Now go over there, and bring me your tail."

With that, Spray went into the corner and began to run around in a circle. After doing this a good many times, he dropped down on his haunches and made several laughable attempts to catch hold of his wagging tail. At last, seizing it firmly in his teeth, he stood up, and went on turning around and around, just as puss does when she chases after her tail. After turning in this way for quite a while, Spray at last reached the sofa, on which his master and several of his young companions were seated, laughing at him, and, at the former's command, let go his hold, and allowed his tail to wag as before.

Presently Spray broke away from the hugs and petting bestowed upon him by his little friends, and ran up to his master, who ordered him to show how he wrestled.

Running to the middle of the room, Spray planted his paws firmly on the carpet, and lifted one after the other several times, to show how boys change their feet about when wrestling. At length, after showing more such feints, he rolled over and over to show how boys tumble about when wrestling in a hay-loft, or on the long grass.

Again escaping from the caresses of the delighted spectators, after this amusing exhibition, he lay down at his master's feet. The gentleman then seized Spray's wagging tail, and making believe to bite it, said: "Shall I bite it? Say 'Oh, no!'"

Spray now became rather refractory, and would not at first do as he was told; but when the order was repeated in a tone of authority, he turned his eyes up to his master's face, and uttered a low whine, which sounded really very much like the words "Oh, no!"

Having thus made him plead to be let off, as well as a dog could, his master told him to jump up and make a figure eight; first, however, patting him affectionately, as a reward for his previous obedience. As his master stood up, Spray walked around, and in and out of both his feet from right to left; thus following the outline of a figure eight, as skaters do when cutting it on the ice.

This ended his tricks for the evening, and after being praised and called a "good dog" by his master, he joined in the sports of his young friends, until his owner called him to go home.

As the readers of ST. NICHOLAS may be interested in Spray, after reading of his doings, we will say that he is a New York dog, whose tricks they

may have a chance of seeing some day in public. At present, however, he is staying with his master, a down-town merchant, romping every day with his young friends, and learning new tricks for their amusement. He would no doubt be very vain if he could know that the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are interested in his performances.

THE THREE FISHERS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



JOHN, Frederick, and Henry
Had once a holiday;
And they would go a-fishing,
So merry and so gay.

It was not in the ocean,
Nor from the river-shore,
But in the monstrous water-butt
Outside the kitchen-door.

And John he had a fish-hook,
And Freddy had a pin,
And Henry took his sister's net,
And thought it was no sin.

They climbed up on the ladder
Till they the top did win;
And then they perched upon the edge,
And then they did begin.

But how their fishing prospered,
Or if they did it well,
Or if they caught the salmon,
I really cannot tell.

Because I was not there, you know.
But I can only say
That I too went a-fishing
That pleasant summer day.

It was not for a salmon,
Or shark with monstrous fin,
But it was for three little boys
All dripping to the skin.

I took them, and I shook them,
And I hung them up to dry.
D'ye think they ever fished again?
You don't? No more do I!

BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

BY PROF. W. K. BROOKS.

THE nests of birds afford the naturalist a most interesting subject for study, and every one has admired the wonderful skill with which each bird



THE WOODPECKER.

selects a proper place for its nest, gathers the necessary materials, and constructs the cradle in which its young are to find shelter and protection. But the nests of the various species of birds are almost as different from one another as the birds themselves.

WOODEN NESTS.

The red-headed woodpecker and the yellow-hammer bore holes in the decaying branches and trunks of trees, and in these they lay their eggs and bring up their young. The red-headed woodpecker is not often molested by man during the spring, for the farmers understand that, although this bird does destroy a great deal of fruit at certain seasons, he more than pays for this damage by the service he renders in freeing the orchard-trees from the insects and worms which otherwise would ruin them. The woodpecker knows very well that he is safe, and it is very easy to watch him at his labors. When a pair of these birds are ready to make their nest, they usually choose a large dead limb at some distance from the ground, and on the lower or sheltered side drill a round hole by means of their awl-like bills. This hole is as perfectly round and smooth as if made with an auger, and is just large enough to allow the bird to pass

through it. After the branch has been penetrated to the depth of three or four inches, the birds change the direction of the hole, and bore a tunnel down the inside of the branch for five or six inches, enlarging this portion somewhat at the bottom. Upon a soft bed of chips on the floor of this solid wooden house the eggs are laid, and here the young are raised, perfectly protected from rain and storm, and from nearly all enemies. The nest is so far from the ground that the eggs are in no danger of destruction by a prowling cat, and the entrance to the nest is so small that no hawk or owl can gain admission. Almost the only peril to which they are exposed is, that a snake may crawl into the nest, and eat up the eggs, or the young birds, if these are hatched. This done, the reptile quietly coils himself up in their place, and sleeps for several days.

A woodpecker's hole is such a very convenient place for a nest, that many other birds are glad to find one unoccupied. Sometimes a pair of wrens will watch the motions of the woodpeckers while they are at work, until an unfinished hole is left unguarded, when they will take possession of it. As soon as the lawful owners return, the thieves are driven off, but they are so persistent and



THE WREN.

troublesome that, although a woodpecker is larger and stronger than twenty wrens, the owners sometimes abandon the place, and make a new nest. Still, the wrens are not always allowed to keep the house they have stolen, for the blue-birds are

equally covetous of it, and sometimes fight fiercely with the wrens in their attempts to gain possession of it. Occasionally, both wrens and blue-birds are driven away by the martins, for these birds also prize woodpeckers' holes very highly. The fierce battles between these various birds over an abandoned hole are very amusing, and often last several days; for they all are very obstinate birds, and as each one is determined not to give up, the matter is not very easily settled.

NEST BUILDING.

Another interesting nest is that of the barn-swallow; and as these birds are very abundant, and have little fear of man, there is no difficulty in watching them while at work. Every boy who has passed the summer in the country, and has played in the hay-loft of a large open barn, has seen the nests and watched the birds build them, lay their eggs, raise their young ones, and give them their first lessons in flying; so that I can tell him nothing about it which he does not already know. But some of my readers may not have seen these birds at home. If you will go into any large open barn in the country, and hunt along the rafters close to the roof, you probably will find several large bunches of dried mud, which look like anything but nests. At first sight, each looks as if some one had taken a shovelful of stiff, wet clay, and thrown it up against the rafter with so much force that it was flattened out against the timber, and thus held fast until it had grown dry and hard. If you can find one of these lumps of clay in such a position that you can reach it and examine it carefully, you will find that on the upper side of it there is a beautiful little nest of hay lined with feathers, and that this is held up in its snug place under the roof by the platform of mud upon which it rests, as though upon a scaffolding. In the early summer, you often may see the barn-swallows very busy around pumps and cisterns, and upon the banks of brooks and ponds. They are then gathering material for their new nests. Each bird collects a little ball of mud, and carries it on its bill to the place which it has selected for its nest, moistening the mud, as it flies, with a thick, glue-like fluid, which the swallow is able to form at this season. When the bird reaches the barn, it presses the lump of mud against the rafter, and the glue holds it in its place until it becomes quite hard and firm. The birds continue to fasten new lumps of mud upon the first, until they have made a structure like half of a large bowl, fastened against the rafter, so near the roof of the barn that there is barely room enough for the birds to pass in and out. As the mud dries, it grows brittle; and as the finished nest weighs more

than a pound, it would be in great danger of falling by its own weight, unless the birds had some way of strengthening the mud. You know that masons mix hair with their mortar in order to make it stronger, and you remember that when the Jews were slaves in Egypt they mixed straw with the clay from which they made bricks. The barn-swallow has learned how to give strength to its work in the same way, and mixes small pieces of hay with its mud, so that this is made sufficiently tenacious to be in no danger of falling from

its place. After the outside of the nest is finished, the birds carry pieces of hay into the bowl, and so arrange them that they form a soft, warm bed, which is also well lined with feathers.

After all the work is done, and the nest is ready, the mother-bird lays four or five eggs; and if you will look into some of the nests early in the summer, you may be able to find some which contain these little white eggs, spotted with brown, resting upon the soft bed of feathers. The birds are so tame that looking into their nests does not trouble them as much as it does most birds; but in looking into the nest, you must be very careful

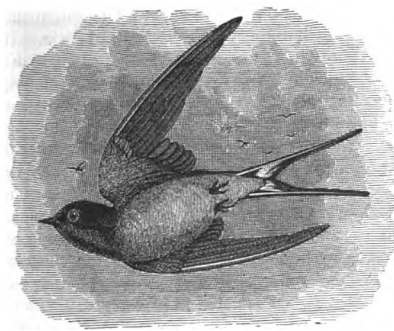


BARN-SWALLOWS AND THEIR NESTS.

not to touch any part of it, or the eggs; for although the mud is strong enough to hold up the birds, it is very dry and brittle indeed, so that a very slight touch is sometimes enough to bring it down and break it. The birds then lose not only their home, but, what is a much greater misfortune to them, the eggs for which they have labored so long and so faithfully to make a soft bed, out of the reach of cats, and rats, and birds of prey. Whenever you look into the nest to see the eggs or young birds, you must be very careful, too, not to stay too long, but to be satisfied with one short peep; for the old birds will not go into the nest while you are near it, and if they are kept away from the

eggs too long, these will become cold, and the young birds inside them will die.

If you are very careful to avoid touching the nest, and to make your visits while the old birds



A BARN-SWALLOW ON THE WING.

are away, and to stay near the nest only a very short time, you will have no trouble in following the growth of the young birds until they leave the nest, and I think that you would feel well paid for your trouble if you should try the experiment. After the young are hatched, the old birds are very busy for some days finding food for them, and are flying in and out of the barn continually. As barn-swallows are very sociable, a great many often build their nests under the same roof,—as many as thirty or forty being sometimes found in one barn. Of course there are two old birds for each nest, and as they are constantly flying in and out, there appears to be a much greater number. At first, the young birds are fed inside of the nest; but as they grow older, they come to the opening and stretch out their heads to take the food which their parents bring them, and soon they become strong enough to crawl to the outside of the nest.

THE FLYING-LESSON.

As soon as the young are large and strong enough to fly, the old birds try to induce them to use their wings, but they are rather slow to learn. This first lesson in flying is a very amusing performance, and it may be seen almost every day in summer.

The old birds fly back and forth before the little one in order to show it what an easy thing flying is, and keep up a constant twittering as if explaining the art, and urging the beginner to make the attempt. All the other old birds in the barn take a great interest in the lesson, and neglect their own work to attend to this. They fly back and forth with the parents, and join them in telling the little bird what to do. To judge from the noise

which they make, one would think that all the swallows in the country had gathered in the barn; and as they all talk together, it must be rather confusing to the young bird; so that it is not strange that it appears rather puzzled and stupid. At last, the young bird gathers sufficient courage to slide off its perch, and to give two or three wild flaps with its wings. In this way it manages to fly a few feet to another beam, the whole flock flying with it, and redoubling their twittering. When, by several trials of this kind, the young bird has learned how to use its wings, it flies out of the barn with its parents, and perches upon some tree or fence near the place where the old birds are in the habit of pursuing their insect food.

Their work is now much lightened, for they are not compelled to make the journey to the barn with every fly which they capture, but feed the young near the hunting-ground. Soon the little swallow becomes strong enough to accompany its parents, and although it does not yet do much hunting for itself, by watching the old birds, it gradually learns how to provide for its own wants. Whenever it perceives that one of its parents has captured an insect, it opens its mouth and flies near the old bird, which comes to meet it; and as the two pass each other in the air, the fly or grasshopper is very dexterously transferred from the beak of the old to that of the young bird.

Occasionally, a young swallow is so timid or lazy that it will not try to fly, but stays in its nest and compels its parents to feed it there until it has grown quite large and strong. At last, after the



THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW.

old birds have done and said everything possible to encourage it, without success, they push it out of the nest, and drive it from one perch to another, until it is fairly out of the barn, when it usually finds no difficulty in flying.

The chimney-swallow is another well-known bird, which builds its nest inside unused chimneys. The nest of this bird is somewhat like that of the barn-swallow in shape, but is made of small sticks instead of mud. These sticks, like the little balls of mud, are fastened together by means of a glue-like substance which is formed in the mouth of the bird; for almost all the birds which belong to the swallow family are able to secrete this glue, and make use of it in building their nests.

The chimney-swallows are usually not abundant in the large cities, and so are met with there only now and then; but in small towns, and in the country, they are very common, and nearly every unused chimney has at least one nest. The birds feed almost entirely upon insects, and when the young brood is hatched, the parents hunt for food by night as well as during the day; therefore you often may hear, in the middle of the night, the twittering of the young

birds in the chimney when the old ones return to the nest with the insects which they have captured. Like the barn-swallows, the chimney-swallows are very sociable, and so many often build in the same chimney that the nests block up the flue and entirely stop the draft. When heavy and long-continued rains occur, the glue by which the nests are stuck on becomes softened, and the old birds striking against the nests while flying in and out, break them from their attachment to the bricks, so that they fall to the bottom of the flue. It is said that, in 1857, during a long season of wet, cold weather in June, four hundred and eighty of these birds, young and old, were precipitated down a single chimney in Woodbury, Connecticut. Sometimes the chimney-swallow and the barn-swallow build their nests in caves or hollow trees, but barns and chimneys are so much more safe and convenient, that they are almost always selected in preference.



ANNETTA PLUMMER'S DIARY.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

My mother told me that it would be a good way for me to make believe that I am telling Miss Annetta Fourteen what happens every day. I asked my mother, "Will she be I? Will Miss Annetta Fourteen be the same I then that I am now when I am seven?"

She said, "She will be the same I, and she will not be the same I."

Then I asked my mother to tell me how I could be the same I, and not be the same I. She said, "You are the same you that you were when you were a baby, and you are not the same you." She

said that if I were the very same you—no, the very same I—that I was when I was a baby, I should want a rattle to shake, and to be trotted, and to pat cakes!

That made me laugh out loud.

Then my mother asked me if I should not like to read a little cunning diary, where Annetta Baby put down when she learned how to pat-a-cake, and when she jumped first time in a baby-jumper, and when she fell out of bed. And I said I should.

I shall tell something now in my diary about poor little Banty White. She died this morning. She

had the pip. She was a little beauty. Oh, she was just as white as snow all over, and every one in the family loved her very much. She would come when we called her, and she knew her name. She had four chickens once, and once she had seven. They are sold.

I cried when my Banty died. She was very cunning and very nice. My mother does not think it is foolish to cry for something like that. She thinks it is foolish to cry when you can't have things that you want, and when you cannot go to the places that you want to. My mother talks to me a great deal about Banty White. The Plaguer talks some. The Plaguer is my cousin Hiram. He is fifteen. He is very tall. He likes to plague us when we do not wish him to do so. He says "Boo!" in our ears when we do not know he is there.

They counted four good things about Banty. Kind—that was one of the good things. My cat had three kittens, and two died. My cat had fits. They were running fits. And once she ran away. That was the last one she had, for she did not live much longer, and her little kitty was left without any mother. Banty White let the kitty come under her wings, and did not push it out. She was kind to it a great many days. When she called her chickies to eat something, she wanted that kitty to come too, and she wanted the kitty to run under her wings when the chickies came under; and when the kitty did not come quick, she kept saying "Cluck! cluck! cluck!" till somebody put it under there. Then she kept still.

Not quarrelsome. This makes two good things. When any other Banty ran to get the same crumble that she was going after, she did not fly at that other one.

Not pick out the best. This makes three good things. When anybody threw down corn, or crumbs, or bugs,—my father picked off squash-bugs to give to the hens,—she did not try to pick for the biggest one, and she did not either try to keep the best place for herself. The best hen-place is close to the back door. Banty White was tied to a stake there, but she was willing the other ones should have that good place, too.

Not proud. Four good things. The Plaguer told me of this one. He said some hens are so proud when they lay eggs that they go around cackling very loud, just as much as to say, "See

what I've done! I've done!" He said Banty White never made a very loud cackling. My mother said that she heard the boys "cackle," one day, when they had brought in some large sticks of wood. That made us laugh. Then she said she heard a little girl "cackle," one day, when she had picked more huckleberries than the others did. I know what little girl she meant. Me.

One day, my father and my mother and myself went to see my aunt, and we stayed there all night, and Hiram put my Banty under a barrel to make her not want to sit, and he forgot she was under there, and she starved almost to death, because she had no food to eat.

One day, when our great Shanghai hen wanted to sit, the Jimmyjohas went 'way into a corner of the hen-house and tried to get hold of her legs to pull her off, and she pecked them. 'Most everybody knows about the Jimmies now, I think, for they are only our two little twin boys who look just alike. One of the Jimmies held out a stick for her to bite, and so she did a little while; but she stopped biting that stick when he began to put out his other hand to take hold of her legs with, and pecked that hand. Then he threw sand in her face, so she could not see his hand; but she could. Then he threw some pine-needles that were on the ground in the hen-house; but they did not stop her from pecking that hand he was taking hold of her legs with. Then he put his straw hat on her head, so that she had to knock her head on the inside of it, and then they both took hold of her legs and pulled her off. This is a very funny story. They could not get out. They let her go back again. The button on the door of the hen-house turns itself around, and they had to stay shut up in there almost two hours. They hollered just as loud as they could, and then they cried, and then they pounded, and then they kicked the door, and then they did all these same things over again. When Hiram put the cow in the barn, he heard them pounding, and heard Snip barking. Snip was lying down outside, and sometimes he got up and barked. One day, the Jimmyjohns went off in a boat, and it was bad weather, and they almost got drowned. This almost makes me cry—for then we could never, never see our little Jimmies any more! Oh! what should we do without our dear little Jimmies?

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE EGYPTIAN.

BY JOEL STACY.



"EVER ON HIS BRONZED FACE HE WORE A LOOK OF GLEE."

LONG, long ago, in Egypt land,
Where the lazy lotus grew,
And the pyramids, though vast and grand,
Were rather fresh and new,
There dwelt an honored family,
Called Scarabéus Phlat,
Whose duty 't was all faithfully
To tend The Sacred Cat.

They brought the water of the Nile
To bathe its precious feet;
They gave it oil and camomile
Whene'er it deigned to eat.

With gold and precious emeralds
Its temple sparkled o'er,
And golden mats lay thick upon
The consecrated floor.

And Scarabéus Phlat himself—
A man of cheerful mood—
Held not his trust from love of pelf,
For he was very good.
He thought The Cat a catamount
In strength and majesty;
And ever on his bronzed face
He wore a look of glee.

And Mrs. Scarabéus Phlat
Was smiling, bright, and good;
For she, too, loved The Sacred Cat,
As it was meet she should.
Never a grumpy syllable
Came from this joyous pair;
And all the neighbors envied them
Their very jolly air.

When Scarabéus went to find
The Sacred Cat its store,
The pretty wife he left behind
Stood smiling at the door.
He knew that sweetly, smilingly
She'd welcome his return,
And brightly on the altar stone
The tended flame would burn.

The Sacred Cat was different quite;
No jollity he knew;
But, spoiled and petted day and night,
Only the crosser grew.
Yet still they served him faithfully,
And thought his snarling sweet;
And still they fed him lusciously,
And bathed his sacred feet.

So far, so good. But hear the rest:
This couple had a child,
A little boy, not of the best,—
Ramesis, he was styled.
This little boy was beautiful,
But soon he grew to be
So like The Cat in manners,—oh!
'T was wonderful to see!

He might have copied Papa Phlat,
Or Mamma Phlat, as well;
And why he did n't this or that
No mortal soul could tell.
It was n't want of discipline,
Nor lack of good advice,
But just because he did n't care
To be the least bit nice.

Besides, he noticed day by day
How ill The Cat behaved,

And how (whatever they might say)
His parents were enslaved;
And how they worshiped silently
The naughty Sacred Cat.
Said he, "They'll do the same by me,
If I but act like that."

At first the parents said: "How blest
Are we, to find The Cat
Glow, humanized, within the breast
Of a Scarabéus Phlat!"
But soon the neighbors, pitying,
Whispered: "'T is very sad!
There's no mistake,—that little one
Of Phlat's is very bad!"

He snarled, he squalled from night till morn,
And scratched his mother's eyes.
The Sacred Cat, himself, looked on
In undisguised surprise.
And here the record suddenly
Breaks off. No more we know,
Excepting this: That happy pair
Soon wore a look of woe.

Yes, then, and ever afterward,
A look of pain they wore.
No more the wife stood smilingly
A-waiting at the door.
No more did Scarabéus Phlat
Display a jolly face;
But on his brow such sadness sat
It gloomed all the place.

So, children, take the lesson in,
And due attention give:
No matter when, or where, or how,
Mothers and fathers live;
No matter be they Brown or Jones,
Or Scarabéus Phlat,
It grieves their hearts to see their child
Act like a naughty cat.
And Sacred Cats are well enough
To those who hold them so;
But—oh, take warning of the boy
In Egypt long ago!

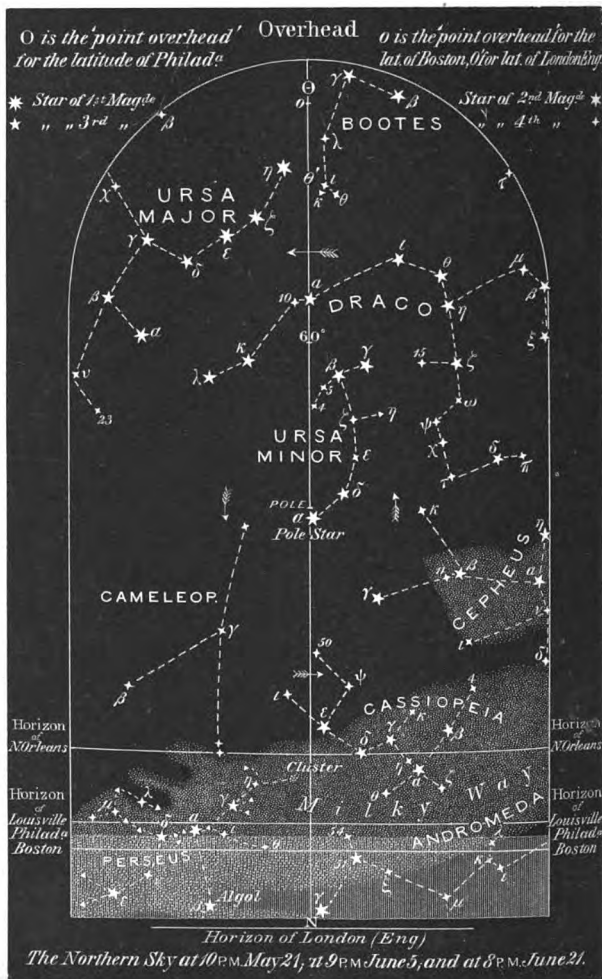


THE STARS IN JUNE.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THIS month, two pairs of maps are given,— The constellation Perseus is one of the oldest. two northern and two southern,—partly because It belongs, with Cepheus, Cassiopeia, Andromeda, we wish to complete the set of twelve maps—one for each month—in the present volume; but chiefly because the evenings are now getting long, and the stars must be looked for later. Thus, the first northern or southern map shows the stars as they are seen on June 21st at eight; but at that hour it is not dark enough then to see the stars. Now, the second northern or southern map shows the stars as they are seen on June 21st at ten o'clock. In July and August, also, it will be well to have maps of the stars at later hours than eight or nine. In the first part of June, as you will see, the first pair of maps are still to be used; from June 5, at nine in the evening, the stars can be well seen.

Taking the first northern map, we find the Guardians nearly above the pole. The Dipper has passed to the left, or west, of due north. The last star of the Great Bear's tail is nearly overhead. Cassiopeia has passed below the pole toward the east, and the five bright stars of the constellation now make a straggling W close to the horizon, and very nearly upright. The festoon of stars belonging to the constellation Perseus is just visible above the latitude of Philadelphia, but better seen above the latitude of Boston. As far south as Louisville, the festoon at the hours named under the map is broken by the horizon; but half an hour earlier, can be well seen. In London, as you see by the map, we can at these hours see nearly the whole of Perseus; and also a large part of Andromeda,—a constellation which cannot be well seen within the range of our northern maps from any part of the United States.



and Cetus (the Sea Monster), to a set which has been called the Cassiopeian group,—illustrating the story of the pride of Cassiopeia. I have already referred to the story itself, as not belonging to our subject here. But how the story found its way into

the heavens is one of the most mysterious questions in the history of astronomy; and if the answer could be found, we should have made an important step toward determining what nation first studied the stars. A curious story is told by Wilford, in his Asiatic researches, about these constellations. Asking an Indian astronomer, he says, "to show

me in the heavens the constellation Antarmada," he immediately pointed to Andromeda, though I had not given him any information about it beforehand. He afterward brought me a very rare and curious work in Sanscrit, which contained a chapter devoted to "*Upanachattras*," or constellations not in the zodiac, "with drawings of *Capuja* (Cepheus) and of *Casyapi* (Cassiopeia) seated and holding a lotus-flower in her hand, of *Antarmada* charmed with the fish beside her, and last, of *Parastea* (Perseus), who, according to the explanation of the book, held the head of a monster which he had slain in combat; blood was dropping from it, and for hair it had snakes." But whether the Indians borrowed from the Greeks, or the Greeks from the Indians, or both from some other source, we do not know.

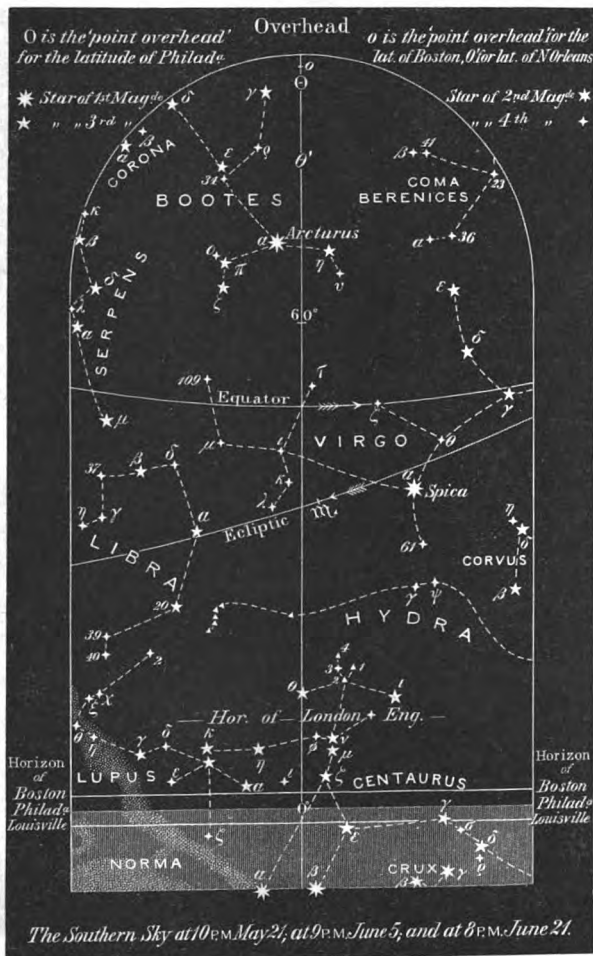
Perseus is represented as in Fig. 1 on page 566. Why, instead of a sword, the Rescuer should carry a weapon which looks like a reaping-hook, dependent sayeth not,—not knowing. Admiral Smyth remarks, that in an ancient MS. of the astronomical poet Aratus in the British Museum, with drawings made, it is supposed, in the reign of Constantine, Perseus is represented with no other drapery than a light scarf, holding the head of Medusa in his left hand and a singular hooked and pointed weapon in the right.

In the middle ages, an earnest effort was made to dismiss Perseus and Medusa's head in favor of David with the head of Goliath, but the attempt failed.

The Cluster on the sword hand of Perseus (see the northern map, also) can be seen easily with the

naked eye. This cluster should be examined with a small telescope, by all who possess, or can beg or borrow one. Nothing more wonderful exists in the heavens than this splendid cluster. In the middle there is a beautiful coronet of small stars.

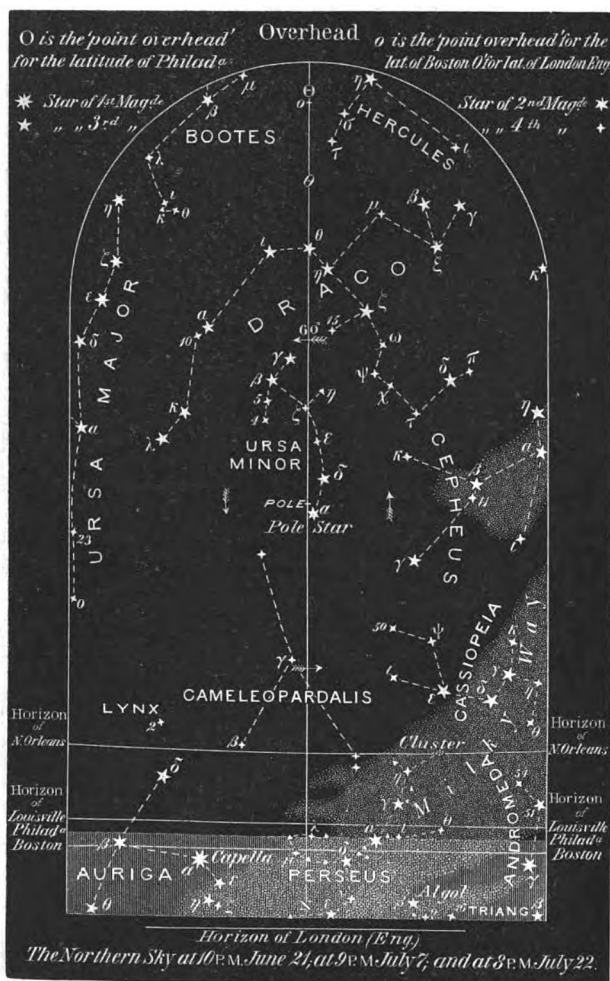
Although Algol, in the head of Medusa, cannot be seen in America, where shown, the horizon of



Boston passing high above it, yet as its place will soon be learned when once the festoon of stars in Perseus (μ , δ , α , γ , and η) is known, we may take this opportunity of describing this remarkable star. It shines most of the time as a star of the third

magnitude. During two days, fourteen hours, it retains this brightness, then, in the course of three hours and a quarter, it is reduced to the fourth magnitude. It remains thus faint for about a quarter of an hour, and then in the course of three hours and a quarter it gradually recovers its usual

The star loses half its brightness for about a quarter of an hour out of nearly sixty-nine hours, and remains in all only six hours and three-quarters below its full brightness. Now, if one side or part of a sun were less bright than the rest, to such a degree that, when that side was looked at, the sun

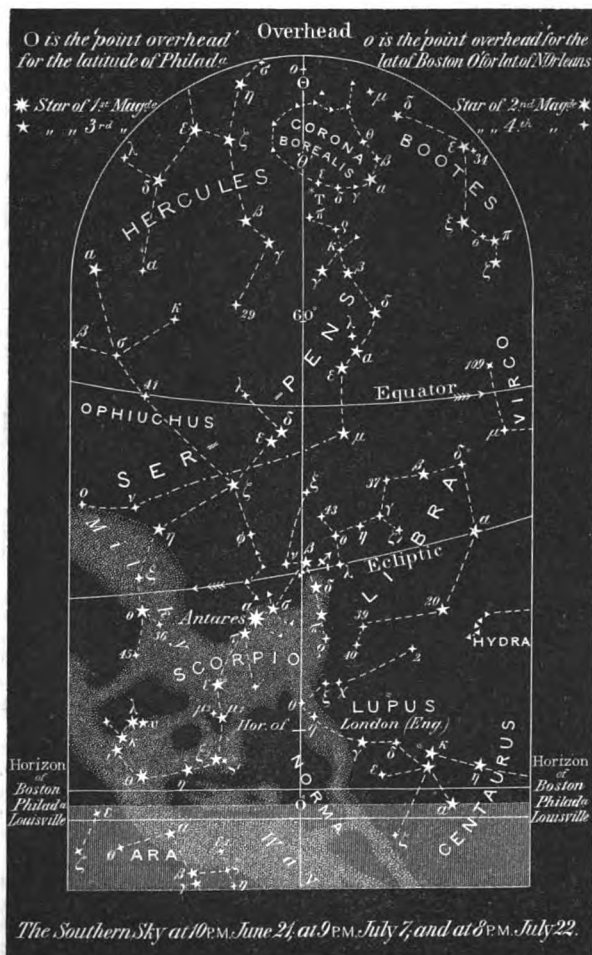


luster. This regular change is accounted for by some astronomers "by supposing the body of the star to rotate on an axis, having parts of its surface not luminous." It is singular that Sir W. Herschel and others who have given this explanation should not have noticed how it fails when put to the test.

shone with only half the luster of its other side, then the sun would be certainly quite half the time below its full brightness, and probably longer. Try the experiment with an orange. Peel off so much of one side that when you look at that side about half is peeled and the other half unpeeled, and

suppose the unpeeled part of the orange made intensely bright and the peeled part dark. Now, let the orange spin steadily on an axis, either thrusting a stick through it, or hanging it by a thread. You will find the peeled part remains wholly in view for (roughly) about a third part of

tenth part. This could never happen. The only possible explanation seems to be this,—that there is a great dark orb, like our earth, only very much larger, traveling around that distant sun, once in about sixty-nine hours, and coming between that sun and us once in each circuit. It must be large



an entire turning, and partly in view nearly twice as long. This is very unlike what is observed in the case of Algol, whose dark part, on the theory we are considering, would remain wholly in view only about a three-hundredth part of an entire turning, and more or less in view only about a

enough to cut off about half that sun's light, and must travel at such a rate that the partial eclipses which it causes last nearly seven hours at a time from beginning to end.

The discovery that Algol changes in brightness in this strange way is commonly supposed to be-

long to late times; but I think the name of the star shows that the astronomers of old knew all about this star's changes of luster. You see from Fig. 1 how the star adorns the head of the Gorgon



FIG. 1.

Medusa, borne by Perseus, which was supposed to possess the power of turning to stone every living creature that looked upon it. The Arabian name Algol is the same as *Al-ghul*, the monster or demon. And to this star most evil influences were attributed by astrologers. All this seems to show that the old astronomers had found out how ominously the star looks upon our system, slowly winking upon us from out the depths of space.

Turning to the southern skies, we find Virgo (the Virgin) now the ruling zodiacal constellation. Last month, she shared the honor with Leo (the Lion). Both these constellations are larger than others of the twelve which form the zodiac,—the two together, instead of covering about sixty degrees of the sun's path (one-sixth of his circuit), covering fully eighty degrees, or between a fourth part and a fifth part. The next two—the Scales and the Scorpion—together, scarcely cover forty degrees, instead of covering about thirty degrees, or a twelfth part of the zodiac, apiece. Nothing need be added to what I said last month about Virgo, and her bright star Spica. Libra (the Scales) I shall speak about presently.

The fine constellation Boötes (the Herdsman) is seen above Virgo. He is too high, however, for you readily to recognize his figure. At New Orleans, indeed, and other places far south, about as much of his frame is on the northern as on the southern side of the point overhead. The bright star Arcturus is a very noted one. According to the measurement of its light by Sir J. Herschel, it is the brightest star north of the celestial equator, though to the unaided eye, Vega, in the Lyre, and Capella, in the Charioteer, seem equally conspicuous. The heat which reaches us from this star

has been measured, and is found to be equal to about as much heat as would be received from a three-inch cube, full of boiling water, at a distance of 383 yards!

Low down toward the south you see the stars of the Centaur and Lupus (the Wolf). But it is only from the latitude of New Orleans that the bright stars marking the fore-feet of this constellation can be seen. The stars of the Cross marked in former times the hind-feet. You can easily see how the figure was imagined,—the stars θ and ι marking the shoulders, and 1, 2, 3 and 4 the head, of the human part of the Centaur; while the back of the horse extended from ζ to γ , σ , and δ . He was represented as bearing the body of the wolf upon a spear, apparently by way of offering it as a suitable sacrifice upon the altar, Ara,—a constellation which a little later comes into view in the south from places as far south as New Orleans.

But now let us take the second northern and southern maps for this month,—that is, let two hours be supposed to have passed, the summer sky darkening, and the stars in these later maps coming into view in the places shown.

In the northern map, you see that the Guardians have passed over to the left, or west, of due north. The Dipper now has its top—from δ to α —nearly perpendicular to the horizon. The Cameleopard is below the pole. The solitary star marked 2, near the fore-foot of the Giraffe, belongs to the Lynx, a constellation of small stars, set by Hevelius in this barren region of the heavens. The constellation Perseus has nearly passed from below the pole close by the horizon, and a part of Auriga is taking its place. But the bright star, Capella, which is the glory of this constellation, is beneath the horizon at the hours named below the second northern map, for all places south of the horizon of Boston, and even for two degrees or so north of that horizon.

It is toward the south that at present the heavens present the most glorious display. The contrast, in fact, between the northern and southern skies is very strange. Toward the north, the region below the pole shows (in America) not a single star above the fourth magnitude. Toward the south, the corresponding region (that is, the region extending some 40 degrees from the horizon) is singularly rich in large stars, chief among them being Antares (the Heart of the Scorpion), and perhaps the most beautiful of all the red stars. The word Antares means, in fact, "the rival of Mars." You will have an opportunity this year, in August and September, of observing whether Antares can really be said to rival in ruddiness or in splendor the planet of war when at his brightest.

Libra, which by rights should hold sway as the

southern zodiacal constellation one month out of the twelve, has passed the south at the time shown in the southern map. The *sign* Libra has thirty degrees, like the rest, and probably the original constellation had its due extension. A foolish story is told by Servius to the effect that the original Chaldean zodiac had only eleven signs, and that Libra was made out of the claws of Scorpio. But there is ample evidence to show that both the sign and constellation Libra belonged to the earliest Chaldean and Egyptian zodiacs.

The figures of the Scorpion, Ophiuchus (the Serpent-Bearer), with his serpent, besides parts of

represent Æsculapius, and by others to be another celestial Hercules. Novidius insists that it prefigured the miracle of St. Paul and the viper, in which case the Maltese viper was considerably magnified in anticipation. The figure is a very absurd one, the legs being singularly feeble. But it must be admitted he is awkwardly placed. The serpent is quite enough to occupy his attention, yet a scorpion is ready to sting one leg and to pinch the other. The club of Hercules may be meant for the serpent, and the arrow of the Archer for the scorpion, but they seem to threaten the Serpent-Bearer at least as much.

In the constellation Corona Borealis, a star marked T will be noticed. Here no star can now be seen; but in May, 1866, one blazed out here very brightly, and, though it soon faded in luster, it is still visible with a telescope. Like the star which blazed out lately in the constellation Cygnus, this one was found to be shining with the light of glowing hydrogen gas. At its brightest it appeared as a star of the second magnitude. Its present luster is but about one-eight-hundredth part of that.

You will notice toward the left, or east, of due south, just outside the limits of the second southern map for this month, a star much brighter than any—even Antares or Arcturus—which has yet been shown in these maps. It is not, however, a fixed star, but a planet,—the prince of all the planets,—Jupiter. It will be an interesting exercise for the young observer to track this wandering star among the fixed stars until next month, when I hope, with the editor's permission, to make a few remarks about the planet.

The ecliptic (the sun's path among the stars) still tends downward in both the southern maps. The place marked μ in the first southern map is that reached by the sun moving in the direction shown by the arrow on or about October 10, when, passing from the sign Libra, he enters the sign Scorpio, of which μ is the symbol. The place marked ν in the second southern map is that reached by the sun on or about November 22d, when he enters the sign Sagittarius, of which ν is the symbol.



FIG. 2.

Hercules (head, arm and club), Libra (the Scales), Sagittarius (the Archer), and Lupus (the Wolf), are shown in Fig. 2.

The large constellation Ophiuchus is not specially interesting. It has been supposed by some to

TONY'S LETTER.

PETER was a funny little boy, who had a dog named Tony. This dog was all covered with long shaggy hair, which hung down over his eyes and his mouth, and made him look very wise. But Tony was not as wise as he looked, and he did not know as much as little Peter thought he knew.

Peter was only three years old. He did not know all the alphabet, but he knew what letters spelled his own name.

Peter was very fond of what he called "writing letters." He would scribble all over a piece of paper, and then fold it up and get his sister Emily to write on it the name of one of the family, or else of one of the neighbors. Then Peter would carry it to that person; and he very often got a written answer, which Emily would read to him. Sometimes these answers had candy in them, which pleased Peter very much.

One day, Peter wrote a long letter to his dog Tony. When he gave it to him, Tony took it in his mouth and carried it to the rug in front of the fire in the sitting-room. There he laid it down, and put his nose to it. Then he laid himself down, with his head on the letter, and shut his eyes. He was sleepy, and he found that the letter was not good to eat.

Peter was very glad to see Tony do this, for he thought he had read the letter and was thinking what he should say when he answered it.

So little Peter said, "Tony shall write me an answer to my letter," and he ran into his grandma's room, to ask for a pencil. She was not there, but on the table there was some paper, and an inkstand with a quill pen in it. His grandma always used a quill pen.

So Peter took a big sheet of paper and the inkstand with the pen in it. Then he saw his grandma's spectacles on the table, and he thought he would take these too, as Tony might write better if he had spectacles on.

Peter waked Tony, who was fast asleep by this time, and made him hold his head up. Peter put the spectacles on Tony, and laid the paper before him. Then he set the inkstand down, close to his right paw.

"Now, Tony," said Peter, "you must write me a letter."

Tony looked at the little boy, but he did not take the pen.

"There, Tony!" said Peter. "There's the ink and the pen. Don't you see them?" And he pushed the inkstand against Tony's paw.

The dog gave the inkstand a tap with his paw, and over it went!

"Oh!" cried Peter. "You naughty dog! Upsetting grandma's inkstand!" And he picked up the inkstand as quickly as he could. Some of the ink had run out on the paper, but none of it had gone on the carpet.

Peter took off Tony's spectacles, and drove him away; and then, with

what he called the "tail" of the quill pen (by which he meant the feather end), he spread the ink about on the paper.

Then he took the paper up by a corner, and carried it to his mother.



TONY.

"Mamma!" said he, "See the letter Tony wrote to me. He upset the inkstand, but none of the letter runned off on the carpet!"

Tony never wrote another letter, and that was the last time that little Peter meddled with his grandma's pen and ink.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

'WHAT is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days. I believe some great poet has said the same thing. But, bless you! the birds have sung it every summer since the world began; so it is doubly true and doubly new—for the very truest and newest thing in the universe is the glad note of a bird when summer comes.

There is something that your Jack loves nearly as well, though, and that is the laugh of a happy young heart.

So laugh out, my children—laugh and be happy, in these sweet, warm days; and when the flowers nod brightly to you, as they will, and the grass whispers softly, and the whole earth seems to smile and sing, remember Jack's words: Be glad, glad, glad—and keep your hearts in tune!

THE DEACON'S CONUNDRUM.

"BOYS!" said Deacon Green to a group of red-checked fellows the other day, "I never see a healthy, go-ahead crowd of young folks like you, that I don't say to myself, 'here's a chance for practical religion.' Do you know the reason?"

"Is it a conundrum?" asked three of the boys in a breath.

"Yes," said the Deacon, with the air of a man who had intended to make a speech, but had suddenly decided to keep it to himself. "It *is* a conundrum."

Then the Deacon gave a pleasant nod, and walked off.

"Now, what *did* he mean by that?" said one of the fellows.

"I know," cried Bob King. "He meant that some folks think religion is intended only for Sundays and for sick people, and the Deacon

would like to see more well people trying it on week-days—that's all."

"Humph!" said John Salters. "You know a heap—you do!"

"The Deacon does, anyhow," answered Bob, meekly "You can't get around that."

ASTRAGALOI.

Montreal, April 3d, 1877.
DEAR JACK: In the April number of ST. NICHOLAS there was a paragraph about children in Pompeii playing with Jack-stones, and calling them "Astragali." It also mentioned their being made of the small joint bones of sheep. So I thought that *Astragali*, which means an ankle-bone, might have some connection with Astragoloi. Would Jack kindly tell me?—Your constant reader, NELLIE F.

Certainly. Exactly so. Jack has n't the least doubt of it, Nellie. In fact, I am sure the dear Little Schoolma'am would say that the sheep bones used by the little ancients in the game undoubtedly were those which correspond with the ankle-bones of man. But to find these sheep ankle-bones you'll have to be sharp, or you'll look in the wrong place, may be. There's a study known as "Comparative Anatomy" which will throw light on this matter, if you wish to pursue it further.

BAD NEWS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Peekskill, N. Y.
DEAR JACK: I heard two men talking the other evening in a drug store, while I was waiting for some medicine to be done up. And I heard one of them say that in Randolph County, Illinois, they were raising castor-oil beans at the rate of twelve bushels to the acre. It made me shudder. Don't you think it is dreadful?

Yours truly,

ROBBIE N.

A STOCKING REVIVAL.

ALL through the last winter and spring there seems to have been a great stir among the stockings. They have come out in all sorts of colors and almost all sorts of patterns. Here, many a time this past spring, the dead meadows have looked as if they were full of flowers by reason of the children skipping around with their red and blue striped legs. Even the little boys made me think of scarlet-runners, and the Johnny-jump-ups were out in great variety.

Whether it was on this account or not, I do not know, but the other day the Little Schoolma'am began to talk to the children about stockings, telling them that in the old, old time the people wore them made of cloth. Up to the days of Henry VIII., she said, they were made out of ordinary cloth. The king's own were formed of yard-wide taffeta, and it was only by chance that he might obtain a pair of silk hose from Spain. Then she read something from an old book, which, perhaps, you may like to hear. In fact, the children were so delighted with it that they begged the dear Little Schoolma'am to send it to ST. NICHOLAS; and, if she has done so, I will thank the editors to put it in right here.

* * * Henry VIII.'s son, Edward VI., received as a great present from Sir Thomas Gresham 'a pair of long Spanish silk stockings.' For some years longer, silk stockings continued to be a great rarity. 'In the second year of Queen

Elizabeth,' says Stow in his Chronicle, 'her silk-woman, Mistress Montague, presented her majesty with a pair of black knit-silk stockings for a New-Year's gift; the which, after a few days' wearing, pleased her highness so well that she sent for Mistress Montague and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more, who answered, saying: "I made them very carefully of purpose only for your majesty, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand." "Do so," quoth the queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."

"And from that time to her death the queen wore no more cloth hose, but only silk stockings."

SCHOOL-LUNCHEONS.

(A Letter from the Little Schoolma'am.)

DEAR JACK: You were so good in March as to let me "have a say" on the subject of school-luncheons. Now I want to have another,—a short one. May I? (Of course she may. Bless her!) Dozens and dozens of answers have come to my letter, girls and boys, and it was like a geography lesson just to read them; for they were sent from all parts of the country,—California, and Maine, and Oregon,—New York, Illinois, Minnesota, Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, Kansas, Ohio,—and a good many other places which I have n't breath to mention. I don't think I ever realized before how far our dear ST. NICHOLAS travels, or what numbers of small friends he has in far-away places across the prairies and among the hill-tops, as well as nearer home. Well, dear boys and girls, thank you all. Your letters were very interesting, and just what I wanted. One of these days I shall write you a long answer, and say what I think about your luncheons and luncheons in general, and how they may be improved, and made more attractive and nourishing without too much trouble to the kind mammas who put them up. But I want to do this now, because vacation-time is near, and the lunch-baskets are about to be stored away for the summer, and your heads



A GRAND SAIL IN A CIRCULAR BOAT.

A CIRCULAR BOAT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I want to tell you of something that I saw in San Francisco, which ought to be introduced in other cities where there are boys and girls,—I suppose most cities have boys and girls,—and that is the "circular boat." It can be introduced in any grounds where a circular lake can be made, and supplied with water either naturally or artificially.

The boat of which I send you a picture is in Woodward's Garden, San Francisco, and you can't imagine what fun it is to sail in it. The picture explains it better than I can. I need only say, that the inside rim of the boat looks over the water, and the outside rim looks over the land; there being only just enough space, between the outside rim of the boat and the land, to enable the boat to move easily. It is provided with sails to catch all the wind there may be to send it around; and, besides this, every fellow may take an oar if he chooses. Sometimes hired men row.

They might put fish in this lake, and let the boys try their luck at catching them, but it would n't be quite fair to the fish, I suppose. I am sure that if such things as this were to be introduced in other towns, they would be very popular,—among us boys, at least,—and the girls would like them, because there is no danger of shipwreck.

I must tell you that, as nearly as I can remember, it is a flat-bottomed boat about three feet and a half wide, and that the diameter of the entire lake is about forty feet. Sometimes the boat goes very fast, sometimes very slowly, but that only adds to the variety.

Hoping that you will copy my picture and print this note, I am yours truly,

EDWARD C. D.

are full of other things,—as they ought to be,—with a pleasant summer before you; and if we had our talk now, it would just go into one of your ears and out at the other. So I will wait till a little before school begins again.

Meantime, let me specially thank all of you whose initials are given below, for your frank and straightforward letters,—though every word, from every one of the dear ST. NICHOLAS crowd, is heartily welcomed by your affectionate

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

K. U., M. B., J. B., M. U., M. C. H., A. M. K., M. K., A. H. W., F. W., G. H., M. E., G. B., A. S., A. E. S., K. M. F., H. D. F., E. K. B., M. M. C., R. C. W., "Matie", L. A. J., H. B. S., C. W. R., J. B. H., H. K. C., O. G., J. G. W., Daisy and Anna M., L. L. P., S. F. P., H. M. H., M. C. C., E. T., J. B. F., G. H. C., A. E. P., R. D. H., M. C., A. McC., M. G. McC., S. D. M., S. G., S. C., M. R., G. W. S., W. W. B., A. M., C. M. S., C. M. A., M. E., L. F. G., J. B. H., "Bob White", F. M., L. P. R., T. M. S., J. B., F. G. E., H. M. A., G. M. M., M. C. L., S. W. B., L. L., C. R., C. W., E. Y. M., M. S. C., M. C., L. P., M. C. W., A. C. T., L. B., L. G. C., G. J., E. B. P., A. H. B., S. S. R., F. F. E., H. H., A. F. H., M. H. B., J. L. S., T. G., N. G. W., S. W., B. F., "B. B.", "G. L. H.", "A. H. A.", G. H. D., F. G. M., P. M. (no address), "Gulick", "Perry", L. F. G., B. L., N. W., M. W., L. F., E. S., H. C., B. L. G., S. B. F., A. H. F., M. F. B., K. W., Lulu G., L. O. C., T. O. C., N. E. S., H. G. N., A. T. P., K. McG., L. F., H. C., M. J. A., A. F. A., G. T. W., Katie and Annie M., Rudolph A., W. T. S., R. M. L., Fredericka W., P. T. S., N. T. U., H. J. B., W. J. G.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

A SONNET.

THERE by the roadside stands the queer old house.
 Deserted it has been for many years;
 And when one enters first one has strange fears
 Of what may be inside. But not a mouse
 Raises its tiny head, or hides, afraid;
 And the sole sound through the deep stillness heard,
 Is the shrill chirping of a mother-bird,
 Who right above the door her nest has made.
 While through bare, lonely rooms my way I wend,
 I feel a kind of pity for the thing,
 Left thus alone, like to some fallen king,
 Deserted both by enemy and friend.
 But life is short; so gently close the gate,
 And leave the house to mercy and to fate.

W. H. (aged 13).

A FAIRY STORY.

THERE was once a little girl, named Charlotte, who was very disorderly, never putting anything in its right place. One day a fairy came into her room and asked her why she kept her room in such disorder.

Lottie answered: "Paul says, that it makes no difference where you put things so long as you know where to find them."

"Ah, well," said the fairy, "you believe what Paul says, do you? We will soon find if he is right."

Then the fairy waved her wand over Charlotte's head, touched her eyes and ears, hands and feet, making them all change places, and left poor Charlotte alone.

Charlotte was very much surprised to find she could not see in front of her, but could see very distinctly on both sides of the room; she then began crying; and trying to put her hand up she was much more surprised to find it was her foot; she then discovered that her eyes and ears, hands and feet had changed places.

She found it was very inconvenient for her foot to be there instead of her hand; but she managed to get hold of her handkerchief with her toes, and on putting it up to her head, wiped her eyes where her ears ought to be.

She attempted to walk, but could not stand, for her hands were on the floor instead of her feet.

She then cried very hard, and said, "What shall I do? I cannot walk, I cannot even crawl straight ahead, for I cannot see straight before me; I cannot eat, for how can I hold my knife and fork. Now I see the use of having things in their right places."

Just then Paul came in, asking for the garden seeds she helped him gather yesterday, but he was perfectly bewildered when he saw her in this condition. He asked her who did all this? Then Lottie, still crying, told him that it was the fairy.

Said Lottie: "I know where my eyes and ears, hands and feet are, but as they are now they are of no use to me. If they were only in their right places how glad I would be!"

"If I only had my hands where they ought to be I would always put things in their right places."

Then the fairy, who had been invisible all this time, suddenly appeared, and waved her wand over poor Charlotte's head, touched her eyes, ears, hands and feet, and they all went instantly to their right places.

After that, Charlotte always remembered to have a place for everything and everything in its right place.

Paul also improved his ways, and always put hoe, rake and seeds where they ought to be, for he was afraid if he did not the fairy might make him a visit.

ALICE R. (aged 11).



THE PETERKINS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor, to illustrate the story in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1877.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

ALICE BROOME sends us a translation of the French story "Cécile et Lulu," that was printed in the April number, and adds: "I think that in the article on 'Curious Customs of Easter' the writer should have mentioned the custom of rolling eggs down the terrace of the Capitol at Washington on Easter Monday."

Our correspondent will find a full account of this interesting custom in ST. NICHOLAS for April 1875, under the title "Fred's Easter Mon-

day." From it she will learn how Fred, enticed by the beautiful spring weather and by George Washington Dayspring, a "darkie" boy, went to the Capitol, gazed at the building, its pictures and statues, helped, with hundreds and hundreds of other children, to roll the pretty, colored, boiled eggs down the terraces and eat them when broken, and then roll themselves down hill and have all manner of splendid fun, in which even some of the grown-ups joined.

TRANSLATIONS of the French story of "Cécile et Lulu" were received, previous to April 18th, from Lulu A. Wilkinson, Alice Robinson, J. C. Habersham, Julia Lathers, Jessie Pringle, Benj. Merrill, Maggie P. Colton, Hattie Jessie Peabody, Hattie K. Chase, Amy Reynolds, Lottie Upham, Lily Groome, Eveline Browne, M. L. Cox, Carrie T. Granger, Alice Bates, Lizzie K. Tapley, Alice Broome, Maria Hussey Lamberton, Martha B. Beck, Jessie O. Lorsch, M. C. Edith Strong Perry, F. J. Parsons, Wilson Rockhill, Rose Seitz, Mabel Cutler, John B. Sedgwick, Louisa Anderson, Maggie Biddle, Junius E. Beal, Edith Monroe Pollard, Trudie Whitney, Jeannie Moore, Mary Brown, Annie M. Horton, Frances M. Woodward, Elsie L. Shaw, Julia H. George, Lidie V. B. Parker, Virginia H. Townsend, Fannie Freeman, Laura C. Jernegan, Mae Fiske, Constance Smith, Alice M. Cobb, Hattie C. Fernald, Lillie P. Haydel, Louise Cross, Harry A. Hall, Ella F. Truitt, Nellie Emerson, M. Bella Robinson, Frankie English, Mary P. Barton, Daisy Ramsdell, Nellie Mack, Clara Chessborough, Elsie S. Adams, Emily Kent, William Weightman Walker, Persifer F. Gibson, A. B. W., Katherine Hamilton, A. S. Dillon, Mabel S. Fay, Nellie Chase, Minnie B. Chapin, Mary Chase, Kathleen Crossdale, "One of the Little Gallaudets," — Hull, May Parker, Ida Travis, Louis I. Tribus, Aline M. Godfrey, Harriette Woodruff, Alice S. Millard, Jennie Spence, Mamie A. Gould, Philip Stanley Abbot, Annie M. Sloan, Helen Green, Alice C. Moses, "Winnie Woodbine and Ruth Rivulet," "Carrie L. Dinzey," "Ahack," ("No Name"), Alice B. Bullions, Mamie S. Lister, Jessie H. Dodd, Virginia L. Hopkins, Minnie T. Byington, Sallie E. Macallister, Will Parker, Geo. W. Pepper, Agnes and Margie Lawrence, W. J. T., Romaine M. Stone, "Mignonne," Fannie E. Blake, Lulu Fetter, Emily Buckley Newbold, Amy L. Massey, Marie W. Robinson, Eliza H. Tyson, Mamie Baldwin, Norman L. Archer, Lillie Kent, James E. Whitney, Jr., A. L. Cameron, Minnie E. Waldo, Addie Guerber, Florence Satterlee, Nellie Wright, Nellie Chandler, Nellie Spencer, Madge Wilson, Jennie D. V. Brown, Beulah Park, Minnie W. Stanwood, Bessie Van Rensselaer, Elsie L. Kenney, Russell Duane, Ethel R. Wrightington, Merrit L. Stewart, Minnie M. Walling, Constance Grand Pierre, Lillie L. Preston, Annie S. Kennedy, Gerie Silliman, Alice S. Moody, Annie Hatch and Jessie Jones, Annie S. Knox, Anna B. Newbold, Lizzie and Emma Phelps, Susie Minturn, A. W. Cutting, May Clare Burtzell, C. A. Cushman, Theodore Brooks, Clara McChesney, — Abbott, Jr., "Louise;" J. P. Brewin of Giggleswick, Yorkshire, and Carrie A. Maynard of London, England; and Beulah M. Hacher, of Geneva, Switzerland.

A NEW correspondent, A. W. G., sends us the following:

THE RULERS OF THE WORLD TO-DAY.

Dom Pedro Second ranks, by worth,
Among the wisest kings of earth;
Ruling with a liberal hand
O'er Brazil, well-favored land.

Cold Siberia's frozen coasts,
Trans-Caucasia's manly hosts,
Tributary from afar
Unto *Alexander* are—
Of the Russias mighty Czar.

Prussia's king extends his sway
O'er a mighty realm to-day.
Frederick William First is he,
Emperor of Germany.
This the scheme Count Bismarck planned:
One united Fatherland.

Austria's emperor still remains
King of wide Hungarian plains.
O'er Vienna's gardens gay
Francis Joseph's banners sway.

Battling for their native mountains,
Proudly have the Switzers stood.
Meet the crimson of their banner
For their patriot brotherhood.
O'er the land of William Tell,
Now *Herr Herzog* ruleth well.

Abdul Hamid, Othman's sword
Wields, as Turkey's present lord.

Athens, oft in song rehearsed,
Owns as ruler *George the First*.

Fair Italia's sunny realm
Nevermore shall tyrants whelm.
On her seven hills enthroned,
Shall again her power be owned.
Gone the sway of priest and pope—
Victor Emanuel is her hope.

Stilled the Carlists' rebel battle,—
Dumb the cannon, sheathed the steel;
Over Spain, late rent and sundered,
Reigns *Alfonso of Castile*.

Louis First maintains his rank
In Lisbon, on the Tagus bank.
France has *Marshal McMahon*—
Gone the proud Napoleon.
Belgium has *Leopold*;
Holland, *William*, as of old.

On the ancient Vikings' throne,
Christian Ninth now reigns alone;
And the Norsemen monarch call
Oscar, crowned in Odin's hall.

On Britannia's kingdom yet,
Lo! the sun doth never set.
There *Victoria* reigns serene,—
Noble mother, honored queen.

Here at home the people reign:
Ours no crown, or courtly train.
Now the patriot *Hayes* doth stand
Highest servant of our land.

Providence, R. I.
DEAR JACK: I send a "that" sentence that I think beats
"M. S.'s."
"That boy said that that 'that' that that girl that sat on that seat
parsed yesterday was not that 'that' that that gentleman meant."
Yours, etc. STANLEY.

Delaware Water Gap, Pa.
DEAR JACK: I wish to make an addition to your article on five
"that's" as follows:
"Jane said, in speaking of that 'that,' that that 'that' that that
boy wrote was a conjunction."
Thus I write seven "that's" in succession.—Yours truly,
LIDA B. GRAVES.

JENNIE C. KING: Your letter interested us very much, and, in our
opinion, the book that will best answer your inquiries, and be of most
service at the present stage of your studies, is "The Philosophy of
Style," by Herbert Spencer, published by D. Appleton & Co. It is
full of good, practical suggestions, and can be easily comprehended
by a girl of your age. In fact, we would recommend the book heartily
to all students of English composition.

Germantown, March 3, 1877.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very sick with scarlet fever one winter.
My grandma brought into my room a beautiful cala. She thought
it would help to make me better. It was watered and cared for just
the same as ever. But it withered, and the leaves all turned yellow,
and it was hard work to make it healthy again in pure air. Grandma
said it had the scarlet fever. Do plants take diseases?
HELEN P. (nine years old).

We already have received a number of letters showing the interest
which our young readers everywhere are taking in Professor Proctor's
admirable Star-papers; and now that the evenings are growing warmer,
the opportunity of fully enjoying them is increased. A good practical
knowledge of astronomy can be gained readily from these articles;
and we think that all our readers who during these open-air
months occasionally engage in the study of the heavens with these
star-maps in hand, will find it among the foremost of the many pleasures
which our summer evenings afford.

WHEN too late to correct the error, it was discovered that the artist
who made the illustrations for "The Green House with Gold Nails"
had made a mistake. The text of the article shows that the caterpillar
was found upon the milkweed, and the chrysalis upon the wild
carrot. But in the pictures these positions are reversed, and thus the
caterpillar and chrysalis are placed each upon the wrong plant.

Fairlyland, March 24, 1877.
 MY VERY DEAR JACK: I believe I can help you out of that difficulty concerning the birds' motto—*Lux mea lux*. It means, Light is my leader. Don't you think that fits? I think it is just the thing for the dear little birds, who, as you say, love the sunlight so much. It is time now to go to our ball, so good-bye—Very affectionately,
 "QUEEN MAE."

Hakodate, Japan, July 4, 1876.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed please find a little child-song rendered from the Japanese. Of course, it has no intrinsic merit: but I fancied that my American cousins might like to know what songs their almond-eyed sisters sing. I inclose photograph of a little Japanese girl and her doll.—Very respectfully yours,
 F. B. H.

A JAPANESE CHILD-SONG.



Dear! oh dear!
 What do I hear
 There at the pantry door?
Gon! Gon!
 The mouse is gnawing,
 Scrambling and pawing.
 There's never a doubt about that rat,
 But always a doubt about my cat.

At set of sun
 She's on the run,
 'Till—hic! ho!
 'Til she cack-crow,
 Or she creeps away
 (The little sinner)
 At midnight gray,
 And never comes back
 Till break of day;
 But she never forgets
 To want her dinner.

"Chop-pi! Chop-pi!"
 Come here! come here!
 If you'll only catch those naughty rats,
 I'll give you a feast for the best of cats.
 There now! You think,
 If the sea is bad,
 Your favorite fish
 Cannot be had;
 But I'll bustle about,
 And find some trout.
 Chop-pi! Chop-pi!
 Don't you hear?
Gon! Gon!
 Run, my dear."

* "Chop-pi" is the Japanese "cat-call," like "Kitty, Kitty."

New Haven, Ct., Nov. 24, 1876.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a curious problem in algebra that I should like to have somebody explain.
 It can be proved that any number equals any other number. For example, let it be required to prove that $7 = 2$:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Now } 49 - 63 = -14 \\ \text{and } 4 - 18 = -14 \end{array}$$

hence $49 - 63$ and $4 - 18$, being both equal to -14 , must be equal to each other; therefore,

$$\begin{array}{r} 49 - 63 = 4 - 18, \\ \text{or } 49 - 9(7) = 4 - 9(2). \end{array}$$

Adding $\frac{81}{4}$ to both members of the equation, we have:

$$49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4} = 4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4}.$$

Now, since both members are perfect squares, extracting the square root,

$$7 - \frac{9}{2} = 2 - \frac{9}{2}$$

omitting $-\frac{9}{2}$ from both members, then $7 = 2$, which was to be proved.

OTHER EXAMPLES.

$$2 = 1.$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 - 6 = -2 \\ 1 - 3 = -2 \\ 4 - 6 = 1 - 3 \\ 4 - 3(2) = 1 - 3(1) \\ 4 - 3(2) + \frac{9}{4} = 1 - 3(1) + \frac{9}{4} \\ 2 - \frac{3}{2} = 1 - \frac{3}{2} \\ \text{therefore } 2 = 1. \end{array}$$

$$4 = 3.$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 16 - 28 = -12 \\ 9 - 21 = -12 \\ 16 - 28 = 9 - 21 \\ 16 - 7(4) = 9 - 7(3) \\ 16 - 7(4) + \frac{49}{4} = 9 - 7(3) + \frac{49}{4} \\ 4 - \frac{7}{4} = 3 - \frac{7}{4} \\ \text{therefore } 4 = 3. \end{array}$$

One of the scholars in our class gave it to the rest of us, and I have shown it to others, but nobody seems to be able to explain it.

Now if the Little Schoolma'am, or some one else, will show where the catch is, it will much oblige
 H. STARKWEATHER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old. I want to send a letter to the "Letter-Box," and surprise my mamma.—Your loving friend,
 ANNE JENKINS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Wont you please put this in the "Letter-Box." I cut it out of the paper yesterday. I am sure the other boys and girls will be as much interested in it as I am.—Yours truly,
 JOHNNY C. PLATT.

"Prof. Richard A. Proctor is inclined to believe the tale that modern mariners are telling about the monster sea-serpent, which coils about sperm whales in mid-ocean. He reminds the public that monstrous cuttle-fish were thought to be monstrous lies, till the 'Alecton,' in 1861, came upon one and captured its tail, whose weight of 40 pounds led naturalists to estimate the entire weight of the creature at 4,000 pounds, or nearly a couple of tons. In 1873, again, two fishermen encountered a gigantic cuttle in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, whose arms were about 35 feet in length (the fishermen cut off from one arm a piece 25 feet long), while its body was estimated at 60 feet in length and 5 feet in diameter—so that the devil-fish of Victor Hugo's famous story was a mere baby cuttle by comparison with the Newfoundland monster. The mermaid, again, has been satisfactorily identified with the manatee, or 'woman-fish,' as the Portuguese call it, which assumes, says Captain Scoresby, 'such positions that the human appearance is very closely imitated.'

We comply with Johnny's request. While we admit the interest of this paragraph, we would suggest, by way of general caution, that newspaper paragraph is not always the best scientific testimony. See "The Manatee," in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1874.—ED. ST. NICHOLAS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

AFTER eating, 2, 9, 7, 4, the traveler took his 2, 3, 6, which was painted 8, 5, 1, and mounting the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, resumed his journey.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. It is better to — than to — too positively without sufficient proof. 2. She was the — of the — child. 3. The children took a — to the village to visit their —. 4. The boys made a great — in the — room. 5. The — went to — her, in her preparations. 6. She took off the — and turned it — to the other side.

VIOLET.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THIS initials name for high and peculiar mental gifts, and the finals for a general strength of intellect.

1. A precious stone. 2. A kind of puzzle. 3. A metal. 4. Anger. 5. A fabulous animal. 6. A color. ISOLA.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

LITTLE girls are fond of me,
Sometimes boys as well;
Boys do pet me "on the sly,"
But you must not tell.

SECOND.

In a far-off land I live,
Under northern sky;
You may learn about my home
In geography.

WHOLE.

A "fish story" let me tell:
Cupid—saucy rover—
Rode upon my back one day;
Wish I'd tipped him over!

L. W. H.

A NAME PUZZLE.

PLACE four girls' names in such order that the initials form a fifth name.

LITTLE ONE.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail the words defined, and leave a word diamond. My first never denies himself his worst enemy; although it does not seem as if it could be true, he is always complaining of being my fifth; and is often heard to declare that my second are against him.

AFTER a liberal potation, he goes home in a manner my fourth will describe, and wives and my third weep and pray that the curse of rum may be swept from the land.

H. H. D.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

FROM left to right and from right to left, two countries of Europe.
1. A town in Massachusetts. 2. A city in Germany. 3. A city in Italy. 4. A range of mountains in China. 5. One of the United States. 6. One of the United States. 7. A German capital.

JACKIE D. W.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and syncope a carpenter's tool, and leave a kind of fish. 2. BEHEAD and syncope a forest tree, and leave an animal. 3. BEHEAD and syncope a napkin, and leave a carnivorous bird. 4. BEHEAD and syncope a rapacious bird, and leave a beverage. 5. BEHEAD and syncope a kind of wood, and leave a lad. 6. BEHEAD and syncope the church of a monastery, and leave a Turkish officer. 7. BEHEAD and syncope a map, and leave a covering for the head. 8. BEHEAD and syncope a low style of comedy, and leave a unit. 9. BEHEAD and syncope a dried plum, and leave a medicinal plant. 10. BEHEAD and syncope a part of the body, and leave part of a wagon wheel.

ISOLA.

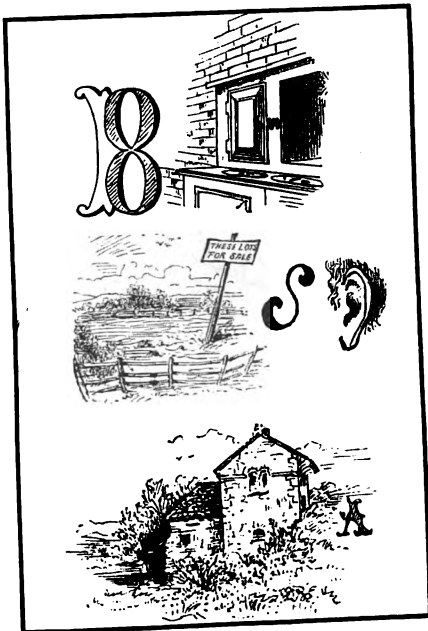
HALF-SQUARE.

1. MACHINES for cutting grain. 2. Paid back. 3. A fruit. 4. A field. 5. Prevarication. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In churches and schools. CYRIL DEANE.

EASY REBUSES.

EACH of the small pictures represents a name of a distinguished man—two of the three persons named being celebrated English painters, and the other a famous German musical composer.

x.



SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD the words defined, and leave a word square. To purloin. To let. Small barrels. Happy.

H. H. D.

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.

HORIZONTALLY: Something from which plants are grown; pertaining to sheep; a common ingredient in bread; what it is desirable fruit should do; mob law.

PERPENDICULARLY: A consonant; an exclamation; a plant; a projecting wharf; a creeping animal; to see; a number; two consonants that stand for one of the Southern States; a consonant.

H. H. D.

PUZZLE.

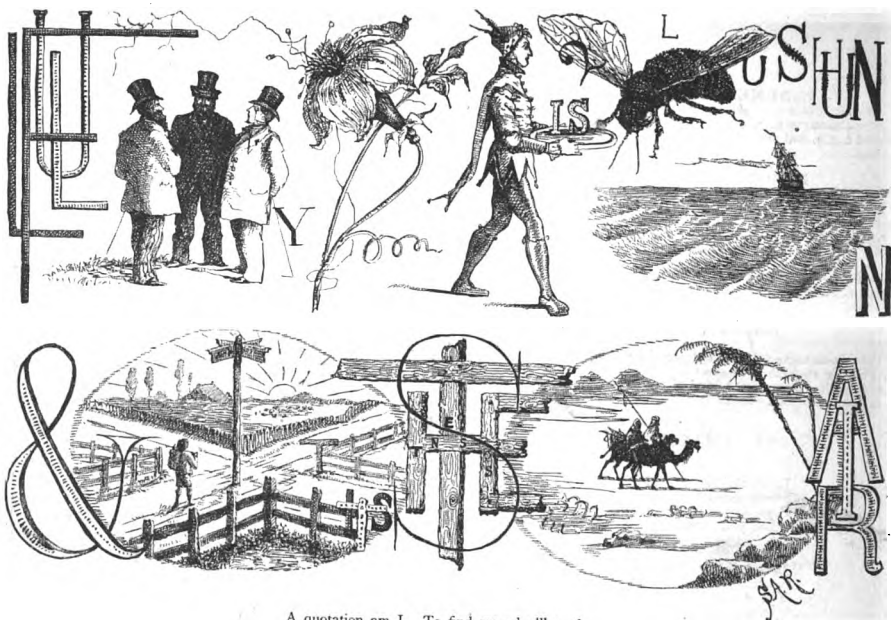
FROM a word of five letters take two away, and find one remaining.

LOUISE E. ANNA.

ANAGRAMS.

1. KERN rose. 2. Sore sport. 3. Essex pen. 4. Rap a mason. 5. Sect rule. 6. A poor tin can, Sir T. CYRIL DEANE.

REBUS.



A quotation am I. To find me who'll try?
The reward, I'll engage, shall suggest fine old age.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Hate the evil and love the good."

LETTER PUZZLES.—1. R-dent (ardent). 2. M-press (empress).
3. L-fin (elfin). 4. N-sign (ensign). 5. C-cured (secured). 6. Q-rate (curate). 7. S-quire (esquire).

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Claws, laws. 2. Rout, out. 3. Brush, rush.

4. Alien, lien. 5. Cold, old. 6. Ajar, jar. 7. Like, Ike. 8. Meat, eat.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Crapes, scrape. 2. Miles, smile. 3. Ring, grin.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—"Love one another."

L — e — A
O — rga — N
V — et — O
E — paule — T
O — stric — H
N — cedl — E
E — the — R

REBUS.—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

A WOOD-PILE.—Beech, ash, maple, oak, pine, larch, willow, elm, fir, cedar.

SQUARE-WORD.—Tasso, Aspen, Spars, Serve, Onset.

RIDDLE.—The letter E.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Fox, Lamb, Crabbe, Swift.

METAGRAM.—Sparable.

A HIDDEN BOUQUET.—1. Pansies. 2. Verbena. 3. Orchis.

4. Peony. 5. Aster. 6. Arbutus. 7. Lilies. 8. Calla. 9. Forget-me-not. 10. Pink. 11. Cypress-vine. 12. Daisy. 13. Syringa. 14. Feverfew. 15. Lilac. 16. Clematis.

CONCEALED DIAMOND.—

D
P E N
P A G E D
D E G R E E S
N E R D Y
D E V

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—CODICIL.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—St. Nicholas.

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Dove, doe. 2. Hart, hat. 3. Clam, cam. 4. Crab, cab. 5. Chub, cub. 6. Pike, pie. 7. Pine, pic. 8. Reed, red. 9. Hone, hoe. 10. Acre, ace.

PICTORIAL PROVERB ACROSTIC.—"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

A —wnin— G
R —egali— A
O —wle— T
L —atc— H
L —yr— E
I —ndia rubbe— R
N —otc— S
G —rai— N
S —pirits of— O
T —ea— M
O — — O
N —ut— S
E —at— S

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, previous to April 18th, from R. Townsend McKeever, George H. Williams, Edith Lowry, Jennie Brown, "Winnie," A. G. Cameron, Bessie Tompkins, Nellie Emerson, George J. Fiske, Carrie A. Stoddard, "Margery Daw," "U. S.," Ella G. Condie, Allie Bertram, Dee L. Lodge, Arthur C. Smith, Bertie and Evie Clark, Howard Steele Rodgers, Pauline Schloss, "Bessie and her Cousin," "Jupiter," Nessie E. Stevens, Alice Grey, "A. B. C.," Emma Elliott, Alice Bartow Moore, Edgar Moulton, Jennie Platt, and Fred M. Pease.



ST. NICHOLAS.

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NELLIE IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

ON the lonely Carolina coast are many small islands, interspersed with sandy shoals and rocky reefs, which render it dangerous for vessels that approach too near. On this account light-houses are established at proper intervals, and it is about the dwellers in one of these that I have a little story to tell.

The name of the keeper of this light-house was John Lattie. His wife was dead, and he lived there with his two children, and a faithful and attached negro couple, whom the children called Mammy Sylvie and Uncle Brister. Sylvie had been their nurse, and both she and her husband loved them as though they had been their own.

You may think a light-house on a small island—where no one else lived except two fishermen's families—a lonely place for two children. Perhaps it was; but Jack and Nellie did not think so. In good weather they had splendid times on the beach, running up and down the firm white sand, hiding amid the rough rocks that at low tide stood above the water, or picking up pretty shells, and bits of many-colored sea-weed, thrown up by the waves. Sometimes they played with the waves themselves, as merrily as though they had been living playmates. They would go low down to the water's edge, and watch some swelling billow as it came rolling onward to the shore, and cry defiantly: "Come on! you can't catch us!" and then, as the white foam-crest curled threateningly over toward them, they would run up the beach, with the billow in full chase, until the foamy crest broke about their bare little feet, and went gently sliding

back into the sea, to give place to another. Sometimes the billow would overtake them, and give them a thorough drenching; but this only excited their mirth. For sea-water does not give chills and colds, and it soon dries; and as their dress was coarse and simple, there was no danger of that being hurt.

One day, by some accident, the glass of the light-house was broken, and Mr. Lattie found it necessary to go in his boat to the main-land, in order to procure materials for repairing it. The little town at which he made these purchases was some five or six miles inland; and he might not return until quite late.

"If I am not back before sunset, Brister," said he to his sable assistant, "be sure to light the lamp in time. You know it will be as necessary to me as to others."

He said this because between the light-house and the shore were many dangerous rocks, some lying beneath the surface of the water, and others above it, to run upon which in the dark would break a boat to pieces. But Mr. Lattie was familiar with the channel, and he knew that with the light for a guide he could steer so as to avoid the rocks.

Now, Mr. Lattie had not been long gone when there came to the light-house, in hot haste, a little ragged boy, begging that Aunt Sylvie would come to his mother, who had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. There was no doctor on the island, and Sylvie was very clever as a nurse. So she hastened away with all speed to the fisherman's wife, who lived quite a mile distant, at the opposite

extremity of the island—first, however, telling the children to be good and not stray away from the light-house, and warning her “ole man” to take good care of them, well knowing, at the same time, that such warning was not necessary, for Uncle Brister would have sacrificed his own life for the little ones, whom he had helped to carry in his arms almost from the day of their birth. They were gentle and obedient children, though it had always been observed that Nellie, who was only seven years old, possessed much more firmness and decision of character than Jack, nearly two years her senior. She was also more generous; and I am afraid that with all her decision she gave up too much to her brother, and helped to make him selfish. For instance: if they were sent to Jem Long’s for fish, generally it was Nellie who carried the basket, while Jack amused himself with playing by the way; or, if Sylvie made ginger-cakes or “puffs,” and gave the two first baked to the children, it was Jack who claimed the biggest or the nicest-looking, and not unfrequently got a taste of Nellie’s also.

The children played all this morning very happily together, building a fort of loose rocks, like the great stone fort which they could see in the distance, many miles away. In the afternoon they went in-doors, where they found Brister, standing at one of the windows, shading his eyes with his hand and looking anxiously toward the west.

“Do you see the boat, Uncle Brister?” inquired Jack, standing on tip-toe to look out.

“Please de Lord, I wish I could dat,” answered the old man, more as if speaking to himself than to them. “I don’t like de looks o’ dat ’ere sky, and dere aint never no good in dem switchy mare’s tails,” pointing to some long scattered clouds which were moving rapidly up from the west. “Ef I knows anything ’t all, I knows we-se gwine to have a squeelin’, squalin’ storm. Please de Lord Massa and Sylvie was safe home.”

The old man’s prediction was correct. In less than an hour the wind burst upon them, the waves were lashed into foam, and the storm roared around the light-house in all its fury. The children, sitting by the fire, listened to the roaring of the wind and the waves without, and felt the walls tremble with the force of the tempest. Old Brister had gone about and made all secure; and now, as it began to grow dusk, he started up the winding staircase that led to the top of the tower, in order to light the lamp. As he crossed the room the children noticed that he staggered a little, and caught hold of the door-post to steady himself. Then he put his hand to his forehead, and so stood still a moment; then began feebly to ascend the stairs. An instant after there was a heavy fall, and

to their horror the children saw the old man lying at the foot of the stairs motionless and apparently dead.

They started up with a cry and rushed toward him. He was not bleeding anywhere, but his breathing was thick and heavy, and though his eyes were open he did not appear to see them, or to know anything. The truth was, the old man had had a stroke of apoplexy.

“What shall we do? oh, what *shall* we do?” cried Nellie, bursting into an agony of tears.

“*We* can’t do anything,” sobbed Jack, hopelessly. “I wish, oh! I wish father and Mammy Sylvie were here.”

Nellie, kneeling by the side of Brister, seemed to make an effort at composure.

“Jack,” she said, more calmly, “don’t you think we might warm him, and rub him, and give him a little hot brandy to drink? That is the way they brought the drowned men to life again.”

“*He* aint drowned,” answered Jack, with a little expression of contempt for his sister’s suggestion.

“Yes; but it might do him good. Feel how cold his hands are, and rubbing might do him some good. Oh, Jack, let us try to pull him to the fire!”

With great difficulty they succeeded in drawing the old man in front of the great hearth, where Nellie placed pillows under his head, and covered him with a blanket. Then she heated a little brandy, and put a spoonful between Brister’s lips, and the two children then commenced rubbing him with all their little strength, though Nellie trembled and the tears rolled down Jack’s face. But, in truth, it was a trying situation for them, alone and helpless as they were.

Suddenly Nellie started up with a cry.

“The lamp, Jack! Oh, Jack, the lamp is n’t lighted!”

It was dark now, and the storm, though subsiding, still raged. How many fishing-vessels out at sea, and caught in that sudden storm, were now vainly looking out for the warning beacon that was to save them from danger and guide them into safety; and her father! Did she not remember his parting words to Brister:

“Be sure and light the lamp in good time. It is as necessary to me as to them.”

And the lamp was not lighted! In storm and darkness her father might be even now struggling amid those foaming waves and treacherous rocks; for the child felt instinctively that no danger could keep him back from the post of his duty and the loved ones dependent upon him. Eagerly, tremblingly, Nellie rose to her feet.

“Oh, Jack, *father!* We *must* light the lamp!”

“We can’t,” answered poor, frightened Jack, helplessly. “We don’t know how.”

She felt that it would be of no use to appeal farther to him,—not that Jack was heartless, but irresolute and vacillating when thrown upon his own resources. So Nellie—brave little heart—resolved to do the best she could.

"You can stay and take care of Uncle Brister, Jack," she said; "and rub him all you can. I will try to light the lamp."

"But you don't know anything about it, and I don't want to stay by myself," said Jack, blubbering; "I wish father was here."

Nellie went carefully up the narrow winding stair to the top of the light-house. She had seldom been here, and had never seen the lamp lighted, and, as Jack had said, knew nothing about it; and she now found to her dismay that she could not reach the lamp. The wind and the rain beat against the thick glass by which this little room in the top of the tower was surrounded, and swept in strong fitful gusts through the broken panes; and Nellie thought that even were she able to light the lamp, it must inevitably be put out again. What was to be done? If she could only keep a light of any kind burning, it might be of some use. There was a large lantern down-stairs, she knew; and hurrying down she got this, and lighting it, carried it up again, and hung it where she trusted it might be seen. But it shone so feebly, that she feared it would not be noticed, or might even be taken for the light of a fisherman's cottage, in which case it would serve only to lead astray instead of guiding safely.

Poor little Nellie wrung her hands in despair. Oh, if she only had somebody to help her! How futile, and forlorn, and miserable she felt! And just then—she never knew how it was—just then she seemed to hear, amid all the roar of the storm, the sweet words of the hymn her dead mother had been so fond of singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." She knew it by heart, and now she stood involuntarily repeating fragments of it to herself, until she came to the words—

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, oh leave me not alone,—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring."

A strange feeling of peace and comfort stole into the heart of the child. "God is here: He can help me," was her thought; and instantly after, she recollected that in the wood-shed connected with the kitchen was a great pile of pine-knots. The wind could not blow out the flame of a pine-knot, but would rather serve to fan it. So down the steep, wearisome stairs the poor child again went, and presently returned to the top of the

tower with her arms full of the pine-knots. These she lighted and carefully disposed all around the little glass-covered room—wherever she could find a place in which to stick her torches—so that the brilliant, ruddy glare might be visible in all directions. And there, alone in the dreary summit of the tall light-house, shivering in the cold wind and rain that beat upon her slight figure, stood poor little Nellie, listening to the storm, straining her eyes through the darkness, and trembling with anxiety and excitement as she thought of her father in the storm, and of poor Brister, dying in the room below, perhaps. But still through it all seemed to sound the sweet words of the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

An hour passed, and poor Nellie, intently listening, thought that she heard sounds below, and then a faint echo of some one calling her name. Then came a strong hurried step on the stair, and in the red smoky glare of the pine torches she saw her father standing. Oh, with what a sharp cry of relief and joy she sprang forward to meet him, though at the very moment in which his arms were outstretched to receive her—overcome with cold, fatigue and anxiety—she tottered and fell almost insensible at his feet. Very tenderly, with tears in his eyes, the rough light-house keeper bore his little daughter below, and placed her in bed; and there, with a delicious consciousness of safety and rest, poor Nellie fell asleep. She never awoke until the bright sunlight of the next morning fell across her bed, when, opening her eyes, she saw Mammy Sylvie's kind, motherly face bending over her, with tears streaming down her sable cheeks.

"Bress de Lord, dar aint anoder child in all de Car'linas fit to hold a pine-knot to her," said the affectionate creature, proudly. "An' I heerd Jem Long say, when his boat come in las' night, dat ef it had n't been for de light-house lamp, he an' t' others would sartainly been lost."

"And so should I," said Mr. Lattie, fondly smoothing his little daughter's hair, and then he told her how he had watched in vain for the light, and not seeing it had attempted to cross in the storm and darkness, when suddenly a red glare had shone out, and revealed to him that he was drifting fast upon one of the most dangerous of the reefs. From this he had with difficulty extricated himself, and guided by the strange light had succeeded in reaching home in safety, and there had found old Brister as we have described, while Jack, worn out with rubbing and crying, lay asleep by the fire. Where was Nellie? and what could be the meaning of the red fitful glare in the light-house tower? Almost sinking with fear and apprehension, the father had mounted the stairs, and there, at the first glimpse of his little daughter,—pale and trem-

bling, yet standing firmly at her post,—he had read the whole story. And how proud he afterward was of his brave little girl, we can very well imagine.

Aunt Sylvie had been prevented returning home by both the storm and the illness of the fisherman's wife. She had felt no anxiety about the children, believing that their father must have returned.

The little family at the light-house live there still happy and contented. Nellie is a big girl now. Uncle Brister, who entirely recovered, is to this day very fond of telling this story to the people who sometimes in summer cross over to visit the light-house. "Guess it's de fust light-house was eber lighted up wid pine-knots," he says.



GUNPOWDER.

BY J. A. JUDSON.

I HAVE no doubt you all have seen some of that innocent-looking stuff, like black sand, which is called *gunpowder*; and I think you will be interested, as the Fourth of July draws near, in knowing something about it.

Though it appears to be, and really is, a very simple compound, yet to make it properly is an important art, and its invention and introduction have had quite as much influence as that of steam in shaping the destiny of nations.

The word *powder* is not sufficiently descriptive, since any pulverized substance may be so called. Usage, therefore, has given us the name *gunpowder*, because, among Europeans at least, it at first was chiefly employed to propel balls and bullets from rude guns and cannon, although now we make use of it for various other purposes, such as splitting rocks, throwing life-lines, and in charging fire-works and fire-crackers. I will tell you something about fire-crackers that perhaps some of you do not know. When you boys get your packs on "the Fourth" I have noticed that you separate the crackers and fire them off one by one. Now, this is a very good way to prolong the fun; it is

like nibbling one of your mother's cookies—the smaller the bites the longer it lasts. But it is not what is intended to be done with the crackers. The design is to touch off the whole pack at once by lighting the end of the braided fuses, or "wicks," as I heard a little boy call them. A pack touched off in this way is so arranged that the crackers explode one after another, with great rapidity, thus representing the sound of a regiment of soldiers firing as fast as they can. If the pack is thrown into an empty barrel, the effect is still more striking. I remember one Fourth of July, when I was a boy, that they were laying water or gas pipes in the town, and there were hundreds of these pipes piled along the sides of the streets. Into the ends of these we threw our fire-crackers, and the explosions made a fearful noise, to our great delight. The best part of it was that we had a deal of fun, and got the most out of our crackers, without harming the pipes in the least.

The materials required for making gunpowder are saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur. The latter is sometimes called brimstone, or burnstone.

The first great principle is the saltpeter or niter,

which is found all over the world, occurring naturally in all sorts of places. In some warm countries it is found crystallized on the surface of the ground, or occurs as a salty crust on the rocky walls of caves, and from this circumstance it gets its name, for saltpeter comes from two Latin words meaning *rock salt* or *stone salt*. In other places it is found in veins, and is dug out by the miners as they dig coal and other minerals. Some plants also yield saltpeter, and it can be made artificially by decomposing animal and vegetable matter mixed with earth, wood-ashes and water. Immense quantities are made in this way in Europe, but the natural yield in India is so great, and labor is so cheap there, that nearly all used in this country, and much of what is needed in other parts of the world, is brought from there. The niter-fields of India are extensive plains barren of vegetation by reason of their saltiness. During the periodical rains these regions are overflowed, and the various salts in the surface soil are dissolved, when new combinations follow, and new salts result. After the water disappears, this salty matter is collected by the natives, who wash, filter and clean it as well as they can, and transfer it to other workmen, by whom it is put into great pots with a quantity of water and boiled, the surface being frequently skimmed while evaporation goes on. Next, the liquor is drawn off into deep tubs, where all the matter that will

it has to be refined. Its purity is of great importance, because the purer it is the better the powder and the safer its manufacture. To attain this, the crude saltpeter is again boiled and skimmed, the cook occasionally throwing in a little cold water to "settle" certain salts that are not as easily dissolved as the niter. After several hours, the bottom of the kettle contains a quantity of beautiful crystals. The remaining liquid is then pumped through canvas bags into a trough, where it is stirred until it is cold, when a large quantity of very small crystals is formed. These crystals are collected with a wooden hoe, and shoveled into a sieve, where the water drains off. The niter now looks like fine snow, but must have two or three more baths of clean water, and again be drained and dried, before it is ready for use.

The next thing is the charcoal. This may be made in the same simple manner as the charcoal sold for kitchen uses. A deep pit is dug in the forest, filled with pieces of wood in layers, and set on fire; or a stack is made of the wood, and covered on the outside with wet sod and clay, openings being left for the fire, and for the escape of steam, etc. The pit or stack is constantly attended, certain gases are thrown off, various changes take place in the appearance of the fire, until finally, by applying a torch over certain openings, a gas ignites that burns with a slight tinge of red, when the men



NATIVES OF INDIA BOILING AND SKIMMING THE SALTS.

not dissolve sinks to the bottom; it is then put into a shallow vat and left to evaporate, and in about three days the long-sought crystals are formed. This is the crude saltpeter of commerce, and the mode of preparing it is pretty much the same the world over. But it is by no means ready yet to take its part in the gunpowder, for

make haste to close up the holes with sods,—the burning wood smolders, the fire dies out, and the charcoal is done.

But another and more scientific method of preparation is required to produce the superior, uniformly fine quality of charcoal required by the powder-maker; and quite as much care is taken at

every step as with the saltpeter. In the first place, the wood, carefully selected,—willow or alder being preferred,—is cut in the spring while the sap is running, and having been stripped of its bark, is piled up loosely to dry. Only small branches are used, so that the willow plantations in the neighborhood of a powder-mill look very queer, not one of the hundreds of trees having a branch larger than your thumb, although their trunks may be a foot or more in diameter.

After the wood is thoroughly dried, it is cut up into pieces about as long as a lead pencil, and packed into a sheet-iron cylinder as tall as a door, and a little larger around than a flour barrel. When full, a cover is fitted on, and it is ready for the furnace, which consists of a long row of brick fire-places, over each of which is built-in a thick cast-iron cylinder larger than the one with the wood in it. Into these the wood-filled cylinders are placed, the doors closed, and all made air-tight by daubing with wet clay. Fires are lighted underneath, and in three or four hours the charcoal is made. There is a chimney for the discharge of smoke, and a pipe in one end leading to a cistern of water. Through this latter escape certain vapors and gases which are condensed in the water and form tar, and what is called *pyroligneous acid*. That long word comes from a Greek word meaning *fire*, and a Latin word meaning *wood*; which together signify fire-wood acid. This acid, although of no value in making gunpowder, has uses of its own: but for it the pretty patterns of calico would all fade away in the first washing, for the calico printer and the dyer mix it with their colors to "fix" them, or make them "fast colors." In some parts of Europe they purify this acid, and use it for vinegar, and very nice it is, too—only "a little goes a great way," for it is very strong.

Unlike the saltpeter that usually must be brought from a distance, the charcoal is made in the immediate neighborhood of the powder-mill, so there is no money spent in transporting it to the works. Indeed, the location of the mills is often determined, among other considerations, by the facility afforded for obtaining wood for making charcoal.

The third and last ingredient in gunpowder is sulphur. It is found alone and almost pure, or mixed with other minerals. The crater of the volcano of Etna, in the island of Sicily, furnishes immense quantities, as do other volcanoes in Europe, Asia and America. In the island of Java is an extinct volcano, where, at the bottom of the crater is said to be, in a single mass, enough sulphur to supply the whole world for many years to come; and it is a still more remarkable fact, stated on good authority, that in this crater "is a lake of sulphuric acid, from which flows, down the mount-

ain and through the country below, a river of the same acid." The crater of Etna furnishes the greater part of the sulphur used in the United States, but it can be obtained in many ways here. Some of our mineral springs deposit it, and it can be extracted from other minerals found throughout this country,—lead, for instance. This is the *crude* sulphur, which, like the crude saltpeter described, must undergo a refining process before it is ready for the powder-maker.

The crude sulphur is broken into small pieces, and put in a pot under which a fire is kept burning, and is constantly stirred with an oiled iron rod till the whole is melted. It is then skimmed of impurities, ladled into wooden molds oiled inside, and left to cool and crystallize. Sometimes it is refined in a more complicated way by distillation.

Before being ground for use, a little piece, which should be of a beautiful bright yellow color, is tested by being held over a lamp. If perfectly pure it will



A WILLOW PLANTATION.

all pass off in vapor, leaving no trace behind, except a horrible smell like that of a whole box of lighted matches.

Now we know what gunpowder is made of, and we see that, though the materials are few and simple, they are prepared with great care. To put them together requires even more skill and caution.

A powder-mill is not in the least like other mills. Instead of one great building, it is composed of many rough-looking little sheds,—sometimes as many as seventy or eighty. These are long distances apart, separated by dense woods and great mounds of earth, so that if one "house" is blown up, the others will escape a like fate. Of some the walls are built very strong, and the roofs very slight, in the hope that if an explosion happens, its force

will be expended upward only. Other houses have enormous roofs of masonry covered with earth; the roofs of others are tanks kept always full of water.

The constant danger inseparable from the work would be greatly increased were there not strict rules, always enforced. No cautious visitor can be more careful than the workmen themselves, for they know, if an explosion happens, it will be certain, instant death to them. So no lights or fires are ever allowed; no one lives nearer the mills than can be helped; some of the buildings are carpeted with skins, and the floors are kept always flooded with an inch or two of water; and in front of every door is a shallow tank of water. Before entering, every person must put on rubber shoes and walk through this water, for the nails in a boot-heel might strike a spark from a bit of sand or gravel, which might explode a single grain of gunpowder, and cause widespread disaster. So the rubber shoes worn in the mills are never worn elsewhere. Then, too, every one is expected to keep his wits about him; there is never any loud talking and laughter, and no one ever thinks of shouting. Yet, with all this extreme care, explosions sometimes occur, and then there is seldom any one left to tell how it happened.

The mode of making gunpowder is nowadays about the same everywhere. The saltpeter, the charcoal, and the sulphur all must be ground very finely. Among rude tribes in Asia, as in old times, the grinding is done by women and children, who pound the ingredients with wooden pestles in wooden mortars, and often finish by blowing up the entire family, house and all. In other places they pass a crank-shaft through a barrel and fix it in a frame. This barrel they partly fill with what they wish to pulverize, and also with a quantity of brass or wooden balls. By turning the crank rapidly the balls and the material are both rolled around from side to side, and finally the grinding is effected. Next they mix the three together in proper proportions, spreading it on a wooden table, turning it with wooden paddles, and rolling it with wooden rollers; then they put it back into the wooden mortar or tub and pound it again, any blow, just as likely as not, being the last they will live to give. If they and the powder survive this, they then spread it on a cloth in the sun to dry, and if it don't blow up before they can gather it together again, the husbands and fathers of these brave women and children soon have plenty of powder. I have been told of a lady, brought up in the East Indies, whose most vivid remembrance of her early life was the blowing-up of a "native" family by such means. But in the modern powder-mills there are deep, circular troughs of stone or iron, around and around in

which travel ponderous wheels. Men with wooden shovels keep the material under the rollers, where it is thoroughly crushed.

When enough of each ingredient is ready to make a batch of powder, they weigh it—about 75 parts of saltpeter, 15 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur. These proportions, however, vary somewhat, depending upon what the powder is to be used for, and the strength required.

The weighed-out ingredients must now be mixed. Usually, the charcoal and sulphur are put together first in revolving barrels, in which are loose zinc, brass, or copper balls; and when this is completed, the saltpeter is added, and the rolling process is repeated until the whole is well intermingled. In some mills the three ingredients are put in the barrels and mixed in one operation; but this mode is attended with greater risk.

All this, however, is mere *stirring*. The real *mixing* must be done under great pressure.

Now begins the greatest danger. The weighed-out materials are taken to another shed, called the "incorporating mill," where there are more wheels and troughs; but, instead of men with shovels, there are wooden and copper scrapers attached to the machinery, that follow the wheels and keep the mixture in place. The ingredients are placed in the trough, the wheels started, and the men lock the doors and go away. Hour after hour, around and around in the dark, all alone rumble these mighty wheels. So long as the little scrapers attend to their business, evenly spreading the mixture three or four inches deep in the bottom of the trough, all will be well; but if anything goes wrong—*puff—bang!*—that is the end of that mill. If the crushing-wheels and the iron bottom of the trough should happen to touch, the chances are they would "strike fire;" but the cushion of powder between is supposed to prevent this.

The next process is called "pressing." The mixed powder is arranged in layers about two inches thick, separated by sheets of brass or copper, and dampened with water. Piles of these plates and layers are then put in a press, and squeezed so hard that the pressure on every square inch is equal to about six hundred tons. The powder is now powder no longer, but slabs as hard as marble, and of course completely mixed and compacted. So it must again be pulverized, and for this purpose the slabs are taken to the "granulating" or "corning house." This is another very dangerous part of the work, for this house has no water-floor, and the least carelessness would be fatal. The machinery here breaks it into grains by means of successive sets of brass-toothed rollers turning in opposite directions, that chew up the slabs as though they liked them. The powder is now reduced to

hard, sharp grains, and is ready for the "glazing," by which every grain is polished in order to



wear off the corners, which would produce much fine dust when the powder was carried about; and also to render the particles less liable to absorb moisture. This glazing generally is done in revolving barrels, where the powder is put with plum-bago, or black-lead. Some manufacturers, however, trust

simply to the polish resulting from the rubbing of the grains together in the barrel. It is then dried by being spread out on sheets stretched on frames in a heated room, and afterward freed from dust by being sifted through hair sieves.

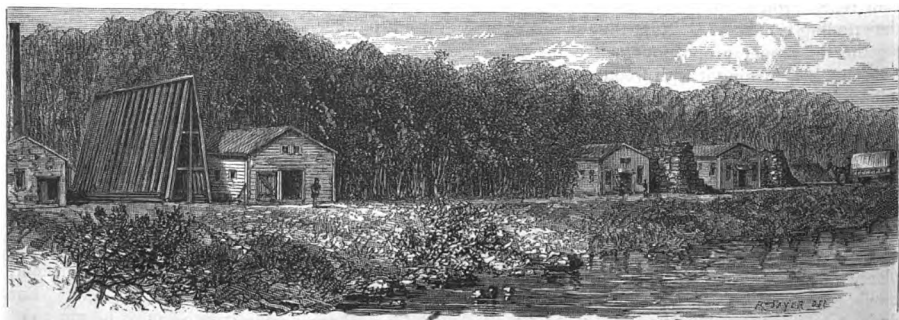
To turn all these crushing-wheels and barrels, and shake all these sieves, steam-engines of course cannot be used, since, with the single exception of hot air or steam needed for drying,—the furnace for which is as far off as possible, delivering its heat through long underground pipes,—fire is not used for any purpose; while, in hot climates, not even this risk is run, but the powder is dried in the sun. In Europe and America, then, the mills are usually driven by water-power; but in India, where immense quantities of powder are made by the British government, the mills generally are turned by either oxen or men. To avoid heat, or sparks from the friction of axles, or other parts, the machinery is generally so built that different kinds of metal work together, such as iron and zinc, iron and cop-

per, steel and brass, but never iron and iron, or steel and steel. Many other ingenious precautions

are employed, but I have told you enough to show that people who make gunpowder, as well as people who use it, must keep their wits about them. You now understand pretty well how gunpowder is made, and that it is something else than the "black sand" it seems. Very much more might be said, and even then you would barely have been introduced to the explosive family. Captain Gunpowder has many cousins,—all much younger than himself, but more terrible,—and they are all of them busy making a noise in the world. Captain Gunpowder is the only one who goes to the wars. The others stay at home and dig tunnels, blow up rocks in the harbors, like the great reef called "Hell Gate" in the East River, near New York, and help mankind in various ways. So long as people use them carefully they are great helps; but they punish careless people fearfully. It is said that "fire is a good servant, but a bad master," and the saying is equally true of these agents that are mightier than any fire. Among these cousins are Nitro-Glycerine, Dynamite and Dualin, Vulcanite, Rend-Rock, Gun-Cotton, and more beside. All look equally innocent and harmless, while each one is, if possible, more powerful and terrible than the other. Yet some of them are put to the most peaceful uses. For instance, certain enterprising grape-growers of Austria have lately used dynamite in the culture of grape-vines.



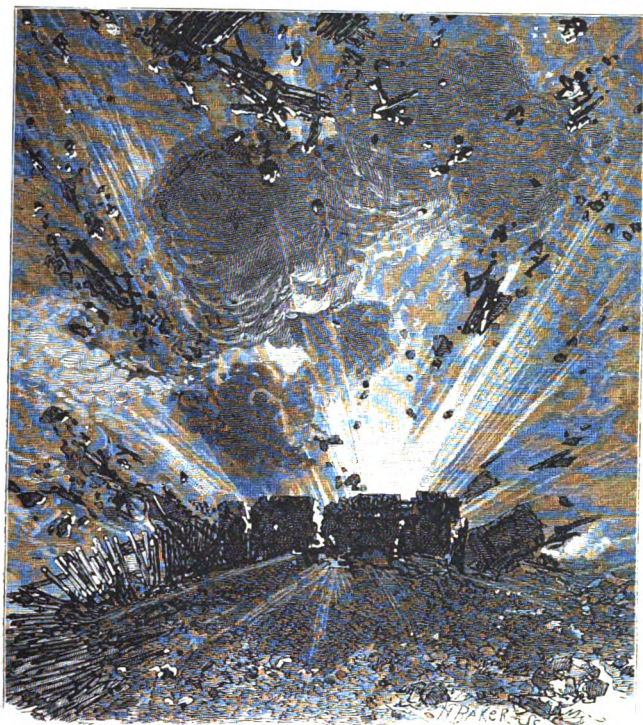
DESERTED.



A POWDER-MILL—THE BUILDINGS AND DEFENSES.

per, steel and brass, but never iron and iron, or steel and steel. Many other ingenious precautions

Holes are made in the ground near the vines, and in them small quantities of dynamite are ex-



AN EXPLOSION.

ploded, loosening the earth to the depth of seven or eight feet—thus letting in air and moisture to the roots.

Then there is another branch of the family called "fulminates." The powders for percussion-caps used on shot-guns are made of one of these. These explosives, properly directed, do so much more work than gunpowder that the world could hardly get on nowadays without them. There is, through the Alps, a railway tunnel over seven miles long, so that, in a journey from France to Italy, instead of undertaking a tedious climb over the mountains, we shoot through them in a railway train. This tunnel, and many others in different parts of the world, could scarcely have been pierced at all without the help of this mighty family. Engineers are even seriously considering the proposition to connect France and the British Isles by a tunnel. Even with gunpowder alone this would be possible; and, since the "cousins" have appeared, it is probable that you and I may live to ride in a palace-car twenty-two miles under the sea from Dover to Calais.

Who invented gunpowder? you may ask.

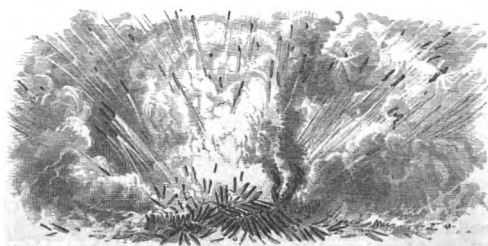
No one knows. All agree that its composition and properties were understood in remote antiquity. Authentic history extends but a short way into the past, and it is always difficult to draw the line separating the authentic from the fabulous. Like some other things, gunpowder, as ages rolled on, may have been invented, forgotten, and re-invented. Certainly in some form it was known and used for fire-works and incendiary material long before any one dreamed of a gun, or of using it to do more than create terror in warfare. And yet it is said that some of the ancients had means of using it to throw destructive missiles among their enemies—probably a species of rocket or bomb. Nor does it seem, in its infancy, to have been applied to industrial purposes, such as blasting and quarrying rock, for there is evidence that the people who used it for fire-works at their feasts, quarried immense blocks of stone by splitting them out of the quarries with hammers and wedges.

Its first uses probably were connected with the religious ceremonies of the pagan ancients. An

old tradition taught that those were the most powerful gods who answered their worshippers by fire. The priests, therefore, who practiced upon the credulity of the people, exercised their ingenuity in inventing ways of producing spontaneous fire, which they told the people was sent by the gods from heaven in answer to their prayers. The accounts of old writers still preserved and dating back to three hundred years before Christ, describe a "sulphurous and inflammable substance" unmistakably like our gunpowder. There was a certain place called the "Oracle of Delphi," once visited by Alexander the Great, where this kind of fire was produced by the priests, and it is said that the Druids, the ancient priests of Britain, also used something of this sort in their sacrifices, for they not only produced sudden fire, but they also imitated thunder and lightning, to terrify the people with their power. This must have been more than two thousand years ago. It is known that the Chinese, on the other side of the world, had gunpowder about the same time, but they used it chiefly for fire-works, which then, as now, formed the main feature of all their festivals and ceremonies. In India it was early used in war, for a writer who lived about A. D. 244 says: "When the towns of India are attacked by their enemies the people do not rush into battle, but put them to flight by thunder and lightning." It is said, too, that one of the Roman emperors, who lived just after the crucifixion of Christ, "had machines which imitated thunder and lightning, and at the same time emitted stones." Then, about A. D. 220, there was written a recipe "for an ingenious composition to be thrown on an enemy," which very nearly corresponds to our gunpowder. During the many hundred years that follow, little is recorded until about the ninth century, when there appears in an old book, now in a Paris library, an exact recipe for gunpowder, and a description of a rocket. It is said that in 1099 the Saracens, in

defending Jerusalem, "threw abundance of pots of fire and shot fire-darts,"—no doubt some kind of bombs and war-rockets. History affords accounts of other wars about this time, in which gunpowder was undoubtedly used in some form. But in 1216 a monk, Friar Roger Bacon, made gunpowder; and it is asserted he discovered it independently, knowing nothing of its existence elsewhere. It is not unreasonable to believe this, for in those days people kept their inventions to themselves if they could, and news traveled slowly. Some authors say a German named Schwartz discovered it in 1320, and perhaps he did, too, and as honestly and independently as did Friar Bacon, or the East Indians, or the Chinese. Others insist that it was invented originally in India, and brought by the Saracens from Africa to the Europeans, who improved it. At any rate, an English gentleman who has made a translation of some of the laws of India, supposed to have been established 1,500 years before the Christian era, or over 3,300 years ago, makes one of them read thus: "The magistrate shall not make war with any deceitful machine, or with poisoned weapons, *or with cannon and guns, or any kind of fire-arms.*"

There are ever so many more curious bits of history, more or less trustworthy, concerning the early history of gunpowder, but I have told you enough to show that it is nothing new, and that no one knows when it was new. Two hundred years ago a pump was made to raise water by exploding small charges of gunpowder. It proved to be more curious than useful, and was abandoned: but to-day a pile-driver is driven by gunpowder, in a similar way. At the siege of Jerusalem, nearly eight hundred years ago (as I mentioned just now), fire-darts were thrown by gunpowder; and to-day the whalers throw harpoons by the same means. In fact, gunpowder is both old and new. To this very day it is being improved and applied to new uses.



GOING TO THE SEA-SHORE.

BY E. F. N.

O LITTLE pebbles down by the sea !
I wonder if you are waiting for me ?
Shining and dancing in the warm light,
Washed by the waves, and looking so bright.

Dear little pebbles, white as the snow,
I'll tell you something perhaps you don't know :
The summer is coming, and so are we,
For papa says we may go to the sea.

Then, pretty pebbles, our little bare feet
Will kiss you again and again. you're so sweet ;
I know you wont scratch us, you're smooth and round,
Without any " prickers," like those on the ground.

And I'll tell you another thing, pebbles so kind :
I will bring—unless nurse should leave them behind—
A pail and a shovel ; and what I will do
Is to dig a big hole for a well—would n't you ?

And then when the waves come scampering up,
'T will be filled to the top like my own silver cup ;
And we will run down and splash it about,
Till another big wave, with a laugh and a shout,

Chases us up till we're out of its reach—
All of us safe, high and dry on the beach.
Yes, the waves are great fun, but I really must say
I'd rather have pebbles when I want to play.

O summer, *do* hurry ! O spring, go away !
Little flowers, please blossom ! Dear birds, sing your lay !
And the sooner you do it, the better for me,
For the pebbles are waiting, I know, by the sea.



WHITTINGTON LISTENING TO THE BOW BELLS OF LONDON.

(Drawn by Miss E. M. S. Scannell.)

AND THE SUN SMILED.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"Go away, for a little while," said the rain to the sun. "Don't you see I am preparing to visit the earth? And, as you ought to know, the sun should n't be shining when the rain-drops are falling."

"It's such a lovely—such a *very* lovely day," said the sun, "and the earth is so beautiful and pleasant to see, that I don't want to 'go away.'"

"I sha' n't stay long—not more than five or ten minutes," said the rain. "I'll only make a shower-call."

"But I'm not content to lose sight of all this joy and loveliness even for 'five or ten minutes,'" said the sun. "Ever so many new buds and flowers came out to greet me this morning, and ever so many baby-birds sang to me their first twittering, tremulous songs, and the brooks dimpled and

laughed as my rays kissed them, and the daisies looked straight up at me with frank, fearless faces, saying, 'Welcome, dear sun!'—and the buttercups proudly showed me their pretty blossoms, that I might see it was my color they wore; and they are all, at this moment, as happy as happy can be. Why can't you leave them alone? According to *my* way of thinking, they have no need of you in the day-time, when I am here to make life bright and warm. Wait until night lifts her curtain from the other half of the world to throw it over this. Then I shall be shining on far-distant lands, and the moon and stars will be in the sky in my place, and I dare say they won't object to your clouds veiling their faces for an hour or two, for their light and power are nothing compared to mine, and the earth will be too sleepy to miss them, anyhow."

"My dear sun," said the rain, "I grant that you make life 'warm,' but, begging your pardon for speaking so frankly, sometimes you make it *too* warm. Even while we are talking, it is getting warmer and warmer, as it does every midsummer day from noon until two or three hours before night-fall; and soon the flowers you love so well will begin to droop and fade, and the grass to bend wearily toward the ground, and the birds to cease singing, and the brooks to stop dancing, unless I send my merry, sparkling little ones to cheer and refresh them. Hide behind a cloud for a few moments, and when you come forth again you will find the earth free from thirst, dust and stain, and a thousand times greener and more beautiful than now before my pure drops have fallen upon it."

But the sun was obstinate that July day, and refused to be hidden by the friendly cloud, and so kept on shining when the shower began to fall. And, looking down on the earth as the glittering drops reached it, he saw the sweet buds opening their dainty leaves, the flowers raising their languid heads, every blade of grass standing erect and firm, the little streams dancing gayly to a cooing song of their own, and everything, everywhere, wearing a look of radiant happiness.

And he said to the rain, "You were right," and, smiling upon her, his smile arched the heavens, and, bright with every lovely hue that ever glowed in gem or flower, shone there until the shower ceased, and children, beholding it, cried out joyfully, "A rainbow! a beautiful, beautiful rainbow!"

HEVI.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"I HOPE, my son," said Hevi's mother to him, one bright sunny morning when he had come in from play, "I hope you will never forget, no matter how long your life may be, that, if you want your friends to believe that you are in any way better than they are, you must show that you are superior, and not merely talk about it."

Hevi said nothing. He had been telling his mother of a conversation he had had with some of his young companions, in which he had boasted a good deal about himself and his relations; about what his father had done, and what he intended to do when he should get to be as big as his father. So he hung his head a little, as his mother gave him this piece of advice.

"But mother," said he, after a few moments, "father talks about what he has done, and about what he intends to do, too."

"Yes, my dear," said his mother, sadly, "I know that; and although I want you to imitate your father, and be as much like him as possible, I don't want you to get into a habit of boasting. And now run off, and take your bath."

Hevi was an elephant—a young fellow, not as high as a horse. He had a good disposition and high spirits, and was generally liked, though, as he was bigger and stronger than most of the young elephants he associated with, he sometimes showed himself their master in a way they did not fancy. He lived with his father and mother, and a large

herd of other elephants, in a great wood not far from the shore of the ocean. His father was the chief of the herd, and the largest and strongest elephant that had ever been seen in those parts.

"Mother," said Hevi, one day, as he was starting off to take his daily bath, "I saw a whale out at sea yesterday, and when I told father about it, it seemed to make him angry. Why was that?"

"My dear son," said his mother, anxiously, "I do wish you would try and never say anything about whales to your father. Nothing annoys him so much as an allusion to them. Now go along."

Hevi walked away, and his mother, turning to enter the woods, heaved a sigh. She was thinking of her husband. "I wish," she said to herself, "that he could get rid of that silly jealousy of whales. He hates to think that there is a creature on earth bigger than himself. And whales *are* bigger; I know that, for I have seen them."

In about half an hour from this time Hevi's father came home. It was nearly noon and he wanted his dinner. As he came up to his wife, who was standing by a great pile of fresh grass and tender young leaves which she had gathered together, she noticed that he looked out of humor.

"Has anything worried you, my dear?" she said, kindly.

"Worried me? Of course not. Why should I be worried? To be sure there were two strange elephants, from Tamburra, over there with the

herd to-day, and they were talking such ridiculous stuff, that I felt inclined to give them a pretty heavy hint to go home."

"What did they talk about?" asked his wife, as she turned over the pile of dinner to find some nice bits for her husband.

"Oh, all sorts of nonsense. It seems they have traveled a good deal, and they have entirely too much to say about what they have seen. I don't believe half of it. They have lost their respect for their own kind, and are full of talk about the great deeds of other creatures, especially men. To hear those fellows talk, you would think that a man could do anything he pleased. To be sure he can master most of the smaller animals, but so can I—there is not one of them that I cannot conquer. I can crush a lion or a tiger under my feet; I can dash a buffalo lifeless against a tree; I can even master the rhinoceros, and if I once get my tusks under him, I can push him headlong over a precipice. And as to a man, I have shown how I can treat him. You remember that fellow who came into these woods with a gun, and how he killed a great many deer and other animals, and even fired at some of us elephants. But when I caught sight of him, I quickly turned the tables. I rushed at the blood-thirsty rascal, and although he had his gun in his hand, he did not dare to shoot at me. He just turned and ran away at the top of his speed; and if he had not slipped in between two great rocks, where it was impossible for me to follow him, I would have broken every bone in his body. And then those two strangers had the impudence to talk about some whales they had seen, and their great size. Size indeed! As if a miserable whale could compare with an elephant!"

"But, my dear," said his wife, "I do wish you would try to get over your prejudices on this point. You know whales are bigger."

"They are not!" said he, sharply. "They are nothing of the kind. Let me hear no more such nonsense. Where's Hevi?"

"He is taking his bath," said his wife, very glad to change the subject; "I'll call him."

So saying, she went out to the edge of the wood; but when she looked toward the beach, she stopped, terror-stricken. There was Hevi far beyond the breakers, and apparently floating out to sea!

Without a word, the mother rushed down to the water's edge.

"Hevi! Hevi!" she cried, "come in. You are out too far. Come in, or you will be drowned!"

Hevi, who seemed to be tired and unable to direct his course, called back in a voice which sounded as if he had swallowed some salt water:

"I can't. The tide is too strong."

"Hello there! Hello!" cried Hevi's father, who

now came running to the beach, alarmed by the cries of his wife. "What are you doing out there? Come in, this instant!"

"He can't! He can't!" screamed the poor mother. "The tide is carrying him away! Oh! save him, my husband, or he will be drowned! Drowned before our eyes!"

Hevi's father did not hesitate. He dashed into the water and waded rapidly toward his son. But soon he stopped, his feet sank in the sand, and he found he could not proceed. At the spot where he was struggling to get forward, the sand was very soft, and his immense weight forced his legs down so deeply—sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other—that he could scarcely keep himself from falling over.

The water was always deep enough over this spot for Hevi to swim, but it was entirely too shallow to bear up his father; and so the great elephant, finding that matters were getting worse and worse the more he pressed forward, endeavored to turn back, so that he might find a firmer portion of the beach.

His distressed wife, seeing his sad plight, rushed to his assistance.

"Oh!" she cried, "you, too, will be lost!"

"My dear," said her husband, a little sharply, "will you let go my tail? I can never get out, if you keep pulling me that way. I want to turn around."

With a groan, she stopped pulling at his tail and stepped back to give him room to scramble out.

Casting her eyes seaward to poor Hevi, who was dismayed at seeing himself so far from shore, while his father was actually turning back and going away from him, she perceived something which made her heart jump with joy.

Out at sea, but not very far from poor Hevi, she saw a great spout of water rise into the air!

It was a whale! She plainly saw his great back and head above the water.

Without stopping to think, she shouted:

"O whale! whale! come here! Save my son! Hasten! He is drowning!"

The whale raised his head, and seeing the really dangerous situation of Hevi, who was nearly exhausted by his struggles, he swam rapidly toward the young elephant.

When he reached him, he put his head against Hevi and a little under him, and then, setting his great tail in motion, he swam steadily to the shore, pushing Hevi before him. He seemed to be swimming very slowly, but as he came near he sent Hevi shooting through the surf, and the little fellow actually turned over and over, two or three times, before he got on his feet in the shallow water. His mother rushed down to meet him.

"Oh, my dear Hevi! my sweet son!" she cried, as she tenderly twined her trunk around him. "You are saved. I have you again. But how did you dare to go out so far? You know how often you have been told never to go beyond your depth. How you have frightened us! Now run home and dry yourself;" and as Hevi shuffled away, his fond mother could not help giving him a slap with her trunk as he passed. The little rascal, he had scared them so!

Then Hevi's mother turned to the whale, who remained near the shore, and apparently was curious to see how things would turn out.

"My good whale," said she to him, "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you. You have saved my son, my only child. I can never forget it. I know we can never repay you; but if there is anything whatever, that we can do to show our gratitude, we shall be only too glad to do it. My husband, as well as myself——"

She then turned to call Hevi's father, but he was not to be seen. When he had scrambled out of the soft sand, hearing meantime his wife's frantic cries to the whale, he turned his head seaward just in time to see the whale pushing Hevi to shore. Perceiving that there was nothing for him to do, and filled with mortification and shame at his failure to save his drowning son, he hastened away to the woods to hide his wounded pride and regain his wonted composure.

"My husband is not here," said Hevi's mother. "He probably has hurried home to take care of the child. But he joins me, I know, in my thanks to you."

"Oh! don't mention it," said the whale, in a deep voice. "No trouble, I'm sure."

"I must now go," said the elephant, "and see that my poor child has something to revive him. I'm sorry I can't ask you up to the woods. But I shall never forget you. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said the whale.

When Hevi's mother reached the woods, she found her son in a very wet and uncomfortable condition. She rubbed him dry with a bundle of hay, and gave him some nice roots to eat; and when he felt better, she sent him out to take a little walk in the sun, so that he might get well warmed and not take cold.

Hevi was very glad to go, for while his mother was attending to him she gave him a great deal of good advice and some scolding, too.

He had been gone but a few minutes, however, before he came running back, crying out:

"Oh, mother! That whale's there yet! And I believe he's stuck fast and can't get away!"

Hevi's mother rushed out, and as soon as she saw the whale, she felt sure that her son was right.

The great fish evidently had forgotten, or had not known, how shallow the water was where he came in, and in his kind effort to push Hevi as near dry land as possible, had run himself so far up on the beach that he had stranded himself. And, as the tide was running down, his condition was getting worse and worse. He was now more than half out of water, and although he worked his tail so vigorously that it made great waves on each side of him, and twisted himself about as hard as he could, he could not force himself into deep water.

"Mercy on us!" cried Hevi's mother. "The poor fellow has certainly stuck fast on the beach. Hevi! Run for your father."

Away ran Hevi, and his mother hurried down to the water's edge.

"My dear whale," she said, "I am afraid you have run aground."

"Yes," said the whale. "It certainly looks like it. I did n't intend to come so far. But if the tide was n't running out I think I could get off."

"Well, don't tire yourself," said the good elephant; "my husband will be here directly. He will help you."

A kind of smile came over the whale's face. "He can't do much," he thought to himself; but he did not say so, for fear of hurting the mother-elephant's feelings.

Hevi soon found his father walking about by himself in the forest. When the great elephant heard what his son had to tell him, he gave a grunt and seemed in a little better humor.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "I'll go and see about it."

When he got out on the beach he walked straight to the whale, paying no attention to his wife, who was endeavoring to explain the situation to him.

"Well," said he to the whale, "you seem to be pretty badly stranded."

"I am," replied the whale; "and I don't see how I am to get off unless I wait here until the tide rises. And that will be a long time to wait."

"Oh, I'll get you off," said the elephant.

"I don't believe you can do it," said the whale.

"I'll soon show you about that," said Hevi's father, and he walked down through the water, taking care to be sure that his way led over the firm portions of the beach. When he reached the whale, he put his head and one shoulder against the whale's head, and, bending himself up for the struggle, he pushed with all his enormous strength.

As the beach was hard and stony beneath his great feet, he could put his whole force into his efforts, and he pushed like a big steam-engine.

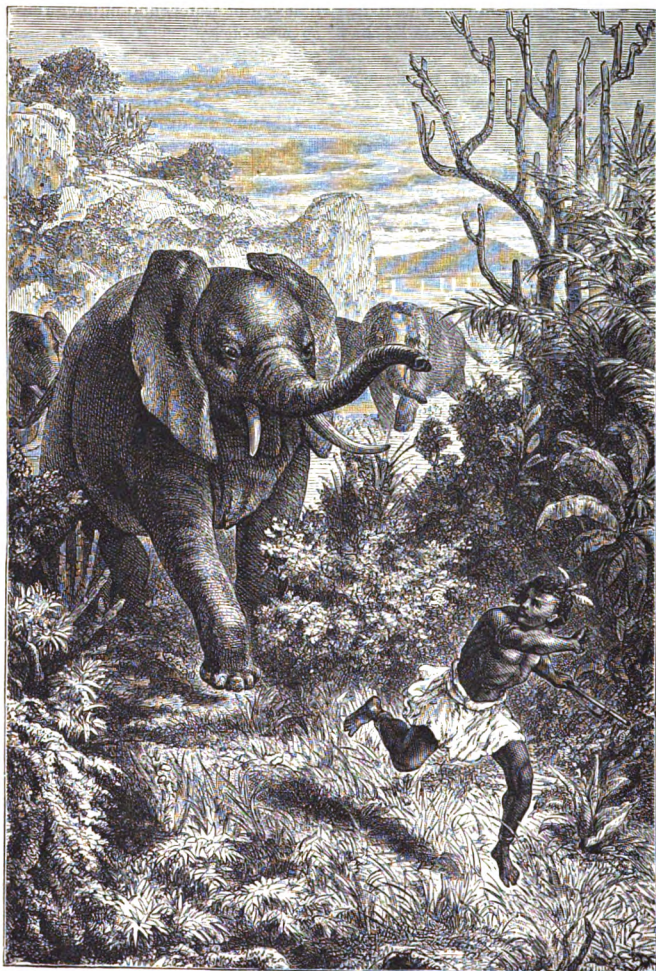
In a minute or two the whale began to move

slowly backward, and then, with a steady motion, like a ship sliding off the stocks, he glided into deep water.

"Hurrah!" shouted Hevi and Hevi's mother, and a dozen other elephants, who had now gathered on the beach. "Hurrah!" they cried again, wav-

Hevi's father came slowly out of the water, with a very good-humored expression on his face.

"Ha! ha!" he said to himself, "that was a good sort of a whale. A very good fellow indeed! But, dear me! he never could have got off that beach by himself. A whale is utterly helpless on



THE MAN WHO WENT TO SHOOT ELEPHANTS.

ing their trunks in the air, while the whale, after a joyful dive, came up to the surface and spouted a tremendous stream of water, high enough to put out a fire on top of the highest steeple you ever saw.

shore. I'm glad I happened to be about. Yes, he's a good fellow for a whale. And I believe he is a trifle bigger than I am—though, of course, a whale can never be compared to an elephant."

HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SUPPER BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

FOR half an hour, Jacob wandered about the streets of Chillicothe and along by the canal, amusing himself as well as he could with the strange sights, and trying to make up his mind what to do.

But the thought of returning to Jackson called up two mightily disagreeable images in the boy's mind,—Friend David triumphantly smiling as he blocked up the Radkin door-way, and the casting-house of the iron-furnace filled with stifling steam.

"Likely as not," he thought, "the best Mr. Radkin can do for me will be to set me to work in that hot place, under that hateful foreman!"

And now once more Cincinnati rose in his imagination like a fair land of promise.

"I wish I had money enough to take me there," he said to himself.

He could not, of course, expect to overtake Mr. Radkin; but he might find his uncle. And why not continue his journey to Cincinnati, as well as go anywhere else? Still some of the rainbow hues of Pinkey's fancy picture of his fortunes in that great city floated before Jacob's eyes.

For ten cents he bought a pound of crackers at a grocery on the canal, and dined upon them as he wandered about. All the while he kept his eyes open for old Dorgan, intending to ask his advice as to what he would better do.

"If he says, 'Go back to my house and spend the night,' I'll do it, anyway," thought Jacob, so undecided was he as yet in his own mind, and so much did his future depend upon a slight chance.

Old Dorgan had said to him at parting, "I shall be on the street, I can hardly tell where, but you'll find me or my wagon easily enough, if you care to." But that was not so easy, as it proved; and Jacob was beginning to fear that the old man had done his errands and gone home, when he suddenly exclaimed: "There's the mule-team, now!"

The team he saw was driving on before him down one of the principal streets, a good deal faster than old Dorgan's usual rate of speed. Jacob ran after it, bag in hand, and soon came up, beckoning and shouting, behind the wagon. If he had not been a good deal excited, he would have made the discovery before, which he made when the driver pulled rein and turned to see what was wanted.

It was not old Dorgan's team, and the man was not old Dorgan.

"Want me for anything?" he said to Jacob as he came up. Jacob panted and apologized.

"Excuse me," he said. "I took you for another man—a man I was going to ride with."

The driver was about to whip up his mules again, when something in the boy's appearance seemed to attract his attention.

"Have you lost him?" he inquired.

"I'm afraid I have," replied Jacob.

"Well, you can get in and ride with me, if you are going the way I am."

"Which way are you going?"

"Out on Paint Creek, about six miles."

As they came down over the hills in the morning, the old man had pointed out Paint Creek winding down through the valley to its juncture with the Scioto below the city. He knew that it flowed in from the west, and he spoke up quickly: "That is in the direction of Cincinnati, is n't it?"

"Right on the road."

"How far is it?" asked Jacob.

"Nigh on to a hundred miles," said the man.

"Do you want to go to Cincinnati?"

"Yes!" cried Jacob.

For his mind was thus instantly made up. And he climbed into the wagon.

Jacob rode as far as his new friend could carry him, then continued his journey on foot.

He ate the last of his pound of crackers for supper, and slept that night under a hay-stack.

The next day was the weariest, dreariest, loneliest he had ever experienced; and at evening, hungry, dusty, foot-sore, disheartened, with but three cents in his pocket, he came to the outskirts of a village.

Unwilling to beg, he had made his money go as far as he could. But the last cent would soon be gone, and what should he do then?

He had relied on getting occasional jobs of work to help him through, and often that afternoon he had asked people he saw if they knew anybody who wanted to hire a boy. But boys did not seem to be in great demand in that part of the country. He found places where he could work for his board, but received no offer of wages. And so he had tramped on.

It was a pleasant evening. Children were playing in the street and in front yards, and through open doors he saw supper-tables set. At the side door of one house a woman rang a tea-bell, and called some boys playing in an orchard. They

were so intent on their sport that they did not care for supper. Poor Jacob marveled at them, and recalled the time when he, too, used sometimes to vex his aunt by coming late to his meals.

"Let anybody ring a tea-bell for me now, if they dare!" thought he. "I'll bet a million dollars I would n't wait for 'em to ring twice!"

He heard the boys scolding as they went in: "What's the use of having supper so early? Why could n't we stay out and play?" And he saw one fling his cap down under the porch with the air of an injured innocent.

"That boy should be his own master once, and see how he likes it!" thought Jacob. "Perhaps he is thinking of running away, so as to be free and have a good time. I'll swap myself for him, if he likes. I'll swap with anybody who has a home, and risk it. I tell ye," he muttered aloud, "boys that have good homes never know how well off they are! Shall I ever have one?"

Still he trudged on, wondering how he should manage to make the most of his three cents. It must do for his supper; for his lodging, he would once more trust to the fields.

As he was passing a cottage door, he saw three children coming out, bearing a kettle with some smoking contents, which they set down on the door-step. The oldest was a boy not more than ten; the other two were girls of six and eight; and there was another child still younger following them with three great iron spoons.

The happiness of these children attracted Jacob's attention, and he stopped and leaned over the fence to look at them. The oldest had a tin cup which he held in his lap, while he sat down on the door-step and the others gathered around him brandishing the spoons.

"What have you there?" said Jacob.

"Supper!" cried the boy, proudly, stirring the contents of the kettle.

"Scup?" said Jacob, wistfully.

"No; mush and molasses," said the oldest, while the youngest added, with a gleeful laugh, "Good!"

"Who cooked your mush for you?" Jacob asked.

"Cooked it myself," said the boy. "Always do. Father's away to work, and don't get home till dark, and I get our dinner and supper every day but Sunday."

"Where's your mother?" Jacob inquired.

"Haint got no mother!" And the boy tasted the mush, to see if it was cool enough to eat.

Finding it would do with a little blowing, he told the others to dip in. It was a moment of jubilee for the hungry tribe. They first touched their spoons to the molasses in the cup, taking up a little, then added to it a good deal of pudding,

which they blew and sipped, talking and laughing all the while with perfect happiness.

Jacob would never have thought that the time could possibly come when he would envy ragged children eating mush with iron spoons out of an iron kettle. But envy them he did. There was no selfish scrambling for quantity; but the elder one looked out that the younger ones had their share.

"How little it takes to make us happy in this world—if we only knew it!" thought Jacob. And, standing there, leaning over the fence, he learned a lesson of heroism and duty from that small boy-philosopher ten years old.

"Have you any more of that mush than you want?" he said, coming inside the gate and looking into the kettle. "I'll give you three cents for some."

"Three cents!" exclaimed the oldest, thinking he must be joking. They had never had so much money all at once; and when Jacob, by showing the change, convinced them that he was in earnest, it seemed to them that the millennium had come.

They shared their supper with him gladly. Sitting on the door-step, he had a spoon all to himself; and was allowed to dip as deep and as often as he liked into the molasses-cup. It was a feast, and even he was happy.

But all too soon the bottom of the kettle was reached, and scraped by competing spoons. Jacob left the little ones scraping, and looking at the money he had given them. Then, after having a drink from the well, he went his way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE OLD MAN OF THE STAGE-WAGON.

HAVING stopped a while on the tavern steps, to rest his tired limbs, and to inquire of the loungers for a job, Jacob started on again, to look for his night's lodging in the fields.

He was weary enough to lie down under the fence, in the first retired spot; but the night was cool for the season, and he felt the necessity of seeking some sort of shelter from the heavy dews.

He was once more in the open country, looking to right and left in the deepening twilight, when he noticed a dark object and heard sounds of voices before him in the road. Nearing the spot, he found an open stage-wagon broken down in the ruts, and the driver and two or three passengers at work trying to extricate it.

Another passenger, alone in the wagon,—whom Jacob perceived to be a sharp-featured old man wrapped to the throat in a thick shawl,—was complaining of the mishap in a harsh and querulous voice.

"It will be the death of me, exposed to the night air in this way! Just after getting up from a fever! Merciful heavens, driver, you must do something! Ah, who's there? Help!"

It was nobody but Jacob, trudging along the road with his stick and bag.

"Hullo, boy!" cried the sick man, "how far is it to the hotel?"

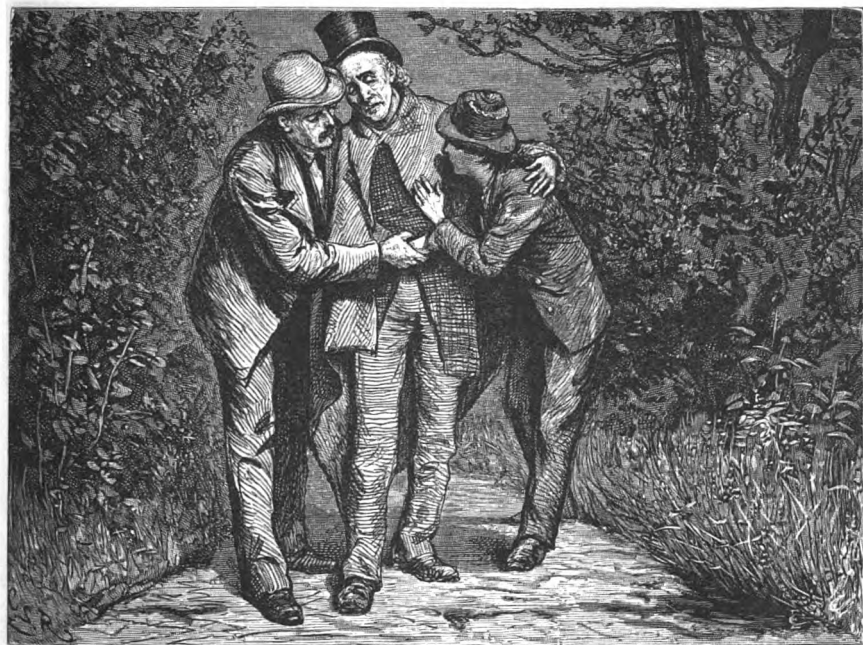
"Pretty near a mile," replied Jacob.

"In mercy, yes!" groaned the old man. And Jacob, who could not possibly have run for himself, ran for him.

In a few minutes he came back. He had found a kind woman and a kitchen fire, and he proposed to take the invalid to them at once.

"But I can't walk so far!" the old man objected, snappishly.

"We can put you on one of the horses."



JACOB AND THE PASSENGER ASSIST THE SICK GENTLEMAN TO THE HOUSE.

The invalid uttered a groan. "A mile! I shall die before we get there, at this rate. I am growing light-headed—my feet are cold as ice—I am sure to have a relapse!"

The voice, though harsh, was certainly that of a man in a bad way. Jacob stood beside the wagon.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"I don't know," said the old man, with an aguish shudder. "I feared I was n't able to travel. But the doctor said the journey might do me good, if I did n't get chilled, or too much fatigued. Now I am both. We should have reached the hotel two hours ago."

"There's a house a little way back, behind those trees," said Jacob. "Shall I go and see if they will take you in?"

"I can't ride a raw-boned stage-horse! I may as well die here!"

"You'd better let him," said another of the passengers, coming close to Jacob's side. "You would if you had had as much of his bearishness as we have."

"But he is really a sick man!" remonstrated Jacob.

"That's so," the passenger replied. "I only wish he was sicker! To hear him growl, you'd think everybody in the world but himself was to blame for his misfortunes."

"If you will take hold with me, I think we can help him walk to that house," said Jacob.

"You seem to take a great interest in the old curmudgeon!" said the passenger.

"He may be a curmudgeon; but you would n't leave the worst man in the world to die here, would you?"

"I rather think I would!"

"Oh, no you would n't!" said Jacob. "And he is n't the worst man. His suffering makes him cross." And so he argued and urged, until the passenger consented to help the old man.

Now, the invalid had stopped scolding and groaning long enough to hear almost every word of this conversation; and when it was finally proposed to him to walk with the help of the two, he consented with a better grace than he had shown at any time since his fellow-passengers made his uncomfortable acquaintance.

Getting painfully down to the ground, and leaning heavily upon the shoulders of his assistants, he found he could walk better than he had at first supposed. Still, when they reached the house with him, he was very much exhausted, and his pinched old face looked ghastly enough, as they laid him on the kitchen lounge. He did not, however, lose consciousness, but took notice of everything.

Thanks to much experience in taking care of his sick aunt, Jacob, boy as he was, knew better than anybody else present what to do.

"Can you make him some warm drink?—a cup of tea? As quick as you can!" he said to the woman. Then to the stage-passenger who had helped him bring the old man in: "Don't go, sir, if you please! We must warm his feet the first thing. Take that one; I will take this."

The old man's boots were off in a moment, followed by his stockings. Then his death-cold feet, seized and rubbed, began to recover warmth from two pairs of active hands.

"Ah, that's it!—that's what I wanted!" were the first faint words he spoke. "It relieves my head; it brings back my life!"

A cup of tea was soon ready, and he sat up and sipped it. Then the woman put some freshly toasted slices of bread before him, and a dish of jelly; and his appetite came. When, in about an hour, the stage-driver returned for him with another vehicle brought from the village, the invalid declared that he felt like a new man.

"But where's that youngster?" he asked sharply, looking around.

"After he had warmed your boots and put them on, and got you to the table," replied the woman, "he went off."

"Went off!" he exclaimed. "Without giving me a chance to thank him!"

"He spoke to you, but you were eating your toast and did n't seem to mind him. Then he came and thanked me for what I had done for you, and went away."

"That's a shame!" cried the old man, with an appearance of anger. "I heard him say something about having left his bag out-doors, and going out to get it; but I thought he was coming back. I want to see that youngster. I have n't met one for many a day I like so well. I want just such a boy to travel with me. He knows what to do for a sick man. I was going to give him a dollar, anyway. Can't somebody bring him back?"

"Wagon's waiting!" shouted the driver, impatiently, at the gate.

Jacob, who had had no thought of doing a good action for a reward, had also no idea of what he had missed.

Had the dollar been presented to him, he would have taken it, no doubt, under the circumstances, out of pure necessity. Nor do I think he would have ventured to decline anything that looked so providential as the offer of a situation to travel with the old man. But, expecting nothing, he had gone off contentedly with nothing.

He would have liked an invitation to eat some of the good woman's toast—it must be owned that he thought of that; for mush, though it serves for the moment to allay the pangs of hunger, does not afford permanent satisfaction to toiling mortals. But he who had been so ready to ask of strangers what was needful for another, never thought of asking anything for himself. And, his simple duty done, remembering what he had for a while forgotten,—namely, his own weariness and wants,—he had gone off, picked up his bag and stick, and found a lonely lodging in an old barn.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JACOB MAKES NEW ACQUAINTANCES, AND MEETS AN OLD ONE.

THE next morning he was awakened by the violent barking of a dog close to his nose; and looking up from his couch of straw in the corner, he saw a frightened cur bristling at him, and an astonished farmer standing in the open barn-door.

Jacob sat up, and made a clutch at his stick, to defend himself.

"What are you doing here?" cried the farmer.

"Call off your dog, and I'll tell you," replied Jacob, a good deal alarmed, it must be confessed, but not quite losing his self-possession.

After the dog, he expected abuse from the man. He got upon his feet, and as soon as the yelping was silenced, and he could be heard, told briefly his story,—standing humble and confused, but frank and honest, and with a touch of simple pathos in his tones.

"I came in here to sleep; I did n't know it would do any harm. I should have gone to some

house, if I had had any money. I have slept outdoors two nights; but last night was too cool."

"Where did you come from?"

"From Chillicothe last. I went there to find a man, but missed him. Now I am going to Cincinnati, where I have an uncle."

"How will you get to Cincinnati without money?"

"I can walk, and I hope to get work enough to do to pay my way."

"And what are you going to do for breakfast?"

"I don't know, but I think I can find a few berries somewhere; and, if I can't do any better, I can go to some stack of wheat, shell a little in my hand, and eat that. It won't be the first time."

The man was evidently interested in this homeless boy and his story.

"Come along with me to the house," he said.

"I've no work for you; but I'll give ye some breakfast."

Jacob followed gratefully.

"Is it *that* house?" he presently inquired.

"Yes; why not?" said the farmer.

"I believe," said Jacob, "that is the house where I—where we—took the sick man last night."

"Ah!" The farmer turned and looked quickly at Jacob. "I heard something about that when I got home. Are you the boy? I thought from my wife's account of what you said and did that you must have been older,—how you warmed the old fellow's feet, and all that."

"I suppose I am the boy," replied Jacob, with a fine blush in the rosy morning light. "I hope the old gentleman was better after I left him."

"He was well enough to go on to the hotel. He had gone when I got home. My wife can tell you more about him; and she will be glad to see you."

Indeed, Jacob received a cordial welcome at the house, and there learned from the good woman herself what the sick man had said about him. He mused for a moment, then spoke.

"I am almost glad I was gone, for I am afraid I should have taken his dollar—I need it badly enough!"

"And why not have taken it?"

"Because, if it was to pay for what I had done, I never should have felt right about it. But I am sorry I missed the chance of traveling with him. Perhaps he would have paid me good wages, and brought me around to Cincinnati after a while."

"You might find him at the village, before the morning stage goes out, if you hurry," said the farmer.

Jacob mused again, but shook his head.

"It might look as if I was trying to make something out of him, on account of last night. Besides, he might not have been in earnest. And he's a

grouty old fellow; hard for anybody to get along with, I'm sure."

"So you won't go after him?"

"No," said Jacob, with quiet decision in his look and tone.

After breakfast, the farmer told him that he might stay with them a day or two, if he liked, and do chores to pay for his board. But as nothing was said of wages, he thought he would better go on at once. So, rested and refreshed, with a grateful heart, and in his bag a sandwich which the good woman had given him for his dinner, he resumed his journey.

"There are plenty of good folks in the world, after all!" he exclaimed, winking the quick tears from his eyes, after parting from the farmer and his wife. "I'll remember that when I see other folks mean and dishonest,—I *will* remember it!"

There was some need of this good resolution; for more than once, on that rough journey, Jacob was tempted to declare in his heart that the world was made up mostly of people without sympathy or good-will, who cared only for themselves.

Late in the afternoon of that day, as Jacob was tramping wearily along a lonely road, he was overtaken by a young farmer in a rattling wagon, singing merrily to himself and shouting to his team.

The boy stood on the road-side, and called out to him as he drove past: "Give me a ride?"

"Catch on!" said the man, laughing, and at the same time touching up his horses. "Let's see how smart you are!"

Jacob took him at his word, made a dart at the hind-board, flung his bag and stick over it, and presently, by scrambling and kicking, tumbled himself over after them.

Finding a good bed of straw and a heap of empty bags in the bottom of the wagon-box, he was contented to remain there. But the jolly driver, seeing that he had got on, in spite of the little joke he had attempted to play upon him, now slackened speed, and sat over on one end of the cross-board that served as a seat, to make room for him.

"Get up here!" he said. "If a fellow rides with me, I want his company."

"How far are you going?" Jacob asked, as he took the proffered place.

"About eight miles farther. Hosses are good for it."

Making the young fellow's acquaintance, Jacob learned that his name was Boone, and that he had been to market to sell his father's grain. Having got a good price for that, he had broken the temperance pledge, and was now ripe for any adventure. He invited Jacob to go home with him; but pulled up at the first tavern.

"Oh, you need n't be afraid," said Boone, when Jacob begged him not to go in. "The animals want to breathe; and I'm only going to take some old cheese, with a bite of crackers."

In the tavern, however, he fell in with some cronies; and Jacob was watching him anxiously, when a tall black-whiskered man stepped forward and offered to shake hands with him. The boy was astonished—where had he seen that face before? In a moment he remembered it, and stammered out, "Colonel Corkright!"

"The same," said the Kentuckian, with one of those smiles which Jacob never liked. "I don't recall your name, but I remember seeing you on the steamer with our mutual friend, Mr. Pinkey. And where is Pinkey? Charming fellow! It's enough for me to know that you are his friend."

Jacob overcame his natural repugnance enough to talk with him about Alphonse. But finding that Corkright knew nothing—or pretended to know nothing—of the professor, he turned away to look after his new acquaintance.

Boone was making merry with his friends, and refused to leave them.

"I tell you what you do," he said to Jacob. "Go and give my team the oats in that bag; better water them first—they are cool enough now; then they'll be ready for a brisk trot home."

Jacob went out, slipped the horses' bridles back on their necks, tied them at the manger under the open shed, and after carrying them a couple of pails of water, gave them the oats. Then he began to think of himself.

"What's the use of waiting around? I might go to sleep in his wagon; then if he starts before morning, I shall be sure to start too."

With this happy thought, he got in upon the straw, and, using the empty grain-sacks for coverlet and pillow, soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXX.

A STRANGE RIDE.

HE must have slept several hours very soundly, when he was awakened by a movement of the wagon. He started up, not remembering at first where he was. Then recollection came to him.

"It is Boone, backing his horses out from under the shed. I'm glad he is sober enough to do that. They'll know the way home."

With this reflection he sank back upon his pillow of grain-sacks. His limbs were sore and stiff with weariness, his head was heavy with sleep; and having satisfied himself that Boone was starting for home, he yielded to drowsiness, and was asleep almost before the wagon had left the yard.

The team started off at a slow walk, and the

gentleness of the movement favored Jacob's inclination to repose. But soon the clumsy wagon-box began to jolt a little. The horses were quickening their pace. Jacob's head was jounced off the pillow, and he was rudely tossed about. The sleep was before long shaken out of him; his position in the springless vehicle became painful, in spite of the grain-sacks and the straw, and he sat up.

"Wonder if he knows I am in the wagon?" thought he; and, rubbing his eyes open, he questioned with himself whether he should make his presence known. His very thoughts seemed jolted by the movements of the wagon. "What—is—the—fellow—driving—so—fast—for?"

The moon had but lately risen, and by its light he soon became aware of something strange in the appearance of the driver on the seat before him. Boone was rather short and stout; this man was rather tall. Boone wore a common straw hat; that of the present driver was black, with the brim broad and picturesquely slouched.

With a shudder, he recognized the hat. It belonged to the tall Kentuckian, Colonel Corkright.

All the courage Jacob ever possessed forsook him at this discovery.

Much as he disliked and dreaded Corkright, he might still have faced him by daylight in a good cause, without quite melting down and dissolving in fear. But now the suddenness of the recognition, the strangeness of the situation, the ghostly moonlight, the lonely road,—everything combined to develop the coward in his nature.

His first thought was to creep over the hind-board and drop himself out of the wagon as quietly as possible. But he was afraid to move. So there he sat, staring at the tall dark figure before him, until by degrees his reason and courage returned.

He had no doubt that Corkright had stolen Boone's horses and wagon; and now the wish rose in his heart that he might baffle the villain.

But that he could not do by leaping from the wagon.

His resolution rallying more and more, he thought him of lying down again and covering himself with the grain-bags, until the right moment should arrive to start up and show himself.

"Just as he is going to sell the horses; then up I jump and say, 'This team belongs to another man!'"

I suppose he had not been more than five minutes fully awake, and sitting up there, before he came to this determination, although it seemed a much longer time to him.

The clattering of the vehicle over the rough road prevented the colonel from hearing any movements on the boards behind him; and when he looked around, there was nothing to attract his attention

in the shadowy wagon-box, but what seemed a heap of grain-sacks and straw.

Luckily, Jacob had had time to conceal himself. But he had left a breathing-place under the sack that covered his head, and, anxiously watching through that loophole, he saw the dreaded colonel turn and gaze. What if he had turned a minute before? What if he should detect something suspicious in the straw there now?

"He has n't seen me yet!" thought the boy, with a feeling of relief, as the driver once more faced the other way and touched up the team.

It was a terrible ride to the shaken and jolted Jacob. He suffered less in body than in mind. He was in constant fear lest Corkright should discover him. It seemed as if the sacks were all the time getting off and exposing him. And the moon, rising higher and higher, was shining more and more into the wagon, and beginning to light up the spot where he lay.

And now the moonshine, fading, gave place to a greater danger. The stars had paled; a soft, rosy glow was spreading up the sky. Day had dawned, and it was soon so light that Jacob, peeping from under the sacks, could see the buttons on the back of the Kentuckian's coat.

"How am I going to get out of this?" he thought. "He'll be sure to see me. I can't do Boone any good. I wish I was out of the wagon!"

The little stratagem he had so hastily resolved upon did not seem at all practicable by daylight.

"Never mind," he said to himself; "I have got over a few miles, though it has been rough."

The wagon was now going more slowly. Corkright was approaching a large town, and he had suffered the horses to drop into a walk. All at once Corkright turned, and looked straight down into the wagon.

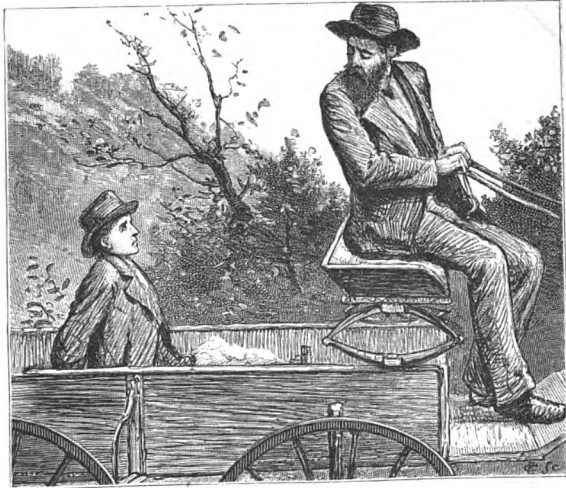
Something attracted his attention. Out of the curious heap behind him protruded an object which strangely resembled a human leg and foot. He reached over, and was about to grasp it, when up started a lithe figure from under the sacks, with astonishing suddenness, like a Jack-in-the-box.

Even the cool Kentuckian was startled by this apparition. He withdrew his hand quickly, and stopped the horses. Again Jacob thought to jump over the hind-board and escape. But he changed

his mind in the very act. And there he sat, looking up straight at the colonel, while the colonel looked down squarely at him.

"What are you here for?" said the colonel.

Jacob was one of those lads who, though not without the excitability which often makes cowards, possess something of the resolution which inspires the hero. When a danger was left to his imagination, he saw it in all sorts of dreadful shapes; but when the necessity for action came,



"CORKRIGHT TURNED AND LOOKED STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE WAGON."

his spirit rose to meet it. When Corkright spoke to him, he was surprisingly calm, considering the circumstances.

"You brought me here," he said, in a clear but slightly tremulous voice.

"I did n't put you in the wagon!"

"I got in here to sleep. I had no other place, and no money to pay for a bed."

"So you made a bed of the wagon! A rather rough one, I reckon you found it! Slept well, I suppose?"

Corkright spoke in a sarcastic tone; evidently he did not believe a word that Jacob said.

"The wagon was under the tavern shed, and I slept well enough till you carried me off."

"Then why did n't you get out?"

"Because you happened to be going my way, and it is n't often I get a ride."

"What business had you in the wagon?"

"The owner asked me to go home with him."

"I am the owner of this team," said Corkright.

"I don't see how that can be," replied Jacob.

"I bought it. Have you any objections?"

Jacob found courage to say: "I suppose you bought it just as you bought Mr. Pinkey's violin?"

"Exactly. I paid cash for that, and I paid cash for this."

Jacob was surprised that the colonel should deign to explain matters to him in this way. But they were now approaching the town where Corkright meant to dispose of the team, and he thought it politic to win over the lad to his purposes.

"If you'll go with me," said he, "and do what I say, you'll have a chance of earning ten or fifteen dollars."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Jacob.

"I can't tell yet; to hold the horses, or may be just to hold your tongue; anything I require."

"If you require only what I can do," said Jacob, thinking it safe to put his promise in that way; resolved, nevertheless, to slip out of the wagon and escape as soon as it should be well in motion and Corkright's back was turned.

Perhaps the colonel suspected as much.

"Well, get up here on the seat with me. I want to talk to you."

Jacob could not refuse. But, as the horses moved on, he felt bound to speak an earnest word for the young farmer.

"I don't see how Boone could have sold you the team," he said. "He told me himself it did n't belong to him, but to his father."

"That's his lookout," replied Corkright. "You don't understand business."

(To be continued.)

WILD MICE AND THEIR WAYS.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY ERNEST INGERSOLI.

THE English field-mouse, which is very much like our own, has "a sweet tooth," and searches for the nests of the bumble-bees in order to get the comb and honey.

The *Arvicola* and *Jaculus* seem to be the greatest diggers, while the *Hesperomys* prefers a home above-ground, and constructs its dwelling much like the squirrel's. Sometimes it takes up its abode in deserted birds' nests, such as those of the cat-bird, red-winged black-bird, wood-thrush, and red-eyed vireo. The cradle-nest of the last-named bird (*Vireo olivaceus*), which had been used

by a white-footed mouse, was found toward the end of August, 1875, on the border of a thick forest in the Blue-Ridge

Mountains, by Mr. Trotter. The nest, which—second tenant and all—is shown in the picture on the next page, hung from the extremity of a young tree a few feet from the ground; and the mouse had completely filled the inside with dry grass, leaving only enough room to squeeze into a comfortable bed in the bottom. The mouse was asleep when found, as is its habit in the daytime, and moved away rather sluggishly.

Not long ago, I received a pleasant letter from Mr. John Burroughs, in which he said: "The other day I found the nest of the white-footed mouse. Going through the woods, I paused by a red cedar, the top of which had been broken



LEAVING HOME.

off and lopped over till it touched the ground. It was dry and formed a very dense mass. I touched a match to it to see it burn, when, just as the flames were creeping up into it, out jumped or tumbled two white-footed mice, and made off in opposite directions. I was just in time to see the nest before the flames caught it—a mass of fine dry

of the grasses on each side arching over, conceal the scampering travelers from the prying eyes of owls, hawks, and butcher-birds, ever on the watch for them. The mice seem to fully understand their danger, cautiously going under a tuft of grass or a large leaf instead of over it, and avoiding bare places. In winter their paths are tunneled under



THE MOUSE IN THE BIRD'S NEST.

grass, about five feet from the ground, in the thickest part of the cedar top."

From their tunnels, nests and granaries, innumerable runways, such as I spoke of before, traverse the neighborhood, crossing those from other burrows, and forming a complete net-work all over the region. The mice do not flock together like the prairie dogs, but, where food is plenty, many nests will often be found close together. They are sociable little folk, and no doubt greatly enjoy visiting and gossiping with one another. The little paths are their roadways from one burrow to another, and from the places where the tenderest grasses grow to their store-houses. These tiny roads are formed by gnawing clean away the grass-stubble, and treading the earth down smooth; while the heads

the snow, so that they are out of sight; and they always have several means of escape from their burrows. You know the old song says—

"The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul."

A trotting, gliding motion is the gait of the *Arvicola*, but the white-foot gallops along, jumping small objects, and leaping from one hillock to another, while the kangaroo-mouse springs off his hind feet, and progresses in a series of long leaps, which carry him over the ground like a race-horse.

But the life of one of our favorites is not all frisking about under the fragrant flowers, or digging channels through shining sand and crystal snow. He has his labor and trials and trouble like the rest

of us. If "a man mun be cæther a man or a mouse," it would be hard choosing between them, so far as an easy time is concerned! The gathering of his food, and the building of his house, costs him "mony a weary nibble," and he must constantly be on the alert, for dangers haunt him on every side. One of his enemies is the snake, all the larger sorts of which pounce upon him in the grass, lie in wait for him in his highway, or steal into his burrow and seize his helpless young, in spite of the

Probably our snakes depend more upon catching mice than upon any other resource for their daily food, and they hunt for them incessantly. Most of the mice have the bad habit of being abroad mainly at night; so have the snakes; and the mice thus encounter more foes, and fall an easier prey, than if they deferred their ramblings until daylight. Being out nights is a bad practice! The prairie rattlesnakes are especially fond of mice; minks, weasels, skunks and badgers, eat as many as they



A FIGHT WITH A SNAKE.

frantic fighting of the father, and the stout attempts of the mother to drag her little ones away into safety. A gentleman in Illinois once saw a garter-snake pass rapidly by with a young meadow-mouse in its mouth. Presently, an old meadow-mouse came out of the tall grass in pursuit of the snake, which she finally overtook and instantly attacked. The snake stopped, disgorged its prey, and defended itself by striking at its assailant, which appeared to be beating it, when both animals were killed by the gentleman watching. I am sorry the incident ended so tragically. The courage and affection of the little mother deserved a better reward, and even the garter-snake is entitled to some sympathy.

can catch, and this probably is not a few; domestic cats hunt them eagerly, seeming to prefer them to house-mice,—no doubt they are more sweet and delicate; foxes also enjoy them, dogs and wolves dig them out of their burrows and devour them; prairie fires burn multitudes of them, and farmer-boys trap them. But, after all, perhaps their chief foes are the flesh-eating birds. I hardly ever take a walk without finding the remains of an owl's or hawk's dinner where our little subject has been the main dish.

We have in this country two black, white and gray birds called shrikes, or butcher-birds, which are only about the size of robins, but are very

strong, brave, and noble in appearance. These shrikes have the curious habit of killing more game than they need, and hanging it up on thorns, or lodging it in a crack in the fence or the crotch of a tree. They seem to hunt just for the fun of it, and kill for the sake of killing. Now their chief game is the unhappy field-mouse, and in Illinois they are known as "mouse-birds." They never seem to eat much of the flesh of their victims, generally only pecking their brains out, but murder an enormous number, and keep up the slaughter through the whole year; for when the loggerhead shrike retreats southward in the autumn, the great northern shrike comes from British America to supply his place through the winter. Then all the hawks, from the nimble little sharp-shinned to the great swooping buzzards, prey upon them, and in winter hover day after day over knolls where the mice have been driven by floods in the surrounding lowlands, and pounce upon every one that is imprudent enough to show his black eyes above ground. As for the marsh-hawk, it regularly quarters the low fields like a harrier, and eats little but mice. The owls, too, are constantly after them, hunting them day and night, on the prairies and in the woods, esteeming them fine food for the four owlets in the hollow tree hard by; while the sand-hill crane, and some of the herons, make a regular business of seeking the underground homes, and digging out the timorous fugitives with their pick-ax beaks. In addition to all the rest, the farmer everywhere persecutes the mouse, as a pest to his orchards and crops.

Has the poor little animal, then, no friends whatever? Very few, except his own endurance and cunning; yet he is already so numerous, and increases so rapidly, that all his enemies have not been able to rid the earth of him, but only to keep him in check, and thus preserve that nice balance of nature in which consists the welfare of all.

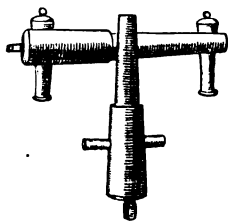
It may not be of much interest to the lively readers of ST. NICHOLAS to hear how destructive these pretty wild mice are to the farmer's grain and fruit, but an important part of their history would be untold if I were to say nothing about their mischief. From the story I have related of the little "thieves in the night" who stole my friend's rye, and of their underground stores, you may guess how they make the grain fields suffer. It is done so quietly and adroitly, too, that few are ever caught at it, and much of the blame is put on the moles, squirrels and woodchucks, that have enough sins of their own to answer for. The meadow-mouse of Europe, which is very like our own, forty or fifty years ago came near causing a famine in parts of England, ruining the crops before they

could get fairly started, and killing almost all the young trees in the orchards and woods. More than 30,000 of the little rascals were trapped in one month in a single piece of forest, beside all those killed by animals. Only last spring, again, a similar disaster was threatened in Scotland, where millions of mice appeared, and gnawed off the young grass at the root just when it should have been in prime condition for the sheep; and when that was all gone they attacked the garden vegetables. The people lost vast numbers of sheep and lambs from starvation, and thousands of dollars' worth of growing food; but, finally, by all together waging war upon them, the pests were partially killed off. The mice did not in either case come suddenly, but had been increasing steadily for years previous, because the gamekeepers had killed so many of the "vermin" (as owls, hawks, weasels, snakes, etc., are wrongly called) which are the natural enemies of the mice, and keep their numbers down. Farmers are slow to learn that it does not pay to kill the birds or rob their nests; but the boys and girls ought to understand this truth and remember it. In this country, the greatest mischief done by the field-mice is the gnawing of bark from the fruit-trees, so that in some of the Western States this is the most serious difficulty the orchardist has to contend with. Whole rows of young trees in nurseries are stripped of their bark, and of course die; and where apple-seeds are planted, the mice are sure to dig half of them up to eat the kernels. This mischief is mainly done in the winter, when the trees are packed away from the frost; or, if they are growing, because then the mice can move about concealed under the snow, and nibble all the bark away up to the surface. Rabbits get much of the credit of this naughty work, for they do a good deal of it on their own account. The gardener has the same trouble, often finding, when he uncovers a rare and costly plant in the spring, that the mice have enjoyed good winter quarters in his straw covering, and have been gnawing to death his choice roses. Millions of dollars, perhaps, would not pay for all the damage these small creatures thus accomplish each year in the United States, and I fear they will become more and more of a plague if we continue to kill off the harmless hawks, owls, butcher-birds and snakes, which are the policemen appointed by Nature to look after the mice, and protect us against them.

In captivity the wild mice, especially the white-footed *Hesperomys*, make very pretty pets, and one can easily study all their ways by giving them earth in which to burrow, and the various sorts of food in which they delight.

THE PETERKINS CELEBRATE THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



THE day began early.

A compact had been made with the little boys the evening before.

They were to be allowed to usher in the glorious day by the blowing of horns exactly at sunrise. But they were to blow them

for precisely five minutes only, and no sound of the horns should be heard afterward till the family were down-stairs.

It was thought that a peace might thus be bought by a short though crowded period of noise.

The morning came. Even before the morning, at half-past three o'clock, a terrible blast of the horns aroused the whole family.

Mrs. Peterkin clasped her hands to her head and exclaimed: "I am thankful the lady from Philadelphia is not here!" For she had been invited to stay a week, but had declined to come before the Fourth of July, as she was not well, and her doctor had prescribed quiet.

And the number of the horns was most remarkable! It was as though every cow in the place had arisen and was blowing through both her own horns!

"How many little boys are there? How many have we?" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, going over their names one by one mechanically, thinking he would do it, as he might count imaginary sheep jumping over a fence, to put himself to sleep. Alas! the counting could not put him to sleep now in such a din.

And how unexpectedly long the five minutes seemed! Elizabeth Eliza was to take out her watch and give the signal for the end of the five minutes and the ceasing of the horns. Why did not the signal come? Why did not Elizabeth Eliza stop them?

And certainly it was long before sunrise; there was no dawn to be seen!

"We will not try this plan again," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"If we live to another Fourth," added Mr. Peterkin, hastening to the door, to inquire into the state of affairs.

Alas! Amanda, by mistake, had waked up the little boys an hour too early. And by another mis-

take the little boys had invited three or four of their friends to spend the night with them. Mrs. Peterkin had given them permission to have the boys for the whole day, and they understood the day as beginning when they went to bed the night before. This accounted for the number of horns.

It would have been impossible to hear any explanation; but the five minutes were over, and the horns had ceased, and there remained only the noise of a singular leaping of feet, explained perhaps by a possible pillow-fight, that kept the family below partially awake until the bells and cannon made known the dawning of the glorious day—the sunrise, or "the rising of the sons," as Mr. Peterkin jocosely called it when they heard the little boys and their friends clattering down the stairs to begin the outside festivities.

They were bound first for the swamp, for Elizabeth Eliza, at the suggestion of the lady from Philadelphia, had advised them to hang some flags around the pillars of the piazza. Now the little boys knew of a place in the swamp where they had been in the habit of digging for "flag-root," and where they might find plenty of flag flowers. They did bring away all they could, but they were a little out of bloom. The boys were in the midst of nailing up all they had on the pillars of the piazza, when the procession of the Antiques and Horribles passed along. As the procession saw the festive arrangements on the piazza, and the crowd of boys, who cheered them loudly, it stopped to salute the house with some especial strains of greeting.

Poor Mrs. Peterkin! They were directly under her windows! In the few moments of quiet during the boys' absence from the house on their visit to the swamp, she had been trying to find out whether she had a sick-headache, or whether it was all the noise, and she was just deciding it was the sick-headache, but was falling into a light slumber, when the fresh noise outside began.

There were the imitations of the crowing of cocks and braying of donkeys, and the sound of horns, encoored and increased by the cheers of the boys. Then began the torpedoes, and the Antiques and Horribles had Chinese crackers also!

And, in despair of sleep, the family came down to breakfast.

Mrs. Peterkin had always been much afraid of fire-works, and had never allowed the boys to bring gunpowder into the house. She was even afraid of

torpedoes; they looked so much like sugar-plums, she was sure some of the children would swallow them, and explode before anybody knew it.

She was very timid about other things. She was not sure even about pea-nuts. Everybody exclaimed over this: "Surely there was no danger in pea-nuts!" But Mrs. Peterkin declared she had been very much alarmed at the Exhibition, and in the crowded corners of the streets in Boston, at the pea-nut stands, where they had machines to roast the pea-nuts. She did not think it was safe. They might go off any time, in the midst of a crowd of people, too!

Mr. Peterkin thought there actually was no danger, and he should be sorry to give up the pea-nut. He thought it an American institution, something really belonging to the Fourth of July. He even confessed to a quiet pleasure in crushing the empty shells with his feet on the sidewalks as he went along the streets.

Agamemnon thought it a simple joy.

In consideration, however, of the fact that they had had no real celebration of the Fourth the last year, Mrs. Peterkin had consented to give over the day, this year, to the amusement of the family as a Centennial celebration. She would prepare herself for a terrible noise—only she did not want any gunpowder brought into the house.

The little boys had begun by firing some torpedoes a few days beforehand, that their mother might be used to the sound, and had selected their horns some weeks before.

Solomon John had been very busy in inventing some fire-works. As Mrs. Peterkin objected to the use of gunpowder, he found out from the dictionary what the different parts of gunpowder are—saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur. Charcoal he discovered they had in the wood-house; saltpeter they would find in the cellar, in the beef-barrel; and sulphur they could buy at the apothecary's. He explained to his mother that these materials had never yet exploded in the house, and she was quieted.

Agamemnon, meanwhile, remembered a recipe he had read somewhere for making a "fulminating paste" of iron filings and powder of brimstone. He had it written down on a piece of paper in his pocket-book. But the iron filings must be finely powdered. This they began upon a day or two before, and, the very afternoon before, laid out some of the paste on the piazza.

Pin-wheels and rockets were contributed by Mr. Peterkin for the evening. According to a programme drawn up by Agamemnon and Solomon John, the reading of the Declaration of Independence was to take place in the morning on the piazza under the flags.

The Bromwiches brought over their flag to hang over the door.

"That is what the lady from Philadelphia meant," explained Elizabeth Eliza.

"She said flags of our country," said the little boys. "We thought she meant 'in the country.'"

Quite a company assembled; but it seemed nobody had a copy of the Declaration of Independence.

Elizabeth Eliza said she could say one line, if they each could add as much. But it proved they all knew the same line that she did, as they began:

"When, in the course of—when, in the course of—when, in the course of human—when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary—when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people —"

They could not get any farther. Some of the party decided that "one people" was a good place to stop, and the little boys sent off some fresh torpedoes in honor of the people. But Mr. Peterkin was not satisfied. He invited the assembled party to stay until sunset, and meanwhile he would find a copy, and torpedoes were to be saved to be fired off at the close of every sentence.

And now the noon bells rang and the noon bells ceased.

Mrs. Peterkin wanted to ask everybody to dinner. She should have some cold beef. She had let Amanda go, because it was the Fourth, and everybody ought to be free that one day, so she could not have much of a dinner. But when she went to cut her beef, she found Solomon John had taken it to soak, on account of the saltpeter for the fire-works!

Well, they had a pig, so she took a ham, and the boys had bought tamarinds and buns and a cocoa-nut. So the company stayed on, and when the Antiques and Horribles passed again, they were treated to pea-nuts and lemonade.

They sang patriotic songs, they told stories; they fired torpedoes, they frightened the cats with them. It was a warm afternoon; the red poppies were out wide, and the hot sun poured down on the alleyways in the garden. There was a seething sound of a hot day in the buzzing of insects, in the steaming heat that came up from the ground. Some neighboring boys were firing a toy cannon. Every time it went off, Mrs. Peterkin started, and looked to see if one of the little boys was gone. Mr. Peterkin had set out to find a copy of the "Declaration." Agamemnon had disappeared. She had not a moment to decide about her headache. She asked Ann Maria if she were not anxious about the fire-works, and if rockets were not dangerous.

They went up, but you were never sure where they came down.

And then came a fresh tumult! All the fire-engines in town rushed toward them, clanging with bells, men and boys yelling! They were out for a practice, and for a Fourth of July show.

Mrs. Peterkin thought the house was on fire, and so did some of the guests. There was great rushing hither and thither. Some thought they would better go home, some thought they would better stay. Mrs. Peterkin hastened into the house to save herself, or see what she could save. Elizabeth Eliza followed her, first proceeding to collect all the pokers and tongs she could find, because they could be thrown out of the window without breaking. She had read of people who had flung looking-glasses out of window by mistake, in the excitement of the house being on fire, and had carried the pokers and tongs carefully into the garden. There was nothing like being prepared. She always had determined to do the reverse. So with calmness she told Solomon John to take down the looking-glasses. But she met with a difficulty,—there were no pokers and tongs, as they did not use them. They had no open fires; Mrs. Peterkin had been afraid of them. So Elizabeth Eliza took all the pots and kettles up to the upper windows, ready to be thrown out.

But where was Mrs. Peterkin? Solomon John found she had fled to the attic in terror. He persuaded her to come down, assuring her it was the most unsafe place; but she insisted upon stopping to collect some bags of old pieces, that nobody would think of saving from the general wreck, she said, unless she did. Alas! this was the result of fire-works on Fourth of July! As they came downstairs, they heard the voices of all the company declaring there was no fire—the danger was past. It was long before Mrs. Peterkin could believe it. They told her the fire company was only out for show, and to celebrate the Fourth of July. She thought it already too much celebrated.

Elizabeth Eliza's kettles and pans had come down through the windows with a crash, that had only added to the festivities, the little boys thought.

Mr. Peterkin had been about all this time in search of a copy of the Declaration of Independence. The public library was shut, and he had to go from house to house; but now as the sunset bells and cannon began, he returned with a copy, and read it, to the pealing of the bells and sounding of the cannon. Torpedoes and crackers were fired at every pause. Some sweet-marjoram pots, tin cans filled with crackers which were lighted, went off with great explosions.

At the most exciting moment, near the close of the reading, Agamemnon, with an expression of terror, pulled Solomon John aside.

"I have suddenly remembered where I read about the 'fulminating paste' we made. It was in the preface to 'Woodstock,' and I have been around to borrow the book, to read the directions over again, because I was afraid about the 'paste' going off. READ THIS QUICKLY! and tell me, *Where is the fulminating paste?*"

Solomon John was busy winding some covers of paper over a little parcel. It contained chlorate of potash and sulphur mixed. A friend had told him of the composition. The more thicknesses of paper you put around it, the louder it would go off. You must pound it with a hammer. Solomon John felt it must be perfectly safe, as his mother had taken potash for a medicine.

He still held the parcel as he read from Agamemnon's book: "This paste, when it has lain together about twenty-six hours, will *of itself* take fire, and burn all the sulphur away with a blue flame and a bad smell."

"Where is the paste?" repeated Solomon John, in terror.

"We made it just twenty-six hours ago," said Agamemnon.

"We put it on the piazza," exclaimed Solomon John, rapidly recalling the facts, "and it is in front of mother's feet!"

He hastened to snatch the paste away before it should take fire, flinging aside the packet in his hurry. Agamemnon, jumping upon the piazza at the same moment, trod upon the paper parcel, which exploded at once with the shock, and he fell to the ground, while at the same moment the paste "fulminated" into a blue flame directly in front of Mrs. Peterkin!

It was a moment of great confusion. There were cries and screams. The bells were still ringing, the cannon firing, and Mr. Peterkin had just reached the closing words: "Our lives, our fortune, and our sacred honor."

"We are all blown up, as I feared we should be," Mrs. Peterkin at length ventured to say, finding herself in a lilac-bush by the side of the piazza. She scarcely dared to open her eyes to see the scattered limbs about her.

It was so with all. Even Ann Maria Bromwich clutched a pillar of the piazza, with closed eyes.

At length, Mr. Peterkin said, calmly: "Is anybody killed?"

There was no reply. Nobody could tell whether it was because everybody was killed, or because they were too wounded to answer. It was a great while before Mrs. Peterkin ventured to move.

But the little boys soon shouted with joy and cheered the success of Solomon John's fire-works, and hoped he had some more. One of them had his face blackened by an unexpected cracker, and

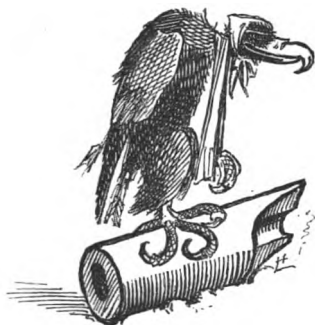
Elizabeth Eliza's muslin dress was burned here and there. But no one was hurt; no one had lost any limbs, though Mrs. Peterkin was sure she had seen some flying in the air. Nobody could understand how, as she had kept her eyes firmly shut.

No greater accident had occurred than the singeing of the tip of Solomon John's nose. But there was an unpleasant and terrible odor from the "fulminating paste."

Mrs. Peterkin was extricated from the lilac-bush. No one knew how she got there. Indeed, the thundering noise had stunned everybody. It had roused the neighborhood even more than before. Answering explosions came on every side, and though the sunset light had not faded away, the

little boys hastened to send off rockets under cover of the confusion. Solomon John's other fire-works would not go. But all felt he had done enough.

Mrs. Peterkin retreated into the parlor, deciding she really did have a headache. At times she had to come out when a rocket went off, to see if it was one of the little boys. She was exhausted by the adventures of the day, and almost thought it could not have been worse if the boys had been allowed gunpowder. The distracted lady was thankful there was likely to be but one Centennial Fourth in her life-time, and declared she should never more keep anything in the house as dangerous as salt-petered beef, and she should never venture to take another spoonful of potash.



A TALK ABOUT SWIMMING.

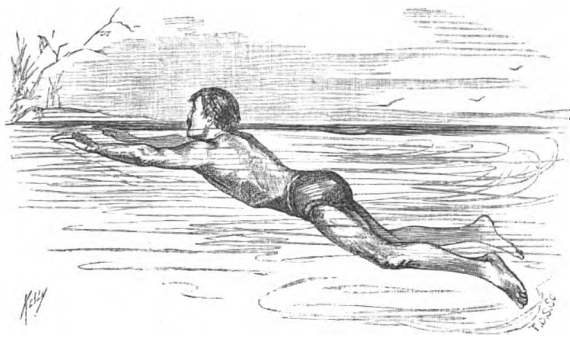
BY SANFORD B. HUNT.

HANGING in the shrouds of a sinking ship on a wild November afternoon, the engine-room flooded from the leak, the steam-pumps not able to work, my back tortured beyond endurance with hard labor at the levers of the hand-pump, the deck swept by the bursting seas, a wild and angry sky above, the lee shore perfectly horrible in the tempest of its waves and the thunder of the surf that went rolling and charging by squadrons of billows over a half mile of low sandy bottom, I asked myself whether, if the ship broke up, I could manage the under-tow,—that merciless drag backward of the sea, the topmost wave washing the swimmer illusively toward the shore, the undermost sucking him down and out. I said to myself an emphatic "Yes!" But the experiment was spared me, and I got ashore next morning in a life-boat. Ever since that awful hour and night, I have had a

sincere respect for the science and art of swimming, in which, next to God, then rested all my hope and trust.

But before we talk about fighting an under-tow in a wicked sea-way, let us discuss the principles and methods of swimming. To drown in a river, with the shore only a few yards away, when any dog or donkey would reach the land, must involve a feeling of personal humiliation as well as despair. To be self-trustworthy is the first thing in moments of danger; but the art of swimming has a high value in the saving of other lives, and is, besides, a luxury and accomplishment worth the having, for the mere fun of the thing. In our civilization, swimming is an acquired accomplishment. It is understood to be a natural function with nearly all kinds of animals, hogs and humanity being the leading exceptions. The in-

ability to swim is in all cases a defect of education. If we do not know already, let us learn how.



THE PROPER POSITION.

To an expert swimmer, sinking is impossible, except from cramp or exhaustion. The weight of a human body is just about that of the water it displaces; but the body weight is unevenly distributed, the lungs being the bladder and the head the sinker,—so that the first rule in swimming is to keep the head well back on the shoulders, where it will rest immediately above the lungs. But before this, the beginner should observe a few rules of safety.

Get accustomed to the shock of water. Wade slowly into a smooth shallow place, turn and face toward the shore, duck under in water deep enough to cover the body, get your head wet, hold your breath when under, snort as you come to the air again, resisting the inclination to breathe in first; and then, in a depth of a foot or two, lie down, face downward, and touch the tips of your fingers on the bed of the stream. You will find that a very slight lift, hardly two ounces, will keep your head afloat, but not your heels. Use them as oars. Drop out backward into deeper water, walking on your finger-tips, and you will find that the more of your body is under water the less weight you have to carry. The only parts to keep in the air are your lips and nostrils. Make these the only exposed surface; hollow your loins, and carry your head well back, so as to have it perpendicular to the lungs.

All this is mere paddling; but you will soon find that keeping afloat is no trouble, unless you keep too high and try to swim as much in the air as in the water. You must remember that you have to displace as much weight of water as the weight of your own body. You cannot walk upon the waves or climb out of them without a support. In

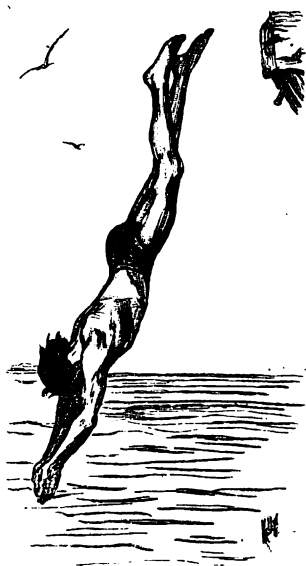
swimming you must lie low. The legs should be well under, and so should the hands. The attitude should be as in the first illustration,—the chin in the water, the legs at an angle of thirty-three degrees. The theory is that you should use the feet as a counterpoise to the head,—the chest, the buoyant part of the body, being the fulcrum of the lever. If your heels go up, your head will go down. Now stop paddling, abandon the grip of your hands on the bottom, keep your head toward the shore, and strike out. The first illustration will show the attitude. Two feet depth of water is enough for the lesson.

Keep both hands well under water. You can't swim in the air. Hold your fingers together, the palms of the hands slightly hollowed, the head well back, the chest inflated, and strike with all four limbs in unison of movement. The hands and the feet will act as propellers, the hands moving backward and downward as low as the hips, and well outside of the body, the feet drawing together and pushing down at the same moment. Give full spread to your hands and feet. Their resistance to the water is your propelling force. Then gather, frog fashion, and repeat the motion. You rid yourself of the

sense of danger by keeping in shallow water and striking toward shore.

Work in that way a while, and the temptation will be irresistible to swim *from* shore; but it should be carefully indulged until you feel sure of yourself.

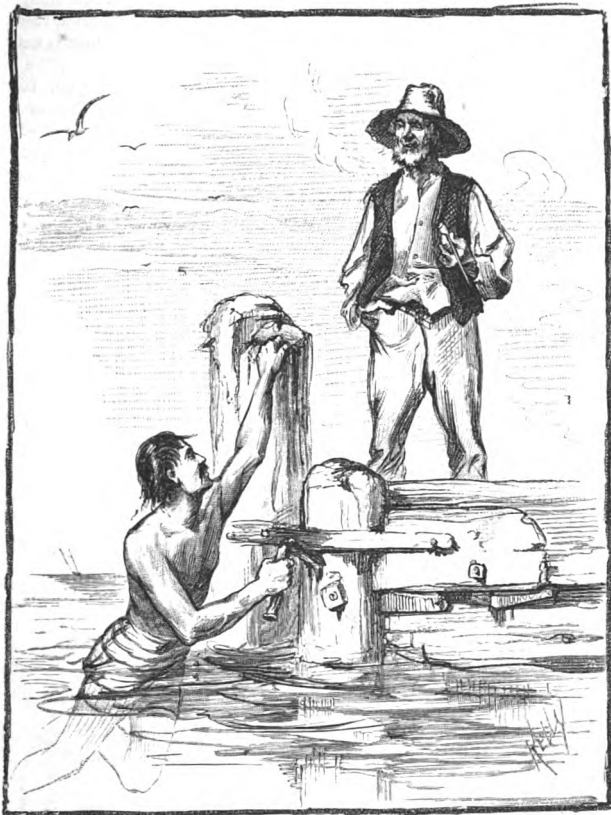
When you have thus learned to swim a half-dozen strokes, all the rest is mere practice in a delightful school, where there is more fun than work. Water frolics are high sport, and the best frolic of all is a good dive.



The fun of a good dive is fun indeed. I have often "fetched bottom" at fifteen feet, and brought up a big stone to prove to my comrades that I had been "clean down." But once, in water like crystal, in the Upper Lakes, where the pebbles could be seen at the bottom, I came rushing up with my head cracking, and saw an old fellow grinning at

lecture of the same length were too much to pay for that one dizzy, sidewise rush through the air. If I had taken my leaden head for a plummet, I should have been spared the blisters on my body. I ought to have dived.

"Floating" is the best illustration of the real buoyancy of the human body. It needs only self-



"HE INFORMED ME THAT THE WATER WAS TWENTY-SIX FEET DEEP."

me. I hung breathless to a wharf-pile, and he casually informed me that the water was twenty-six feet deep, "thar or tharabouts."

Jumping from a height is a doubtful job. Recollect that in everything connected with swimming you are top-heavy, and that water is incompressible. If you get off your balance while dropping, and fall on your side, either you will be drowned or your mother will need, next day, all the cold cream in the neighborhood. I have painful recollections on that subject. Two days in bed and a maternal

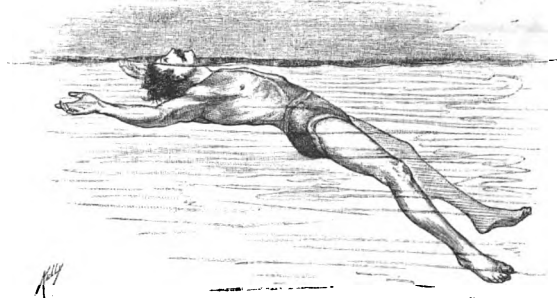
possession and still water. There are two attitudes, one of which seems the more scientific, but which I never worked with any considerable success. It is accurately shown in the first illustration on the following page, in which the position pictured is theoretically correct. I have seen such floating done with not the motion of a muscle, except as the lungs were kept inflated. Only the mouth and nostrils are out of water, and the arms, extended backward, balance the legs, the lungs being at the fulcrum. But as a personal habit I float better

with my legs deeper in the water, and my hands wrapped under the small of my back, the body in a semi-perpendicular position. You have plenty of time to breathe if you are only self-confident.

In "treading water" there is a nice illustration of buoyancy. It is a great rest sometimes. The

do is to get behind him, and, unless you are left-handed, put your left hand under his right arm-pit. The lift you give him will be enough in ordinary water. He can be coaxd to help himself, and if he is a reasonable being you can bring him to shore. If he is insane with fright, recollect that you are to be both prudent and heroic. Get away from him, clutch his ankle with one hand and tow him ashore. If the bank is near, he is not likely to drown on the way. If he does, it is not your fault. But a brave swimmer is master of his element. I saw two lads—I saw one of them, at least—carry a companion, who could not swim, across a deep, broad and rapid river, just for a frolic. It was a reckless thing to do, and the three were used up when they staggered to the shore. They recrossed from a point up the river, where they found a good light pine slab, and towed John across on that.

But those same two young scamps once rescued a drowning comrade in a way that was remarkable for its neatness. The poor fellow was in mid-stream, cramped and exhausted, and barely able to keep afloat. Which was first was never decided, but in the critical moment each was behind him,



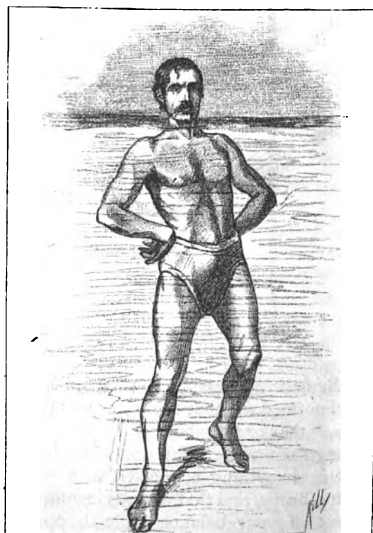
FLOATING.

propulsive force of the tread of the soles of the feet against the water below them, with the buoyant power of the lungs supporting the head perpendicularly above them, carry the head clear out of water, and make a lazy but secure support. The hands should rest quietly on the hips, as shown in the picture below. There are a dozen other feats in swimming, such as swimming on the back, which is lazier than any other method.

LIFE RESCUE.

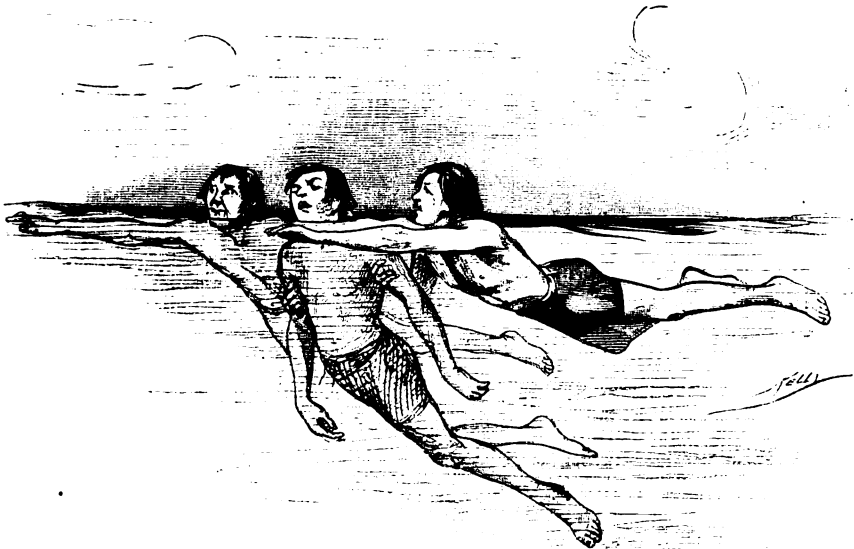
The true plan to follow, when safety is the call, is to swim with everything below the chin well down under water, the head well back and resting centrally on the floating power of the lungs. But what will you do when your comrade is tired out and drowning? That depends. If he is cool and reliable, get in front of him, let him place his hands on your hips (not your shoulders), and you can carry him quite a distance. That supposes that both parties, rescued and rescuer, understand fair play. The weaker party is the one that ought to drown, if he shows any disposition to drown his friend by a miserable, cowardly death-clutch at the only floating thing around him. In the case of the death-clutch, go to the bottom with your man and leave him there. There may be an unpleasant wrestle, but the real drowning man is ready to quit his prey when he strikes bottom. The better man has his right to come to the surface and swim ashore.

But in a considerable swimming experience, and some rescues, there comes one absolute rule: Never face a drowning man. He welcomes rescue so eagerly that he will hug you around the neck and take you down. The safest and best thing to



TREADING WATER.

each with a hand under an arm-pit; he was almost a dead-weight on their hands, and they swam him



SAVING A COMRADE.

ashore, more dead than alive. It was a struggle, but they were the masters of the situation.

THE UNDER-TOW.

I began this gossip first with a mention of the "under-tow." It is by no means a "phenomenon," but something to be read up and studied. Either on the sea-beach or at the great lakes, all the water that is tumbled ashore in heavy waves must go back again. The top-sea rolls in and the under-sea rolls out. Trust to the former. Keep clear afloat and as high as you can. Abandon the rule I have given you about deep swimming. Secure the friendship of the shoreward wave. Otherwise, if, when you are within ten feet of shore and safety, you drop your legs to the angle of thirty-three degrees, which is the deep-swimming position, you will find that the "under-tow"—the under water that flows out

to replace the waves that run in—will grab you by the ankles and pull you out and down again. Keep clear afloat, your head well down, your heels feeling the topmost of the impelling wave; keep your lungs well filled, and wash ashore. You are not safe until you can easily fasten your hands in the sand or gravel and pull yourself to land. But in shallow water, with a long surf rolling in behind you, the drag of the under-tow can only be avoided by swimming high and letting the waves "buck" you in. The rules for still water and rapid river currents, in which deep swimming is safety, do not apply to mastering an under-tow. Swim shallow

and trust the topmost wave.

Perhaps I ought to add a word about ice rescue, where a fellows skating on thin ice breaks through, and, heading toward shore with a pair of skates on his heels, cracks off successive chunks of ice until he is surrounded by



THE UNDERTOW.



"WELL, FELLOWS, YOU DID THAT NICELY!"

them. It is the coldest kind of a baptism, and the hardest kind of a rescue. I was an actor in one when a college chum "slumped" through. The ice was unsafe, and we fished him out by knocking off fence-boards, sliding them out, lying face-downward on the boards, other fence-boards

being slid out to us. He got hold of one, climbed to the surface of the ice with the ready skill of a practiced swimmer, and said, with rattling teeth in the zero atmosphere: "Well, fellows, you did that nicely!" The remark was rather impathetic, but it was literally true.

THE LITTLE BROWN SEED IN THE FURROW.

BY IDA W. BENHAM.

A LITTLE brown seed in the furrow
Lay still in its gloomy bed,
While violets blue and lilies white
Were whispering overhead.
They whispered of glories strange and rare,
Of glittering dew, and floating air,
Of beauty and rapture everywhere,—
And the seed heard all they said.

Poor little brown seed in the furrow!
So close to the lilies' feet,
So far away from the great, glad day,
Where life seemed all complete!
In her heart she treasured every word,
And she longed for the blessing of which she heard,
For the light that shone, and the airs that stirred
In that land, so wondrous sweet!

The little brown seed in the furrow
 Was thrilled with a strange unrest;
 A warm new hope beat tremblingly
 In the tiny, heaving breast;
 With her two small hands clasped close in prayer,
 She lifted them up in the darkness there;
 Up, up through the sod, toward sun and air,
 Her folded hands she pressed.

O little brown seed in the furrow,
 At last you have pierced the mould!
 And, quivering with a life intense,
 Your beautiful leaves unfold,
 Like wings outspread for upward flight;
 And slowly, slowly, in dew and light,
 A sweet bud opens—till, in God's sight,
 You wear a crown of gold!

THE STARS IN JULY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE northern sky below the pole is now chiefly remarkable for the absence of large stars. It has always seemed to me that this large, desolate region of the sky is full of meaning, and that when the architecture of the heavens comes to be rightly understood, we shall find why it is that this region is thus barren. That the feature is not accidental I am satisfied, from a number of experiments I have made on the random scattering of points.

The head of the Dragon is now almost exactly above the pole. Not far from the point overhead shines the beautiful steel-blue star Vega.

Although the map shows a part of Auriga (the Charioteer), and notably the bright star Capella, yet only the star δ of this constellation can be seen in America at the hours named below the map; nor can even this star be seen from places south of the latitude of Nashville (Tenn.), or thereabouts.

Turning to the south a splendid star is seen, far outshining all his fellows. This star, as I mentioned last month, is the planet, Jupiter. He is not shown in our southern map for this month, simply because that map is not meant for this year, 1877, alone; but for 1878-'79-'80, and onward. It will, indeed, present the aspect of the southern skies at the hours named for many years after you, and I, and our children, and grandchildren, are dead and (let us hope) buried. But in order that Jupiter's present visit to this region may not confuse the learner, I have given elsewhere in this number a picture of his path, and a sketch of the planet himself, which will, I hope, be interesting to you.

The ruling constellation of the zodiac this month is Sagittarius (the Archer). In the second figure for last month, his bow-arm, bow, and arrow appear. I do not think it is necessary to give a full picture of

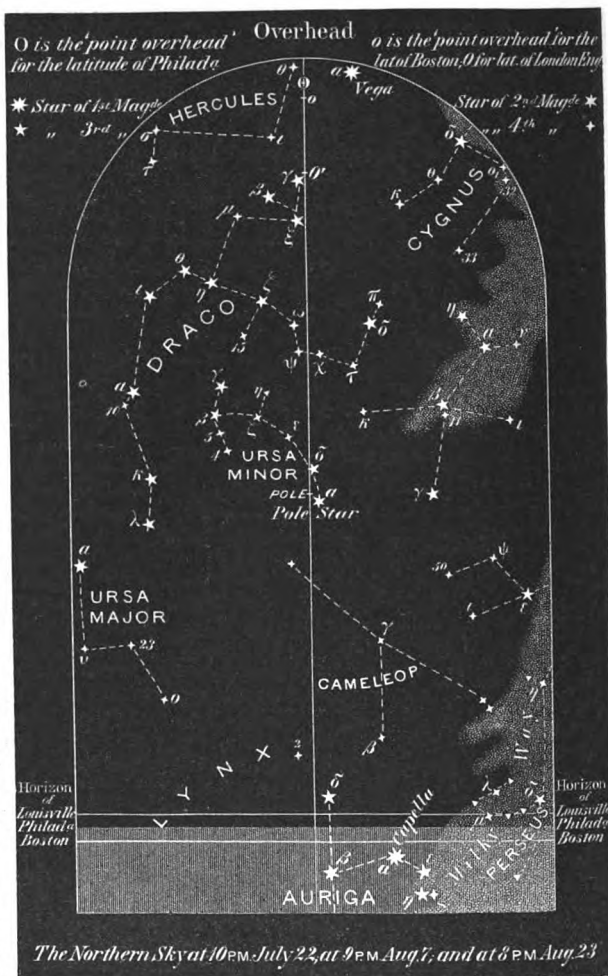
this worthy. He is commonly presented as a centaur, though it is not easy to imagine the figure of a centaur among the stars of this constellation. The bow, however, is fairly well marked.

Admiral Smyth tells us that, in the days of Eratosthenes, the constellation Sagittarius was pictured as a satyr; and so it appears on the Farnese globe.

From places in the latitude of New Orleans, the constellation Ara, or the Altar, can be partly seen. In England, as you can see by the position of the horizon of London, we not only see no part of this constellation, but a large part of the curved tail of Scorpio is hidden from our view. We see more, low down toward the north, than you do at the same time in America. But, on the whole, you have the advantage. For, while all the northern stars which we see in England at hours when they are invisible to you are at other times well seen by you, we never see the southern stars which are shown in the southern maps of this series as lying below the horizon of London. Thus, comparing London with New Orleans, a zone of the stars, about twenty-one degrees and a half in width (extending, in fact, from $38^{\circ} 26'$ south of the equator to $60^{\circ} 3'$ south) is visible from New Orleans beyond the portion of the heavens visible from London. This zone is equal in extent to more than a sixth part of the entire celestial sphere.

The constellation Ara, though now so far south that it cannot be seen from the latitude of Philadelphia, nor *entirely* from any latitude north of 29° S., belongs to the 48 of Ptolemy's time, and was formerly well raised above the horizon of places in latitude 40° S. That reeling of the earth, like a top, of which I have already spoken,—a movement having for its period nearly 25,900 years,—

has, within the last 4,000 years or so (the probable age of the old constellations), so shifted the position of the earth's axis in space,* that this constellation has been thrown out of view from places whence, at the beginning of these 4,000 years, it could be well seen. Probably it was some later astronomer, who had never seen this constellation, who first made the mistake of drawing it upside down. As the constellation was never seen except when due south, just above the horizon, it is certain that it must have been imagined, by those who formed it, as standing an upright altar in the south. But modern pictures draw it so that, at the only time when it was visible, it would have had to be imagined as having its top with the flaming wood upon it just touching the horizon, while its base would have been above. This is so absurd that I ventured, some eleven years ago, in a set of drawings of the constellation figures, to set the altar on its base again. I was confirmed in my opinion that this was right, by the fact that on the Farnese globe, and in a chart by Geruvig (Harleian MS., 64) the altar is represented in this upright position. Besides, the old astronomical poet, Aratus, describes the Centaur as laying on the altar (not applying to its inverted base) the body of some beast unnamed,—the modern Lupus; while Manilius, a Latin poet (who wrote probably in the reign of Tiberius), speaks of the altar as "bearing fire of frankincense, pictured by stars" (*Ara ferens thuris stellis imitantibus ignem*). An inverted altar cannot "bear" anything. Besides, you



* The young reader must not here fall into the mistake of supposing that the position of the axis in the earth itself has changed in this way. This mistake is commonly made, and not by young learners, who may well be excused for falling into it, but by persons who suppose themselves in a position to teach. For instance: in Jules Verne's entertaining story, "Captain Hatteras," the following passage occurs, in which this error is introduced: "I told you," resumed the doctor, who took as much pleasure in giving as the others did in receiving instruction,—"I told you that the pole was motionless in comparison with the rest of the globe. Well, that is not quite true! 'What!' said Bell, 'has that got to be taken back?' 'Yes, Bell, the pole is not always exactly in the same place; formerly the North Star was farther from the celestial pole than it is now. So our pole has a certain motion; it describes a circle in about 26,000 years. This comes from the precession of the equinoxes, of which I shall speak soon.'" The actual effect of the precession of the equinoxes may be thus illustrated. Imagine a top shaped like a ball, spinning rapidly on its axis, and very slowly reeling, its axis being inclined about $23\frac{1}{4}$ degrees from the vertical, or toward a point rather more than one fourth of the way from the point overhead toward the horizon. Let this spinning and reeling ball be carried around a much larger globe, glowing with light and heat, to represent the sun. Then, if the ball turns $365\frac{1}{4}$ times on its axis while it is going once around the large globe, and reels so slowly that it could be carried 25,868 times around the large globe in making a single complete reel, it would illustrate the earth's motion of rotating (or spinning) once a day, of revolution (or of being carried around the sun) once a year, and of precession (or reeling) once in 25,868 years. The poles of the earth no more change than the position of the axis of a top within the wood; but the pole of the heavens (that is, the point toward which the axis is directed) makes a circuit once in 25,868 years, just as the point of the sky toward which the axis of a top is directed circuits once around the point overhead in each reel of the top.

can see how the smoke of the fire really is pictured by the Milky Way, when once the top of the altar is set toward α , or upward.

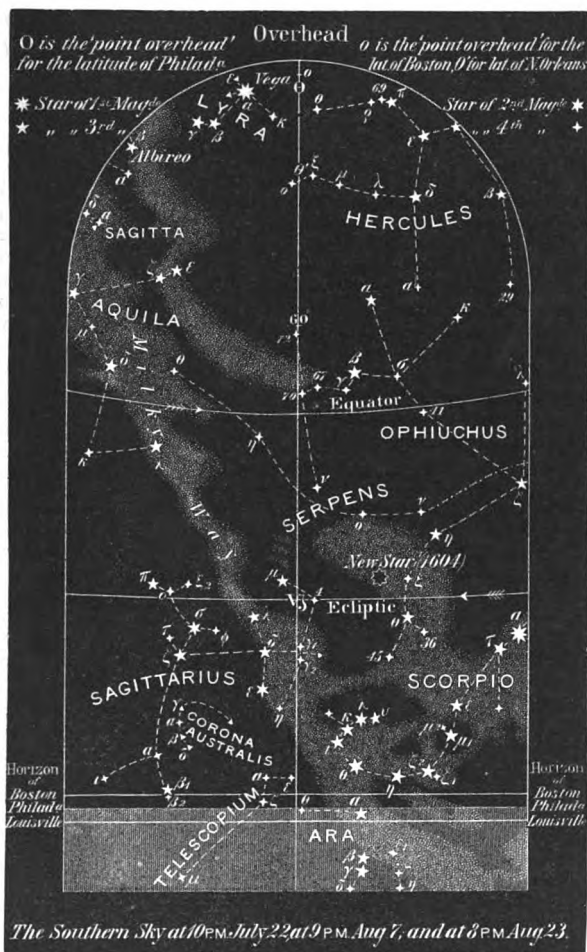
Overhead are the Lyre and Hercules; but neither is well placed for observation.

We have now reached the most southerly part of the ecliptic, marked by the symbol \odot , which indicates the point where the sun, moving in the direction shown by the arrow, enters the sign Capricornus, which he does on or about December 20.

The Milky Way toward the south at this season is well worth studying. It is strange when we look at those complex branches, loops, and curdling masses, to find most of our books of astronomy still asserting that the Milky Way is a faint stream of misty light circling the celestial sphere, and divided into two along half its length. Remembering, too, that the Milky Way is entirely made up of clustering stars, as sands on the sea-shore for multitude, each star being a sun glowing with its own inherent light and heat, startling thoughts are suggested respecting the immensity of the universe when we find clouds of these stars strewn through space.

Not far from the star ξ of Ophiuchus is shown the place where, in 1604, a new star appeared, which shone for a while more brightly than any of the fixed stars. "It was exactly," says the account, "like one of the stars, except that, in the vividness of its luster and the quickness of its sparkling, it exceeded anything Kepler had ever seen before. It was every moment changing into some of the colors of the rainbow, as yellow, orange, purple, and red, though it was generally white when it was at some distance from the vapors of the horizon." These changes

of color were, of course, due entirely to our own air. Similar changes can always be seen in the color of a star shining near the horizon, as you can see by observing Antares. Kepler's star only preserved its full luster for about three weeks, after which it gradually grew fainter, until toward the end of 1605 it disappeared.



A BOY'S LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

A MAN-OF-WAR is a world of wonder and romance to a boy. Everything about it has a charm for him. The imposing hull, hundreds of feet long; the mazy net-work of rigging; the frowning battery; the officers, in trim, flashing uniforms, pacing the decks and giving orders to the active men,—these bring his curiosity and admiration to the highest pitch. In looking upon it all he feels that he would like to go with it to the ends of the earth.

It was a rare event in the life of the boy about whom I am to write, when he came to live on board such a ship. Unlike most boys in naval vessels, he was under no restraint, having no drudgery and but little work to do. His father, a captain in the navy, when ordered to command the ship, brought his little son with him to teach him the ways of sailor life. The boy was named after Admiral Porter, and he loved the sea.

The ship to which he came lay, at the time of this writing, in one of New England's most beautiful harbors. From the shore, she presented a fine appearance. Her freshly painted hull shone like enamel in the bright sunlight, and her yards and spars glistened almost like marble shafts. Sixty massive guns projected from her ports, and hundreds of officers and men filled her decks and rigging with life and movement. The American navy could boast of no more stanch and handsome frigate. Besides, she had a history. She was one of the ships present at the capture of Fort Fisher during the late war, when her bows were badly shattered. That she had been in battle, covered her with glory in the eyes of our young friend, and he stepped on board proudly and reverently.

Before many days, Porter had gained a good knowledge of the ship and of the routine of life on board, and had made many warm friends among the men. They explained the use of everything he saw, and told him such sea "yarns" as only old man-of-war's men can "spin." He followed the sailors aloft, and with the machinists and firemen visited strange depths, where he spent much time wondering at the huge machines and furnaces.

Dressed in woolen from head to foot, with not even a penknife in his pocket, he went into the magazine. In entering such a store-room of gunpowder, not even cotton clothes may be worn, and no metal in any shape is allowed about the person. The magazine was lighted from without by a lantern shining through thick glass. The powder was stowed in little closets on either side, so made that

in case of fire they could be flooded in a moment. Air-tight tanks contained in other tanks, with the spaces between lined with packing, held the powder. Had one of the tanks fallen into a moderate fire, it could have been easily gotten out before the flames should have reached the powder. The need of all this precaution was explained to Porter, and after this visit to the magazine he had but little wish to play with gunpowder.

It was not long before Porter could describe the different parts of a ship as easily as he could the



ON GUARD.

rooms of his father's house, and then he turned his attention to the men. On a man-of-war, the crew is arranged into divisions, watches, and messes, each man knowing to which he belongs, as well as a boy knows his classes in a school. It took Porter some time to learn these; but at length he became familiar with them all, and even knew the duties of the petty officers, from "Jack-of-the-dust" to the captain of the main-top.

So well were the men drilled that in the least possible time each one could be at his post. They had been trained so as to be ready for all sorts of

events. Sometimes, at night, the cry of fire would ring through the ship, and in a few moments every pump would be hard at work, and every pipe spouting water furiously. This was done to prepare the men for prompt action should a fire really break out. At other times the men would be aroused, at dead of night, to fight sham battles, and then volley after volley would shake the sea, and to vessels sailing near, a terrible sea-fight would seem to be taking place. Of course Porter joined in these occasions with the utmost enthusiasm.

Every war-vessel of any size has a marine-guard. The men making up this guard are sea-soldiers. They wear the uniform of United States' soldiers, but do duty in the navy. They are a dread to would-be mutineers; for in all their history marines have never been known to join in a mutiny. The showy appearance of these men, in full uniform, under the command of a dashing officer, captivated Porter's fancy, and he longed to join the guard. His father let him do this, had a little uniform made for him, and gave him a small rifle and a knapsack. Thus equipped, Porter proudly took his place in the ranks, as much according to regulation, as he thought, as any man of the company. No one ever told him that he was not regularly enlisted and actually in the United States' service.

In a few weeks, Porter could drill, and did well on parade. He insisted, from the first, upon being assigned to the usual duties of marines; and while at his post he was as grim as the oldest veteran, permitting no familiarity from any one—not even from lady friends who might come to visit the ship. Porter shirked no duty on account of its hardship. Indeed, he seemed rather proud of being called on to do hard or unpleasant work. On cold days he

would stand and drill, with only thin gloves to hold his rifle, and he would patrol the decks with his hands so numb that he could scarcely handle the weapon. Only when on the sick-list would he yield his place to a fellow-marine.

At times, some of the guard would come on board tipsy from "leave" ashore, and would have to sober off in the "brig"—the ship's prison. So, on one occasion, Porter feigned to be tipsy, claimed his right to be put in the brig, and was led to prison by the master-at-arms, while the crew pretended to be awfully shocked! On pay-days Porter would appear with the men to receive his month's "salary,"—ten silver dimes, which, in his eyes, counted as ten dollars. Part of his money went to pay his "mess-bill," and what remained went anyhow.

In one thing Porter greatly excelled,—true courage, and what always goes with it,—fortitude. Like other boys, he was always meeting with accidents. Once he fell overboard, and was rescued with difficulty; another time, he fell and broke his arm. Afterward, by exposure, he became very sick, so that his life was almost despaired of. Yet not a word of fear or complaint did he utter. One day, he cut three of his fingers so badly that the ship's surgeon at first thought they would have to be amputated. His mother and sister were much frightened, which seemed to move the boy a good deal, and, looking up to his father, he said, "This is no place for women, is it, papa?" And while the surgeon sewed up the wounds Porter did not even whimper.

For good conduct, Porter was promoted time after time, until now he is sergeant of marines and still actively employed on one of the finest ships in the American navy.

WHAT MADE MR. TOMPKINS LAUGH.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

ONE afternoon, when those funny little twins, the Jimmyjohns, were playing in the back yard, Mr. Doty—the funny man, as we sometimes call him—came jogging along. When he saw the little boys, he stopped and began to push his hat up on one side and to scratch his head, and to twinkle the corners of his eyes. Then he began:

"Oh! You're out here. So you are. What are you doing?"

"Making a flow," they answered, looking up from the mud and water in which they stood.

"Hem!—well—why don't you go somewhere?"

"Ma wont let us."

"Wont she? Oh! No she wont, will she? Well! Hem! Why don't you have a party?"

"'T is n't our birthday yet," cried Johnny, hopping up and down with the pump-handle.

"Well! Why not have a cocoa-nut party?"

"We have n't got any cocoa-nut."

"Oh, I'll find a cocoa-nut" (holding up one).

"See here! Where you going so fast?"

"To ask ma!" they shouted, running indoors.

The funny man's eyes twinkled, and up went his hand to scratch his head again. Presently they popped their heads out and asked :

"When shall we have it?"

"Have it now," said Mr. Doty.

"Have it now," they told their mother.

"Where?" asked Mrs. Plummer.

"She says, '*where?*'" shouted the Jimmies.

"Out here on the grass," said Mr. Doty.

"Out here on the grass," the Jimmies repeated.

"Who's to be invited?" asked Mrs. Plummer.

"Who's to be invited?" asked the Jimmies.

"Invited? Well! Hem! Invite—anybody," said Mr. Doty. "I'll come; that makes one."

"And I'll make two!" cried Annetta, looking out of the window.

"What is it?—a party?" asked Hiram, stepping down from a high wood-pile with his long legs. "Oh, I'll come! I'll make three and a half! What kind of a party is it? A birthday party?"

"Oh no, indeed!" said Mr. Doty. "Nothing of that sort. 'T is a cocoa-nut party."

Just then, little Effie came trotting along with her arm-basket. Effie always carries her arm-basket. At meal-times it hangs on her chair; at night it is hung on a post of her crib.

"Can you come to our party?" asked Mr. Doty.

"No, I tant tum," said Effie, very soberly.

"What! Not come to a cocoa-nut party?" cried Hiram.

"No, I tant, tause my tittens' eyes have n't tum opened 'et," said Effie.

"Ask the Jimmyjohns to wait till your kittens' eyes come open," said Hiram.

Little Effie went close to the Jimmies, looked up in their faces, and said: "Dimmydons, will oo wait till my tittens' eyes tum opened?"

The Jimmies laughed; and so did another little fellow who was then coming out of the house. This was Clarence, a poor boy who came every day with his basket to get anything in the shape of food. Some people called him "the little gentleman," because he had very good manners.

"Do you want to stay to the party?" Mr. Doty asked Clarence.

"If the Jimmyjohns will let me," he said.

"Yes! yes! You may come!" they shouted.

"Can't cousin Floy be invited?" asked Annetta.

"She's here playing with me."

"By all means," said Hiram. "And there's Mr. Tompkins—may be he'll come to the party."

Mr. Tompkins, the lobster man, had dropped his wheelbarrow and come to look over the fence.

"Mr. Tompkins can't leave his lobsters," said Mr. Doty.

"Party? Yes, yes. Always go to parties. Boy'll

mind wheelbarrow," said Mr. Tompkins, in his short, quick way. "When is it going to begin?"

"Right off," said Mr. Doty.

"What do you do first?" asked Hiram.

"Set the table," said Mr. Doty.

"The girls must set the table," said Hiram.

"Where is it?" asked cousin Floy.

"There it is. Don't you see it?" Hiram was pointing to a wagon body which lay there without its wheels. He turned it upside down. "There's your table!" said he.

After the pieces of cocoa-nut were placed on the table, Mr. Doty told the Jimmyjohns to ask their ma if she did n't want to come to their party.

"I am longing to come," cried Mrs. Plummer, appearing at the door. "I have thought of nothing else ever since it was first mentioned. Would baby disturb the party, do you think?"

"Not at all," said Hiram. "Pray invite Josephus!" While waiting for a name to be given him, the baby was called "Josephus." He was a big, bouncing baby, with a big, round face.

"I wish some of you would be kind enough to bring him out," said Mrs. Plummer. "He is fastened in his straw chair."

"I will," said Hiram; "and I'll bring chairs."

Hiram brought out Josephus, then a rocking-chair, and then some common chairs for Mr. Doty and Mr. Tompkins. The children ran in for crickets. Caper capered after the Jimmies every step they took, and came near being trodden on.

There were seventeen sat down to table—twelve that were in plain sight, and five that could not be seen very plainly. The twelve who were in plain sight were Mr. Doty, Mr. Tompkins, Mrs. Plummer, Josephus, Hiram, cousin Floy, Annetta, Effie, Clarence, Jimmy, Johnny, and Caper. The five who could not be seen very plainly were the cat and her four kittens. These were invited on Effie's account, and came in their own private box.

Just as the cocoa-nut was being passed around, Mr. Plummer appeared. He was coming from the orchard, and asked what was going on.

"A party!" shouted the children.

"Well," said Mr. Plummer, "I must say that it is rather strange my not being invited!"

"Want you come?" "Oh, do come!" the children called out.

"In my own yard, too! Very strange indeed!" said Mr. Plummer.

"But *wont* you come?"

"I have n't had any invitation."

"Take one!" "Do come!" they shouted.

Mr. Plummer laughed and went and sat down on a roller cart close by Josephus.

"Will the party be done right away after supper?" asked Hiram, as they all nibbled cocoa-nut.

"Oh, not so soon!" cried Annetta.

"It has n't lasted five minutes," said Mrs. Plummer.

"Play charades! Do! Please do!" cried Floy. "I went to a real party last night, and they played charades. One charade was 'Mother Goose.'"

"How do you play it?" asked Annetta.

"Oh, easy enough! Somebody has to be 'Mother,' and then somebody has to be 'Goose,' and then somebody has to be 'Mother Goose' and say, 'Sing song a sumpence, pocketful of rye.'"

"I speak not to be the 'Goose,'" cried Hiram.

"Who'll be 'Mother'?" asked cousin Floy.

"You be 'Mother,'" said Annetta.

"Well, I'll be 'Mother,'" said cousin Floy. "Who'll be my little girl? There must be a little girl to keep coming in and saying 'Mother,' and asking me for things."

"I'll be little girl!" said Hiram.

"Hoo, hoo! He, he! You don't know how! You're too tall!" shouted the children.

"Oh yes, I know how. Come, Floy, let's get ready." And away they went into the house.

In about three minutes, cousin Floy came out, dressed in Mrs. Plummer's things,—shawl, bonnet, and skirt,—and, with a serious face, took her seat in a chair which had been placed upon the wagon. Then came Hiram, with Floy's hat on—the elastic under his chin. For a sack he had turned his coat, which was lined with red, wrong side out; and he had pinned a shawl around his waist in a way which made it look like a dress-skirt.

Floy told him he must keep coming in to ask her something, and must call her "mother" every time. He did just as she had told him. He kept trotting out of the house and back, taking little, short steps, asking a question each time, and imitating the voice of a small child.

"Mother, may I have a cent?" "Mother, may I go out to play?" "Mother, may I wear my new shoes?" "Mother, may I make corn-balls?"

"Mother, may I have a doughnut?"

At each question, the "Mother" would shake her head very soberly and say: "No, my daughter," or, "Not at present, my daughter."

"Good!" cried Mr. Tompkins. "Very good for 'Mother!' Now who's going to be 'Goose'?"

"I will," said Clarence.

"Come, then," said Floy. "If cousin Hiram will help me, I'll dress you up for 'Goose' the way they dressed up their 'Goose' last night."

Then they took an old light-colored calico dress of Mrs. Plummer's, and held it bottom up, and told Clarence to put his legs through the sleeves. Next they gathered the skirt around his neck, keeping his arms inside. Then they tied a thin pocket-handkerchief over his head, covering

face and all. Then they fastened a tin tunnel to the front side of his head, and called that the "bill of the goose," and then pinned on two feather fans, for wings. Floy told him he must stoop over, and go waddling around, pecking with his bill like a goose.

The instant the "Goose" appeared, all the people began to laugh; and when they saw it waddling around in the grass, pecking with its bill as if it were pecking at little bugs, they fairly shouted: "Oh, what a goose! Oh, what a goose!" Josephus shouted, too, and made his feet fly, and his hands fly, and patted cakes enough for his supper. Caper barked, and ran this way and that way, keeping away from the "goose," though.

The next thing was to put the two words together, and act "Mother Goose."

"Mr. Tompkins," said Mr. Doty, "why don't you be 'Mother Goose'?"

"I don't believe Mr. Tompkins could keep from laughing," said Hiram.

"Oh yes, I could; I could keep from laughing," said Mr. Tompkins, "but my nose is too short."

"That Mother Goose's nose last night," said Floy, "had wax on it, to make it long."

"Nice way that," said Hiram. "But, Mr. Tompkins, are you sure you can keep from laughing?"

Hiram had a reason for asking this question.

"Oh yes, perfectly! Perfectly sure," said Mr. Tompkins. "Make me laugh, I'll pay forfeit."

Mr. Tompkins was so eager to show that he could keep from laughing, that he agreed to pay any kind of forfeit, and to dress in any kind of way.

Hiram dressed him. First, he lengthened out his nose with a piece of warm wax. Then he tied a handkerchief over his head for a cap. For a cap-border he pinned on some strips of newspaper, in great clumsy plaits; and then he put a large, round cape over his shoulders. A black shawl served for a skirt. When all this was done, he told Mr. Tompkins that he might sit down and wait a few moments. He had a reason for telling him that.

Cousin Floy, a little while before, when the "Goose" was being dressed, told Hiram of a way by which one of the actors was made to laugh at the "real party" she went to; and Hiram thought it would be fun to try it with Mr. Tompkins.

So, while Mr. Tompkins was sitting down to wait a few moments, they got a pillow and dressed it up to look like an old woman. First, they tied a string around the pillow, near one end, to make a head. On one side of this head they marked eyes, nose and mouth with a piece of charcoal. Then they took a waterproof, stuffed out the sleeves, for arms, and put that on. Then they went up into grandma Plummer's room and borrowed an old cap, black bonnet, and spectacles, and put those on.

When the pillow-woman was ready, Floy ran and told them all to be sure and not laugh loudly when they saw what was coming, for fear Mr. Tompkins might hear them. The pillow-woman was then taken out by Hiram, and seated in a chair among the other people. He introduced her to them as "Mrs. Mulligachunk." He pinned together the wrists of her stuffed arms, and let them drop in her lap, and placed a bundle on them, to cover the place where there should have been hands. The bundle was tied up in a handkerchief. Then he stood an umbrella by her side, and tipped her head back just a little, so that when Mr. Tompkins should be standing on the wagon, she would appear to be looking him in the face.

"Come, Mother Goose!" cried Hiram; and Mr. Tompkins, in his funny rig, walked from the house, took his stand upon the wagon, and, with a very sober face, began:

"Sing song a sixpence, pocketful of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked into a pie.
When the pie was opened, the birds be——"

At that moment his eye fell upon "Mrs. Mulligachunk." There she sat, in a row with the others, and seemed to be listening just the same as anybody. Mr. Tompkins stopped. The people, who were all on the watch, burst out laughing, and he had to laugh, too, in spite of all he could do.

Hiram sprang up. "Mother Goose," cried he, "let me introduce you to Mrs. Mulligachunk!"

Mother Goose replied by taking off her things and throwing them at Mrs. Mulligachunk.

Then Hiram asked the Jimmies if they did not want to take Mrs. Mulligachunk to ride.

"Yes, yes!" "Yes, yes!" they shouted.

Hiram then put Mrs. Mulligachunk into the roller cart—bundle, umbrella, and all. The Jimmies caught hold of the handle, and away they ran, like two smart little ponies, Caper barking behind with all his might.

Mr. Tompkins was about to follow, when Annetta and cousin Floy suddenly called out, "Forfeit! forfeit! You'll have to be judged!"

Mr. Tompkins gave his penknife for a forfeit.

"Then judge me quick!" said Mr. Tompkins.

"I've been here 'most half an hour, now!"

"To dance a jig!" cried Hiram.

"To tell a story!" cried cousin Floy.

"Yes, yes! That's it!" cried Annetta.

"Oh no! No, no! Take too long!" said Mr. Tompkins.

But Mr. Plummer and Mrs. Plummer, and all the rest, kept shouting, "Story! story! story!"

"Well, well; story 't is!" said Mr. Tompkins.

"But a small one, though."

And then Mr. Tompkins began to tell a small story about a hen named Tudleroodlum, who lived in a far-away country, the name of which country was so strange that not one of the people could remember it five minutes afterward. Next month you shall have Mr. Tompkins's story.

GOING A-GYPSYING.

BY JOHN H. PEEL.

AT some time in his boy-life, everybody who has the true boy-spirit yearns to go on a tramp—or, as the newspapers say, to "undertake a pedestrian excursion." The free, airy, changeable life, with its risks, its joys, and its hardships, has a wonderful charm. If wisely set about, it will bring rest, health, good temper, and a wider mental outlook, and teach one the luxury of doing for one's self and standing alone.

But, of course, one can blunder in this as in most other matters that at first sight seem simple. So ST. NICHOLAS would offer a few hints about walking-tours, suggesting how to make them most easy and profitable.

The first thing to be done in planning a gypsy trip is to choose the kind of country and the season

you can enjoy most. Then decide whether to tramp with your baggage on your own back or to be drawn in a horse-wagon; whether to camp in one spot, or move from place to place; and whether to spend much money or little. If the party is large, or contains ladies and little ones, the very best thing to be done is to study Mr. Gould's new book, "How to Camp Out."* This will give you all the hints, advice and caution you are likely to need. We now can treat only the question of walking-tours for parties of six or seven young men, about twenty years of age or younger.

It must be taken for granted that the company is made up of good-humored persons, that maps of the route have been studied thoroughly, that the leader's word is law, and that each comrade will

* How to Camp Out. By John M. Gould. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.

give up his own wishes and comfort for the good of all. The captain will try to set each man at the work he can do best. At first, things may not run smoothly; but, in a day or two, everybody will have found his place, and will have learned to do his own "chores" first and then help, rather than find fault with, his comrades. So much in a general way.

It will be safer on a first tramp to choose a country fairly well settled, and, in any case, a company setting out to cook its own meals and do its own work must be sure that food can be bought along the route.

CLOTHING.

This is a rare chance to wear out old outer clothes before throwing them away. Long, loose woolen shirts, with collar-bands of silesia on which separate woolen collars can be buttoned, are the best; wear one, and carry one or two more, for change and to wear double in cold spells. Use loose woolen drawers, *worn inside out* to keep the seams from chafing you, and shoes that lace up well above the ankles and have been thoroughly treated with neat's-foot oil. Let them have iron, not steel, nails. Use false soles, if you like, and wear socks or stockings of wool or merino rather than of cotton. Pantaloon should be loose, high at the waist, and of rather heavy cloth. If you have been in the habit of wearing suspenders, don't leave them off now; you can hide them very well by passing them through holes cut low down in the outside shirt. Wear what you please, if it be comfortable and will last, and do not be worried at what "people" say.

THE PACK.

Don't try to carry more than twenty pounds apiece, or to go more than ten miles a day on foot. This is fully hard enough work if you wish to enjoy yourself without risk of illness.

You will find the "roll" better than the knapsack in the long run, and it is lighter by at least two pounds and a half. To make the roll, lay out the blanket flat, and roll it as tightly as possible without folding it, putting in the other baggage as you roll; tie it in several places, to prevent unrolling and the shifting of the things inside, and tie or strap the ends together. Wear the ring thus made as shown in



THE PACK.

the picture. You may find it better to fold the rubber blanket about the roll, or roll it by itself so as to carry it linked in the other roll; you may need it before camping, and will thus save undoing the big roll.

The roll is easier to carry than is the knapsack, and is readily shifted from shoulder to shoulder or taken off; then, too, you can ease the burden a little with your hand. Beside this, you save carrying the weight of the knapsack. But, if you take a knapsack, let it have broad straps. A haversack of course you must have.

Beside a rubber blanket, half a shelter tent, and ropes, you must have a good stout woolen blanket, with a lining sewed to it along one side but buttoned on at the ends and other side. You can dry it, when wet, better than if it were sewed all around.

The items of personal baggage are as follows:

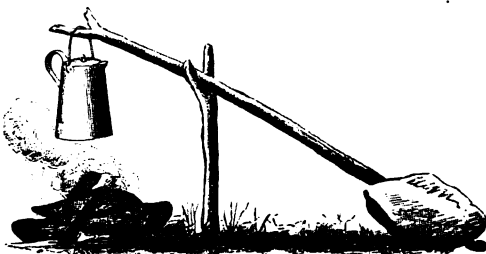
Rubber Blanket	2½ pounds
Woolen Blanket and lining	4½ "
Haversack and Canteen	1½ "
Drawers, spare Shirt, Socks and Collars	2 "
Half a Shelter-tent, and ropes	2 "
Towel, Soap, Comb, Tooth-brush, Salve, } air-tight Match-safe, Knife, Fork, Spoon, }	2½ "
Dipper, Stationery, a good Book, etc. }	3 "
Food for one day	18 "

Beside these, each must carry his share of the company baggage:

Frying-pan, Coffee-pot, and Pail	3 pounds
Hatchet, Tent-pins, Sheath-knife, case and belt. }	4 "
Clothes-brush, Mosquito-netting, Strings, Maps, }	3 "
Guide-books, Compass, Song-book	10 "

COOKING.

You can do a great deal of good cooking with a frying-pan and a coffee-pot, after a little experience. Have a coffee-pot with a bail as well as a handle, and with a lip rather than with a spout. Of course you will know enough not to put your pot or pan on the burning wood, and not to use pitchy fuel or



THE MODE OF BOILING THE COFFEE.

let the handles get hot or smutty. Study a good cook-book, and practice well at home as long as you can before starting, or you may have to go hungry when you least expect it.

You will have to guard the food you carry, from rain, fog, dew, cats, dogs, and insects; and you will find it best to clean your cooking utensils at once after every use you make of them.

THE MARCH.

Start a short time after breakfast, while the day is yet young and cool, but don't hurry or work hard at it. On the march, it is well to rest often for short spells, say ten minutes out of every hour. Drink good water as often as you feel thirsty, only don't take large draughts of *cold* water when you are heated, and bear in mind that often you can stop thirst by merely rinsing the mouth.

Bathing while upon the march is not good if you are tired or have much farther to go. Oil or salve, before starting, the parts of the skin reached by sun and air; and, to prevent foot-soreness, treat the feet plentifully in the same way, and keep them thoroughly clean. Eat laxative foods the first few days, but don't dose with medicine. Take time, be cheerful, "take it easy," and you will keep well. Alcoholic liquors will leave you in bad condition, if used; you will find coffee or tea far better.

Let each comrade end his morning nap. Avoid nonsensical waste of strength and gymnastic feats, before and during the march; and play no practical jokes that will make the day's work more burdensome.

THE CAMP.

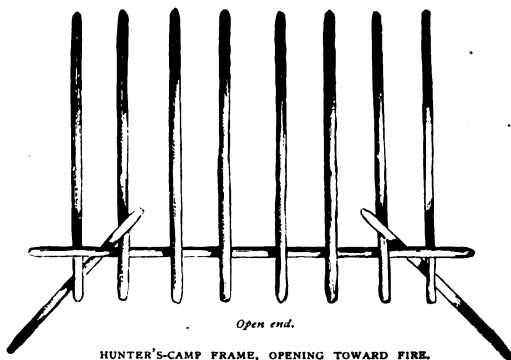
Camp in a dry spot near wood and water. If you have a good axe-man in the party, he will know how to use the hint given in the sketch of a simple hunter's-camp frame. The easiest tent to carry, and perhaps the best in the long run, is the army shelter-tent shown in the engraving. Each man carries half the tent; the pieces are joined with holes and buttons along two corresponding sides, and the tent, when set up as sketched, is five feet and two inches long, by six to seven feet wide. A third man could button his piece across one of the open ends; four men could join two tents at the ends; and a fifth man could

add an end piece. The sharper the angle at which the sides are pitched, the better will the tent shed rain.

GENERAL NOTES.

Never sit still when wet; in changing, rub the body dry; and off with muddy boots and sodden socks at once. Don't bathe after a full meal, or when very warm; and in drinking at a brook on

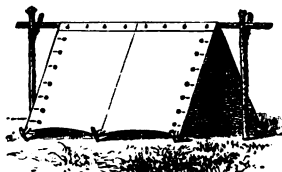
Ends of stakes that are thrust in earth.



the march, wet the face and hands, and taste the water, before taking a full draught. In walking under a hot sun, put green leaves or grass in the hat; wet them if you like, but not so that the water will drop about the ears. At the first sign of dizziness, stop; get into the shade, if possible; bathe the head, face, chest, neck and hands, and rest until the cool of the day. Always have something to eat in your haversack, and never risk starvation on any account.

Be polite to all you meet; don't let any one cheat you at a bargain, and don't take undue advantage yourself. There is no reason why a party of young fellows on a gypsying trip should not be manly and courteous.

The foregoing hints are as full as space allows; but any reader who wishes ampler advice, can readily find it in Mr. Gould's book, already referred to, from which we have been permitted to borrow freely in the present article.



GEORGE THE THIRD.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

ONE fine October morning, in the year 1760, a young English prince set out for a horseback ride near Kew. Presently a messenger came riding after him bringing a note from a German valet who was employed in the palace of the king. The young prince checked his horse, opened the note, read it without showing any sign of emotion, and rode on for a space. Then, declaring that his horse was lame, he turned and rode back to Kew. Dismounting, he said to his groom, who had appeared to doubt the lameness of the steed: "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say to the contrary."

This was George, Prince of Wales. The note brought to him was about an affair of no moment, but it bore a private mark, previously agreed upon, which told him that the king, his grandfather, was dead. So, George, Prince of Wales, was now George III., King of England. His father, son of George II., was long since dead. The young prince had been brought up very strictly by his mother; a hard, cold, and ambitious woman, who had taught him that princes must not show themselves moved by the same emotions which sway other people. So, when he learned in this irregular way that he was King of England, he doubtless enjoyed secretly his early knowledge of that great fact, but gave no sign of his thoughts to those about him. And when due proclamation of the death of George II. came to him, he was, if possible, more than ever princely in his outward indifference to the sudden, but not unexpected, change in his state and condition.

At this time George was twenty-two years old. He had a pleasant and genial countenance, and his portrait, taken about that period, herewith printed for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, gives one rather a favorable impression of the young king. In spite of his big cocked hat, comical wig, and gold lace, he looks like a very pleasant fellow. It was said of him by "a noble lord of high degree," who knew him well, that he was "strictly honest, but wanting in that frank and open behavior which makes honesty appear amiable." The same authority says that he had "great command of his passions, and seldom did wrong except when he mistook wrong for right." The bright readers of this page will see that Lord Waldegrave did not overpraise the young king. Indeed, these few words of his give us a key to the character of George III.,

whom our forefathers so cordially detested as an obstinate and wrong-headed tyrant.

George desired to be married before his coronation. So a confidential agent was sent about among the Protestant courts of Europe seeking for a suitable princess. It was forbidden that he should take to wife any but a Protestant; accordingly, the choice of eligible young princesses was, as now, somewhat limited. In the list of names brought back to the king was that of the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. This young lady once had written a letter to Frederick of Prussia, complaining of the ravages which his troops were committing in the territory of her cousin, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The letter, which depicted the horrors of war and the blessings of peace, with all the ardor of a girl of sixteen, mightily tickled Frederick. He sent it to George II., grandfather of the young prince who afterward succeeded him. The letter then fell into the hands of George, and made such an impression on him that when he found Charlotte's name in the list recommended to him, he declared that her only would he wed.

It is related that the Princess Charlotte was one day amusing herself in the palace garden at Mecklenburg-Strelitz with her young companions. Singularly enough, these girls were talking about marriage. Charlotte said: "But who would take such a poor little princess as I?" Just then the postman's horn was sounded, and Ida von Bulow said: "Princess, there is the sweetheart!" Sure enough, it was a letter from the handsome young King of England, saying to Charlotte that because she had written such a beautiful composition the king must have her for his wife. It was like a fairy tale. We can imagine how joyfully the little maid packed up her wardrobe and sailed away to England in the royal yacht, surrounded by a grand fleet of ships-of-war. Her voyage was a great event for England, as well as for her; and so much anxiety was felt about it, that the king desired a notable physician to compound such remedies for sea-sickness as were deemed of high merit. For it is recorded that the future queen-consort was deathly sick when on salt water. One of these recipes was printed not long ago. If Charlotte's attendants followed directions, she must have dieted on cardamom seeds, cloves, anise, ambergris, and a great variety of high-flavored things. Historical gossips



GEORGE THE THIRD.

insist that King George winced a little when he saw his bride. She was small and very plain. He beheld her first when she arrived at St. James's Palace, September 8th, 1761. They were married that afternoon, and on the 22d of the same month

they were crowned with great pomp and ceremony. The "poor little princess" lived to be a very precise, exacting, and ceremonious queen. For fifty-seven years was she queen-consort, and, during her after-life, she demanded all the homage and

strict etiquette due to one born to the throne. Once, on the occasion of a royal christening, word was brought to her that an aged and titled lady, who held the babe, was so fatigued with standing that she desired to be allowed to be relieved. "Let her stand," said the rigid little queen, who, herself, would have died rather than abate one jot or tittle of the royal rules.

Nevertheless, the family life of this couple was plain and simple. We get some edifying glimpses of it in the diary of Miss Burney. This young lady, who was the friend of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, and other famous people of those times, made for herself much reputation by writing several novels. Stupid reading we should now consider them; but London was wild over her "Evelina" and "Cecilia." So it was thought a good thing to honor such genius by giving her a place in the royal household. To her fond father this was like calling her into a sort of heaven. The poor little girl found it a tiresome and dull captivity. She tells us of the early hours and punctual habits of the king and queen. They had their little country dances, card-parties and tea-drinkings, to which a few favored mortals were invited. It was tragically whispered about that the queen was of a frugal mind, and sometimes the guests grumbled because they had no supper. But the king enjoyed himself, and he and Charlotte used to go about among the neighboring villages, when they lived at Kew or Weymouth, and behave very much like common people, for all their royal state. On one occasion they met a youthful son of one of the royal retainers.

"Whose little boy are you?" asked the king.

"I am the king's beefeater's little boy," said the lad, who doubtless thought himself a much more important personage than the strange gentleman before himself.

"Then kneel down and kiss the queen's hand," was the royal command.

"No," stoutly said the candid infant beefeater, "I wont kneel, for if I do I shall spoil my new breeches."

At another time, the king took refuge from the rain in the cottage of an old woman. She, darkly ignorant of his high quality, left him to turn a piece of meat which hung by a string before the fire. When she returned, the king was gone, but he had left some money inclosed in a note in which he had scribbled, "Five guineas to buy a jack," that useful article of domestic furniture being in his opinion a more labor-saving contrivance than a string. In the same fashion he poked his nose into the cottage kitchens; asked how the apple could possibly get inside the dumpling; and inquired about the prices of turnips, beef, and hay, and the rates of rent. There was nothing too

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small to interest him. He knew all the common folk about Windsor; all the family history of the nobility and gentry; all the traits of the bishops and clergy; how many buttons and how much braid each officer in his army and navy was allowed, and what was the pay of the highest functionary or the lowest servant in the royal establishment.

For one, I love to think of the pure and simple life of George III. As kings go, he was decent, reputable, and well disposed. His palace life must have been dreary and humdrum to the last degree; but it was clean and wholesome, which cannot be said of the life of some of the kings and princes who came before him, or who have lived in England since his day. His daughters were handsome and accomplished: that is to say, they played the piano, worked elegantly in floss silks, painted impossible flowers on white satin, and furnished whole suites of rooms with their own needlework. The sons were big, rough, unmannerly, and much given to rude sports. Of these the king loved Frederick, the Duke of York, the best; and when York visited Weymouth, where the king was living for a while, a portable house was built for him close by his father's. The fond father clung to the arm of his dear Frederick, but the boisterous young prince was stupefied by the dullness of the little court circle: he broke away and fled, after staying only one night in the house which his father had been at such pains to provide. The Princess Amelia was her father's darling, and in all the history of George there is no more pathetic picture than that of her sickness and early death. When her father was old and blind, she was attacked by a lingering illness. The poor, sightless monarch spent hours by her bedside, passing his fingers, from time to time, over her face, as if to assure himself that she was there. She loved him with unalterable affection when he was deserted by others, and on her death-bed he was more than ever assured that she loved him for himself alone. A touching sight it was when the king, one gloomy day, told of the death of Amelia, threw up his clasped hands and cried: "It is too much. This was caused by poor Amelia;" and so parted in agony from his reason.

This is a dark picture. We like better to think of the charming little princess in her father's arms, prattling and smiling as he walked up and down the grand saloons at Windsor. Or we may fancy her at the head of a royal procession, which Fanny Burney describes, when the family took an after-dinner walk on Windsor terrace,—“the little princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves and fan,” as says Miss Burney. “She walked on alone and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see

everybody as she passed; for all the terracers stand up against the wall to make a clear passage for the royal family the moment they come in sight. Then followed the king and queen, no less delighted with the joy of their little darling." This is a bright glimpse into the life of the king who, years before, sent what seemed a fairy postman to ask the hand of the "poor little princess" in the garden of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

To set forth, in the briefest possible space, the chief events of the reign of George III., would be to write out, as it were, the headings of many important chapters of English history. During his time the star of Napoleon flashed like a baleful meteor in the skies of Europe, wavered, and went out in darkness. During his time the royal power of England had a sharp contest with the aristocracy; and during his time, too, the peace of England was put in danger by a persistent refusal of the Catholic claim for emancipation. To us Americans the reign of George III. is forever memorable as that during which we gained our independence. The king steadfastly refused to change the policy which wrought so much wretchedness in the American colonies. He would hear no counsel from those who believed that his system of taxation was oppressive, and sure to result in rebellion. He firmly believed that only worthless people sympathized with the American colonists. He was a fine illustration of the truth of the saying of Thackeray, that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world is perpetrated by people who believe themselves to be in the right.

In his earlier years George had so commended himself to the people of New York that they set up in his honor a leaden equestrian statue of him in the Bowling Green, near the foot of Broadway. When the king's obstinacy finally provoked the colonists to wrath, they overturned this statue with great derision. Man and horse were cut up and melted into bullets; and these were fired into the king's troops in the hot struggle which soon came thereafter. You will find, however, a portion of the king's leaden saddle in the museum of the New York Historical Society; and it is said that one of the royal ears was carried off by a bold rebel lad who lived in New Jersey. So King George disappeared utterly from this country. In 1812-15, while the king was in his dotage, England had a second war with America, during which a disgraceful

attack was made on Washington. Later, the battle of New Orleans was fought. So we have abundant reason to remember obstinate King George III. and his ministers, Bute, North, Liverpool, and Castlereagh.

But we like far better to recall the crowd of illustrious names adorning the long reign of King George III., and in whose fame all English-speaking people have some share. Of the poets of that period we must remember Cowper, Crabbe, Burns, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Rogers, and Moore. Then, too, flourished such novelists as Godwin, Burney, and Scott—the long-mysterious "Wizard of the North." Of other famous men there were Herschell, Davy, Wollaston, Johnson, Flaxman, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Chantrey, Benjamin West, Copley, Wilkie, Haydon, Bewick, and a host of others eminent in art, literature, science, and war.

The life of George III. was clouded with insanity. He was first attacked by this terrible malady when he was twenty-seven years old. This soon passed away; but, in 1788, when he was about fifty years of age, he was again prostrated. It is sorrowful to read of the madness of a king; it is pathetic to look at the few pictures of this portion of the life of George III. which history gives us. He barked and howled like a dog, attempted to throw himself from the windows of the palace, and was so violent that it was necessary to put him in confinement. He recovered his reason, and was again and again smitten with madness. At last he became a confirmed maniac, and during the last ten years of his life, his son George, Prince of Wales—afterward George IV.—was regent, or temporary king. Confined in a padded room in Windsor Castle, the old king passed his years, blind, deaf, deprived of reason, and shut out from all the pleasures of this beautiful world. Charlotte, his queen, and big Frederick of York, his beloved son, died without his knowing it; and still he lived on until January 29, 1820, when the great bell of St. Paul's, booming out on the air of the winter night, told the awestruck people of London that George III., after a reign of nearly sixty years, was dead. The handsome young prince, who came to the throne when just turned of twenty-two, endured through nearly four ordinary generations of men, and passed away in his eighty-second year.

DUMB ORATOR.

By C. P. CRANCH.

SOME people are so hard to take
A joke, I should n't wonder
If every jest and pun you made
Appeared a soft of blunder.

At Farmer Brewster's once I met
A party of grave people,
Each sitting stiffly in a chair,
As prim as a church steeple.

All seemed to be afraid to smile,
Much more be caught a-laughing.
Their faces made me think, "What fun
To do their photographing!"

"Agreed," said I. "But I would speak
'Marco Bozzaris' rather.
They'd think your gestures ridiculed
The pious Pilgrim Father."

So 't was agreed, and so announced.
We took our corner station.
He sat behind, I stood in front,
And made my peroration.

His hands beneath my shoulders peeped,
Queer as a spirit-rapper's,
And moved as if they were a sort
Of human penguin-flappers.



"I DID MY PRETTIEST TO DECLAIM."

The evening grew so long, so dull,—
No music, song, or talking,—
I whispered Spriggs, who came with me:
"I say, Ned, let's be walking!"

Said Spriggs, "Don't go; we'll have some fun
Better than 'crops and weather,'
For I'll propose that we shall act
Dumb-Orator together.

"You'll make the speech, the gestures I,
Up in this corner standing;
They'll surely laugh to see my hands.
Give them 'The Pilgrims' Landing.'"

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,"
And so forth—you all know it.
I did my prettiest to declaim
The verses of the poet.

Meanwhile Spriggs, underneath the cloak,
His funniest gestures showing,—
I scarce could keep my countenance
To see those fingers going.

But not a laugh in all the crowd;
They stared and smiled in pity.
'T was plain we had not made a hit,—
We fellows from the city.

And when we left our corner there,
 Perspiring with exertion,
 Our unappreciated fun
 Received a cold immersion.

Then Spriggs and I together laid
 Our heads in some confusion,
 Quite disappointed and abashed,
 And came to this conclusion :

That I should speak again—*alone*,
 With gestures gravely suited.
 And so I did. And as I closed,
 Applause my ears saluted.

Then some one said, "Miss Sarah Jane,
 D'ye think them speeches clever?"

"The first," says she, "I did n't like.
Such gestures! No, I *never*!

"All up and down, and fingers spread,
 And playin' with his collar!
 Fumblin' his handkerchief and watch!
 Does that become a scholar?

"It did n't suit the speech at all.
 The second one was better.
He fitted, as the deacon says,
 The spirit to the letter."

So when you joke, there will be folks
 Suspect the craft you sail in.
 They *will* not feel the point, although
 You drive it like a nail in.

THE GIANT PLANET JUPITER.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

WE have been rather fortunate, so far, in our monthly observation of the stars, in having had no planets (at least none of any brightness) in the parts of the heavens which we have been examining. Even the eastern and western skies, toward which we have not specially turned our gaze, have been free, at the hours chosen for our survey, from conspicuous planets. So that none of my young friends have had occasion to ask why some bright orb in the sky has been left out, apparently, from the monthly maps and descriptions of the heavens. This month, and hereafter for several months, the planets will come more into our field of vision; and I think it will be well for me, when this happens, to show where they are. My readers will thus not only learn the stars, and the seeming daily and yearly motions of the stars, but also the planets and those strange movements from which the planets derive their names,—the word planet being derived from a Greek verb, signifying "to wander."

In passing, I may notice the strange mistake, often made in works of fiction, of describing the sky at night as though the planets could always be seen. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has recently written a novel,—his first, I believe,—in which the hero and heroine count the planets and watch the planets at all sorts of times and seasons, as though it were

the business of all the planets to shine all night and every night, whereas one seldom sees more than two or three planets at a time; and often no planet can be seen. I may remark, also, that we owe to Pope, and not to Homer, the errors in that most incorrect description of night in Pope's "Homer's Iliad :

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head.
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies."

There is not a word in the original about the planets; nor, assuredly, did Homer cause the stars either to gild the pole, or to silver the mountains' heads. Tennyson's translation is far more correct, and (naturally) far more beautiful :

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
 Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
 And every height comes out, and jutting peak
 And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
 Break open to their highest, and all the stars
 Shine ———."

The planet which adds at present to the glories of the southern skies, and (as mentioned last month)

has for some few weeks past been conspicuous in the heavens, is Jupiter. His path during the year is shown in the accompanying map (Fig. 1). Only, as you will easily understand if you consider that the part of the heavens shown in the map, now nearly *opposite* the sun, was in January, and will again be in December, *close by* the sun, the planet could not be seen as it traversed the parts of its path on the right and left of the map. He was lost in the greater glory of the sun. Jupiter began to be visible as a morning star in the spring, traveling onward over the starry sky to the place marked for April 20. That was what is called his stationary point (or sometimes it is called the *first station*). Since

19, when he was exactly opposite the sun, and came to the south at midnight. I will not here explain how these peculiarities of his motion, and his changes of seeming brightness, are brought about,—because, to do so, I should want more space than could well be spared. Nor will I show in a picture the size of Jupiter's path; because I think the nature of the planets' paths would best be shown in a picture giving all the paths; and for this, with the necessary explanation, there is not room here. I may perhaps mention, that in a little book of mine called "*Elementary Lessons in Astronomy*," written specially for young learners of astronomy, the scale of the planets' paths is

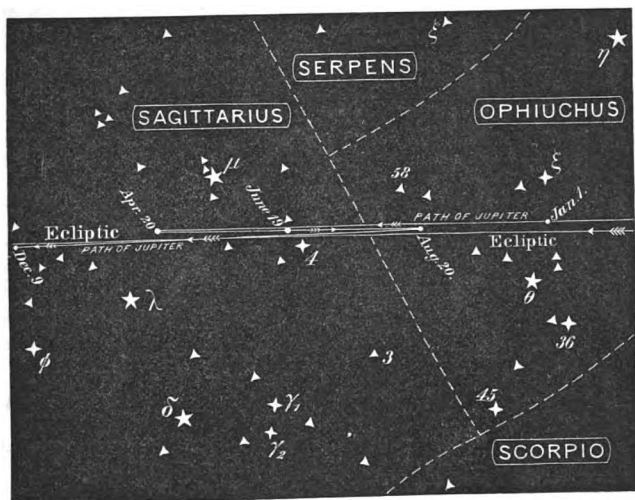


FIG. 1.—THE PATH OF JUPITER.

then, he has been traveling toward the place marked for August 20, where he will again be stationary, that being his second station. During this part of his course he is traveling backward, the arrows on the ecliptic showing the direction of the sun's advance along that track, and the *general* direction of the planets' motion. Only, they do not, like the sun and moon, advance constantly, but, as you see illustrated this year in Jupiter's case, they alternately advance, retreat (over a short arc), then advance again,—or, as Milton poetically expresses all the peculiarities of planetary motion, they pursue

"Their wand'ring course, now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still."^{*}

Jupiter was at his brightest on the night of June

shown and described. Let us turn to the planet itself.

Jupiter is the fifth of the great planets in order of distance from the sun; our earth being the third. Mercury is the first, traveling nearest to the sun. Venus, which I described a few months ago, is the second, and travels inside the earth's path. Next outside the earth's path is that of Mars. Outside his track there come the paths of a number of very small planets traveling in a ring around the sun. More than 170 of these have already been discovered; but all these together (besides hundreds more of the family not yet discovered) do not weigh so much as the tenth of our earth. Outside this family of many congregated planets, all together scarcely enough to make a single

^{*} Milton adds, that "in six" planets these motions are seen,—"what if seventh to these,—the planet Earth, etc.?" But the description is only true of five bodies known in his time, viz: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The moon, the sixth planet of the Copernican system, is always progressive, never retrograde or standing still.

respectable planet, comes Jupiter, outweighing not only all these,—not only these with our earth, Mars, Venus, and Mercury thrown in,—but all the other planets taken together, no less than two and a half times. Yes; if Venus and Mars, Terra and Mer-

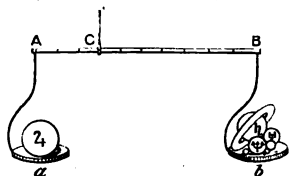


FIG. 2.

cury, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, could all be put in the scale *b* of a mighty balance, as in Fig. 2, and Jupiter in the other scale, *a*, the arm *C B*, carrying the scale *b*, would have to be two and a half times as long as the arm *A C*, carrying the scale *a*, in order that the weights should balance each other. (I do not know where the experiment could be tried, unless on the sun; but without trying it, you may rest assured that the fact is so; for there are few things about which astronomers are more exactly informed than about the relative weights of all the chief planets.)

Jupiter exceeds our earth 300 times in mass or quantity of matter. But, enormous though this excess of mass may seem, it is small compared with his excess of size; for he exceeds the earth 1,233 times in volume. It is only because he travels so much farther away than either Venus or Mars, that he appears less bright than Venus, and not many times brighter than Mars. For these two planets are utterly insignificant compared with him, both in size and mass. But he travels more than five times farther from the sun than the earth goes, so that even at his nearest and brightest, his distance from us exceeds four times our distance from the sun; whereas, when Mars is at his nearest, his distance from us is not much more than one-third of our distance from the sun.

It was formerly thought, or rather, it was formerly said in the books, that Jupiter is a planet like our earth; but when we think about all that has become known to us respecting this giant planet, we find strong reasons for believing that he is in quite a different state.

In the first place, it is now known almost certainly that every planet, including our own earth, has in long-past ages been intensely hot, and has cooled down after millions of years to its present condition. Now, large bodies take a much longer time in cooling than small ones; and Jupiter is many times larger than our earth. Therefore, he is not likely to have cooled to the same degree, unless he was made many millions of years earlier,

which is not probable. There are reasons for thinking that he is nearer thousands of millions than tens of millions of years behind the earth in cooling; whence it would follow that he is still very warm indeed. Probably his real surface is as hot as red-hot iron.

This will explain—and I know no other way of explaining—his seeming to be so much larger than he ought to be by rights. I am not now speaking of his actual bulk or mass. I know no reason why a planet should not be ten, or twenty, or a hundred, or a thousand times larger than our earth. But Jupiter is swollen, one may say, much beyond the size we should expect from his mass. It is as though he were made of lighter material than our earth. But we have every reason to believe that all the planets are made of similar materials. Jupiter's mighty mass attracts every portion of his substance toward the center, tending to make his whole frame very compact and dense; yet his frame is not compact or dense, but much more swollen than that of our earth. If our earth swelled to four times its present volume, it would, in this respect be in the same condition as Jupiter. Only, he is so much mightier in attractive energy, that the same heat which would thus expand or swell our earth would not suffice to expand Jupiter to the same degree. It so chances that our sun *is* expanded (no doubt by intense heat) to about the same degree. In his case, a tremendous heat is of course wanted. In the case of our earth, a considerable heat would (we *know*) be required. In Jupiter's case, we may safely infer a very great heat is required, and exists.

Only, instead of supposing that the solid mass of Jupiter is swollen in this degree, I think we may conclude that owing to the intense heat of his solid mass, enormous quantities of gas and vapor are generated, and form a very deep atmosphere all around him, in which float great masses of cloud. It is this atmosphere, laden with immense layers of cloud, that the astronomer sees and measures, not the real body of the planet, which can no more be seen than a peach-stone inside the perfect fruit.

In Fig. 3, you have a picture of Jupiter (as seen on February 11, 1872). Does not the planet as thus seen *show* itself to be inwrapped in a very deep atmosphere, laden with mighty cloud-masses? For my own part, I have long believed that those rounded clouds, which you see floating along the planet's equator, are not only rounded, but globular; have not only length and breadth, but depth also; and not only so, but I believe that these rounded masses of cloud have been thrown up from a great depth below their present position. Now, if you remember that on the scale of the picture the white disc in the corner represents our earth,

nearly 8,000 miles in diameter, you will see that if these views of mine are correct,—and there is a great mass of evidence in favor of them,—the atmosphere in which these great rounded masses of cloud are floating, and into which they are driven by mighty currents carrying them from yet lower levels, must be at least eight or ten thousand miles in depth.

A curious thing happened on June 26, 1828, which can easily be explained if the atmosphere of Jupiter is thus deep and kept in constant turmoil

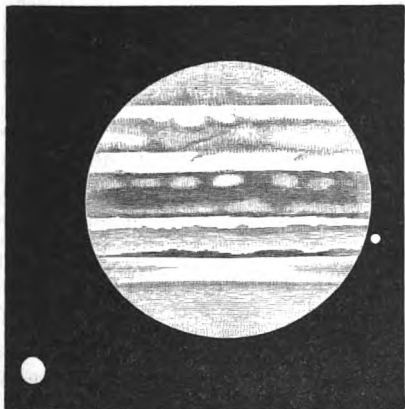


FIG. 3.—JUPITER AS SEEN FEB. 11, 1872.

through the intense heat of the planet within, but cannot possibly be explained if Jupiter is supposed to be in the same state as our earth. Admiral Smyth was observing one of Jupiter's moons, placed as shown in the picture (to which, however, this satellite does not properly belong). It was about to cross the planet's face, traveling toward the left. He saw it make its entry on the disc, and went to record the time in his note-book. Observe that at this moment the planet's outline was entirely outside that of the satellite, which in fact could no longer be seen. Returning a few

minutes after to the telescope, Smyth saw the satellite outside again, or to all seeming just as it had been before the entry, when he had pictured it as in Fig. 3. The same strange thing was seen by Mr. Maclear at Biggleswade, with a rather smaller telescope, and by Dr. Pearson at South Kilworth, with a much larger one. Now, a moon cannot possibly stop in its course around its planet; still less, if less could be, could a moon retreat and anon advance. Nor could the whole frame of Jupiter shift. Out of all question, the outline of Jupiter changed, and not by a little, but by two or three thousand miles. There would be nothing beyond belief in this if the atmosphere is thousands of miles deep, and the outermost cloud-layers eight or ten thousand miles above the true surface. For a cloud-layer might easily be dissolved into the invisible form by the warm breath of some current of Jovian air. But that the surface of a planet like our earth should change in level even by ten miles, is utterly incredible, far more that there should be an alternate swelling and shrinking through two or three thousand miles. Such a disturbance of the crust would turn all that part of Jupiter into vapor, so intense would be the heat produced by the movement.

The great belt shown dark in the picture is often, perhaps generally, of a creamy-white color. But of late it has often shone with a ruddy color, as though lit up by the fiery heat of the hidden surface below.

The spectroscope, the instrument mentioned in my paper on Venus, shows that the deep atmosphere of Jupiter contains enormous quantities of the vapor of water. It seems to me not improbable that all the water of the planet, its future seas and oceans, now hang suspended in the form of cloud and vapor in the planet's atmosphere. Jupiter, in fact, may fairly be regarded as a young though gigantic planet,—not young in years, but young in development,—a baby planet, the fullness of whose growth will not be attained for hundreds of millions of years, when our earth perhaps will have been for ages a decrepit or even a dead world.

JAMIE'S RABBITS.

THESE rabbits belong to little Jamie, who lives in the city almost all the year. A year ago last winter he was very sick, and, when spring came, his mamma took him to the country on a farm, so that he might grow well and strong.

The old farmer was very fond of Jamie, and one day brought home a large basket with a handle at the middle and a lid at each side of the handle.

All the folks soon came around to see what was in the basket, but the farmer said that Jamie must have the first look. Then he set the basket down on the floor, and told Jamie to lift up the lids, and what he should see he could have for his very own! Jamie took a peep with great care, and what do you think he saw? Why, two lovely bunnies,—one all black and the other all white, and the white one had pink eyes! Jamie was so glad that he let fall the lids at once and gave a cry of joy. Then he jumped up and down and clapped his hands, and put his arms about the old farmer's neck, and gave him a good hug and a kiss. After that he took the bunnies to show them to his mamma, and she was glad too, and kissed him, and said he must take great care of them and be kind to them.

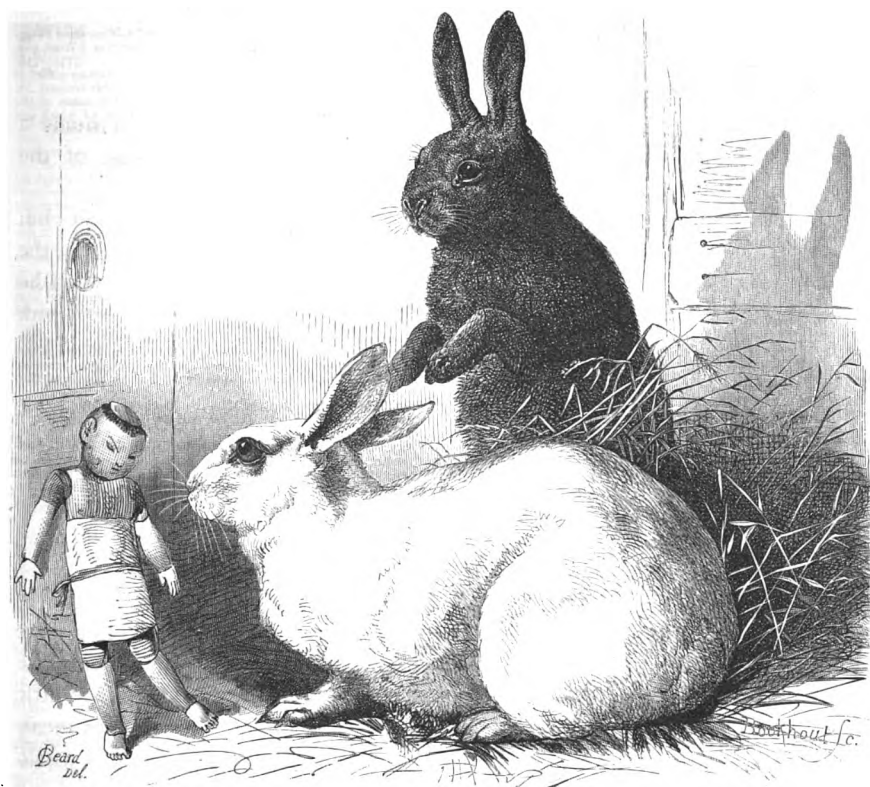
Before very long, the old farmer made a small house or hutch to keep the rabbits in, and he and Jamie fed them day by day. They were fond of carrots and turnips and cabbage, and Jamie would go with the farmer into the garden and get these things, and put them in a little basket, and take them to the hutch. Soon the rabbits knew it was meal-time when they saw Jamie come with the basket, and then they would prick up their long ears, and look as if they would like to be polite and say, "Thank you!"

One day, Jamie found them just as you see them in the picture. There was a strange doll with them in the hutch, but he did not know who had put it there. The rabbits did not feel quite safe with the doll. Blackie feared it might hurt, so he kept behind his friend, out of harm's way. Whitey eyed the doll a long time, as if he hoped it might at last prove to be good to eat.

The doll was bald, but he did not look old or worn by care. He did not seem to mind the rabbits at all. If he had known how hungry

they were, he might have wished to run off, and not stay there and smile, and hang his head and arms and legs in that loose way.

Jamie loved his little bunnies very much, and when the time came for him to leave them and go back to the city, he was very, very sorry.



JAMIE'S RABBITS.

But his mamma said her little boy could go to them again next summer, and the old farmer said he would do his best for them through the winter.

So Jamie tried not to fret. He is a good boy, and deserves to have pretty bunnies, for he takes fine care of them.

And—what do you think? Three weeks ago, Jamie was taken to the country to see his bunnies, and he will stay with them till cold weather comes again.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

OH, my poor birds! Little they think of what is coming. But their Jack knows it and trembles for them in secret.

Yes, the Fourth of July in this part of the world is a hard day for the birds. You see, the poor little creatures know very little, if anything, about American history, and even if they did know all about it, the July racket is dreadful, and they have n't the firmness and majesty of the American eagle to enable them to bear it.

Never believe that your Jack does not rejoice in the thought of this great and glorious nation, or that he would have you overlook its honorable birthdays, or fail to keep them in grand, joyful ways. No, no. But gunpowder is for war, not for peace. If you wished to honor the birthday of a noble and revered grandparent, you hardly would do so by exploding a fire-cracker in his ear, would you?

Ah, well! may be Jack does n't quite understand these things.

AN UNDERGROUND FOREST.

DEAR, dear, what queer things folks dig up in these days! Why, it was only a little while before school closed that the Little Schoolma'am was telling the children about a real buried city, a part of which some person with a German name had unearthed after it had lain under the ground for hundreds and hundreds of years.

And yesterday I heard a fussy lot of sparrows quarreling over news that an ocean gull had brought to them from the home of their forefathers in England. It was about a buried forest, ever so many thousands of years old, that had been discovered lately in Hampshire.

Beside beech, oak, elm and laurel trees, like those to be seen growing in England to-day, there

were found in this forest such plants as the palm, the cactus and the aroids, that now belong only to tropical lands. As the aroids are akin to the Jack-in-the-Pulpit family, I tried to learn from the sparrows how this news was to be explained. But they made such a chatter, I could n't. So, I'll thank some of my chicks to inquire into the matter.

JULY EVENTS.

DEAR MR. JACK: OUR "little schoolma'am" told us some things about July, and we wrote them down. Here they are. Wont you please pass them on?

Julius Caesar was born in this month, so Marc Antony called it after Caesar's family name, "Julius." May be on this account, Sir John Suckling, the poet, thought he could give the name of the month a similar sound. In his "Wedding" poem, of which our schoolma'am gave us some verses to copy, he says of the bride:

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July."

So, you see, he calls July, "Jew-ly." It does n't seem to me much of a rhyme.

Now I will tell you the names of some great people who died, and of some who were born, in July. I know when and where, but wont you please ask the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls to write and tell you, for me, if they know, too?

Petrarch died in July, and so did the Admirable Crichton, Charlotte Corday, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Robert Burns, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Adams, Madame de Staël, Thomas Jefferson, Hahnemann, Zachary Taylor, Béranger the French poet, and Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

John Calvin and the famous Marie de Medici were born in July; so were Blackstone the great lawyer, and Flaxman the sculptor. I don't know any more.

Learning dates by themselves must be dry work, but our schoolma'am tells us about the things and people also, and we like that ever so much. I hope all the boys and girls will have a good time this Fourth.—Yours truly,

BEATRICE B.

THE COST OF WET FEET.

SOME boys and girls were playing near the pond where my friends the water-lilies grow, when an old New York gentleman came along and cried out to the children: "Don't wet your feet,—it costs too much!" Then he went on, reaching out so vigorously for the lilies, that at first he did not seem to hear the cries of the children for an explanation. At last it came, when they ran to him with their hands full of the beautiful flowers. He told them that in New York City, in winter, when the uncleaned streets are covered with pools of water, the cost to the citizens in time, doctors' and surgeons' bills, physic, boots, clothes and funeral expenses, would amount in one day to two millions seven hundred and fifty-four thousand two hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$2,754,225)!! Think of that, my youngsters! In my opinion, this water-soaked old gentleman from New York was rather shaky in his facts, though he certainly was strong enough in his statements.

FOUR LEAVED CLOVERS.

Dyersburg, May 11, 1877.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did the fairies ever whisper in your ear, that a four-leaf clover brought good luck to the finder? I was a little girl when I heard it, and having strong belief in fairies and good luck, I was determined to find one. Two years ago, on one bright sunny morning,—the very best day of the year to me, for it was my tenth birthday,—I was playing on the deep grass, and laid my hand directly on a four-leaf clover, and—oh, joy of joys!—it was followed by a five-leaf one. The fifth leaf proved to be a beautiful

green chalice, just to hold my good luck, as I thought. And, dear Mr. Jack, if you could see my little blue-eyed sister, that came soon after, you would think with me that the fairies were right. I send you the identical clover found on that day, and a cluster of four-leaved clovers found about a week ago, thinking that, perhaps, such things might be new to some of the readers of the *ST. NICHOLAS*, and that you would like to tell them about these.—Yours truly,

MADGE CHILD.

Jack is very glad to see these beautiful specimens, Madge, and he hopes you may live to enjoy many and many happy birthdays.

So far, so good. Now, who can find Jack two blades of ribbon-grass exactly alike?

FIRE-CRACKERS.

San Francisco, May 2, 1877.

DEAR JACK: The other day I did wish I lived in China. Father was reading out of the paper. As near as I can remember this was what he read:

"In Canton, and other Chinese cities, one hears fire-crackers on all days and at various hours of the night, not fired singly, but by hundreds and thousands at a time. It is a part of their religious observances, and they expect that the din will drive off evil spirits."

Father said he wished they would drive the evil spirit of mischief out of us boys; and I told him if he would buy us a lot of crackers we would try. But he has not yet.

There is a Chinese boy comes to school with us, and he is right snort at learning. He said those smashed-up letters on the packages of crackers mean all manner of things. I said, so they might, but I knew about them, because *ST. NICHOLAS* told me. Then he looked scared and said, "Is that an evil spirit?" I told him no, it was a book. Next day I showed it to him, and how it translated the funny red labels, and he said, "That's so!" Please tell the *ST. NICHOLAS* boys.—Yours truly,

ROBERT W. HALL.

P. S.—It was in the *ST. NICHOLAS* for July, 1874.

SPARROWS AND HORSES.

SPARROWS are good-hearted little creatures after all, though they do wrangle a little among them-



selves. I heard two or three of them holding a joy-meeting over the good deeds done by some of their fellows in New York—how they make a habit of going to the great town stables where the car horses are kept, and comforting the tired beasts with their cheery voices and nimble, playful ways. Some of these horses, it seems, have to jog back and forth every day along their rail-tracks for nearly the length of the great city, touching the Battery at one end of the route and Central Park at the other, without ever once being allowed to go into either. Now, that must be pretty hard. Never to run over soft grass or rest under the green trees! But the sparrows make up for the privation as well as they

can. They hop into the stables, hop, hop along the stalls to the horses' ears, tell them all about the grass, the trees, and the cool, sweet shade; then they hop, hop to the floor, and the pails, eat their little "fill," and hop, hop out again. Bless the little sparrows!

ALL THE ALPHABET.

DEAR JACK: Did the Little Schoolma'am ever see a verse that contains all the letters of the alphabet? Here is one, which I did not make, but a girl gave it to me in school. I think it contains every letter.—Yours truly,

LIZZIE GREEN.

"God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man, who takes His finest wheat,
Should lift His joyful praises high."

CAN A DOG THINK?

Stratford, Ontario, April 3, 1877.

MY DEAR JACK: I send you a couple of true anecdotes of "Buff," a four-footed friend of mine, which may interest your young folks. Good-bye, Jack! May your shadow never grow less!—Yours truly,

C. W. Y.

CAN A DOG THINK?—Of course not, you will say; but just wait till you hear about Buff. Buff is a heavy mastiff, and a great pet. On Sundays, and when there are visitors, his toilet consists of a stiff white collar and a black neck-tie, which are quite becoming, and of which he feels very proud. One night, a gentleman came to the house, and inquired for his brother Clarence, who was stopping with us. He had never seen Buff, so he was formally introduced to Clarence's brother. Buff accepted the acquaintance, and immediately became very friendly. It so happened that Clarence was spending the evening at a friend's house, "Atholcott," that evening; and as the gentleman wished very much to see him, he decided to go there. But how to find the way? It was pitch dark, there were no street-lamps, and the road was very winding. As soon as "Atholcott" was mentioned, Buff pricked up his ears,—probably visions of good things flitted through his mind,—and when told that the gentleman wanted to go there, he could hardly be kept in the house. "Follow Buff," I said, "and he will take you there." And so he did, and by the straightest road.

Buff's "bump of benevolence" is largely developed. When he has more provisions than he cares for, he hides them away, and when he sees a poor, miserable, half-starved dog-tramp, he brings him into the garden, digs a bone out of the snow, and tells him, in dog-talk, to "pitch in." When he thinks the stranger has had enough, he tells him so; and if he does not accept the hint and leave, he gives him a good shaking and sends him about his business.

If Buff can't think, he does something very like it.

BLACKSMITHS IN AFRICA.

DEAR JACK: In reading Dr. Livingstone's "Last Journal," the part about native blacksmiths in Africa interested me very much.

Imagine a big negro, with no other clothing than a waist-cloth, squatting before the large, earth-imbbed stone which forms his anvil. Two pieces of stout green bark form the tongs by which he holds the bit of iron that his companion—the master blacksmith—is hammering into shape. The hammer which this master smith is wielding with all his might, is a large stone, bound around with bands made of the strong inner bark of a tree. Of this bark are formed the loops which serve as handles. The hammer thus made bears a rude resemblance to a traveling-bag. The bellows, which is worked by still another assistant, is made of two goat-skins with sticks at the open ends.

With so few tools, and those of the rudest sort, the African blacksmiths hardly could be expected to produce articles of fine workmanship; yet Dr. Livingstone says they have made articles of excellent quality that would have been very creditable to even the best English or American smiths, with all the latter's advantages in the way of fine tools and workshops.—Yours truly,

E. G.

MISS LOUISE'S MOUTH.

(Translation of French Story in May Number.)

BY A. R. T.

MISS LOUISE'S mouth is very large. When one sees it, one always has a desire to say, "What an enormous mouth!"

Well, it is not a misfortune. A large mouth is very convenient. This was the opinion of the wolf who so well crunched up Little Red Riding-Hood, and it is also the opinion of Miss Louise. She always has a very good appetite, and she does not find her mouth too big for all that she has need to put into it.

A big mouth is also very convenient for prattling. This one is never tired of talking and saying droll things. And when it has prattled enough, it sings: it is then that it opens well!

And for screaming, too! It is no longer a mouth—it is an oven, a cavern, a resounding gulf. When

it is open, like that, the best thing its hearers can do is to stop up their ears and make their escape.

The cries do not last forever. Laughing comes again—a good laugh, which shows pretty little very white teeth; they are not all there yet, for Miss Louise is hardly more than a baby.

And when it has laughed well, what good big kisses it knows how to give—that mouth!

Mamma does not find it at all too big, and loves it as it is.

And later, when Miss Louise will be older, when she will have become very reasonable, very witty and very good, her mouth will say things so sensible, so pretty and so amiable, that everybody will love it, and no one will have an idea of thinking it too big.

Good translations of "La Bouche de Mademoiselle Louise" were received before May 18th from: Arnold Guyot Cameron, Amy H. Reynolds, Annie Rider, W. F. Dana, Milton Hopkins, Fannie Freeman, A. B. W., Grace M. Hall, E. W. B. P., "Helen of Troy," Hattie K. Chase, "Cupid bereft of his Chow-chow," Adele Grant, James E. Whitney, George B. McClellan, Jr., Nellie Emerson, Ada Sell, A. Wayland Cutting, Wm. Weightman Walker, Thos. Hunt, Louisa B., Caroline Chase, Harold Steele MacKaye, Lucy S. Birrell, Maude E. Boswell, J. Lilian Doty, Kitty Stebbins, Hallie P. Adams, Seelye Bryant, Blossom Drun, J. P. C., William A. King, Jennie B. Kizer, Harriet A. Clark, Madge Wilson, Francis Irving, Angie Courts, William L. Smith, A. Jennie McNeil, Louise H. King, Bella Robinson, Mabel Curtis Wright, Leslie W. Hopkinson, Nellie Chandler, Marian Ouis, Frances M. Woodward, Mac Fiske, Katharine Spalding, Eleanor N. Hughes, Bessie Van Rensselaer, Frederick Eastman, Constance Grand-Pierre, "Bob White," Edith R. Smith, Maud Richardson, Emma Disosway, Jennie E. Beal, Fannie F. Hunt, Mary Hawley, Fannie P. Blake, Mary H. Sharpe, Lois L. Howe, Sallie P. Macallister, G. Frederick Harwood, Grace Foster Swall, Kate E. Dimock, Louise W. Ford, Frank A. Eaton, Mary Parker, Lodice E. Porter, Arthur W. Underwood, Wm. H. Parker, Fannie R. Safford, L. E. P., Bessie L. Barnes, Lillie L. Preston, Julia H. George, Lulu A. Wilkinson, Alice Ashmore Walker, Agnes Frances Walker, G. C. W., Hattie G. Merrill, "Vulcan," Harriet Langdon Pruyn, "Louise," Alice S. Moody, B. M. P., Ella L. True, and May Harwood.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR readers will remember that, in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. Ingersoll told them about three species of our native American wild mice, namely, the white-footed mouse, called scientifically *Hesperomys leucopus*; the meadow-mouse, *Arvicola riparius*; and the jumping or deer-mouse, *Jaculus ludovicianus*. They will remember also that he told them these mice were not uncommon throughout the United States; lived in open fields and prairies for the most part, rather than in the woods, where they dug burrows or built nests, ate seeds, roots and bark, and were themselves eaten by many animals and birds of prey. Having been reminded of these particulars, it will be easy to study more carefully some further points in the life of these entertaining little creatures, as given by Mr. Ingersoll this month.

Covington, Ky., April 2, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and am one of a family of five children. We have taken you ever since you were first published, and we like you very much. We also have three nice bound volumes in regular order. December 9th last we organized a society to save and make the proper use of our money. The officers are as follows: Papa, President; Mamma, Vice-President; Del, my elder sister, Secretary; J. Wade, Treasurer; Kate, another sister, Mag, another, and John, my baby brother, are members. In the society, or in another apartment, we have a mission-box, and out of the society money we give it fifteen cents a week. Good-by.

Yours truly and respectfully,
WADE HAMPTON.

By order of the society.

San Francisco, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and of course am not expected to write as well as an old girl. I often see letters in your columns from little boys and girls, so I thought you might like to hear about a pet goose I had.

A little while before Christmas my uncle Charles gave my grandmother a goose. When he was brought to us his legs were tied up, and it hurt him very much. My cousin Ernest made a cage for him, and he slept very nicely. In the morning when he woke up, he made such a racket that it woke us all up. For a while he was quite lonesome, and would call after everybody who passed his cage; but by-and-by he got over it and seemed quite contented. There being no pond for him to swim in, we gave him a bath in a tub as often as we could. I think you will laugh at his name. It was "Misery," because he loved company so much. The rats came in such numbers after his food that it became necessary to set a trap. My cousin Olive and I used to put him on a box and sit on each side of him and feed him, or we would sing to him. He was very fond of biting the buttons on our dresses, and one day he bit one off, and nearly swallowed it. We were very careful to protect our buttons after that.

But "Misery" grew thinner and thinner, and seemed so unhappy in spite of all we did for him, that my grandmother thought it would be best to kill him. So one morning before we were up she had him killed. We had him for dinner, but he was very tough. We are going to have a little dog soon, and perhaps I will tell you about him.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS better than any other magazine I ever read.—Yours truly,
PEARL HOBART.

P. S.—I did not eat any of the goose.

Cleveland, O.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old. Having read some about birds in your ST. NICHOLAS, I thought I would tell you about a little canary that I have. Missing its sweet notes the other day, I looked into the cage, and found it lying at the bottom, dead, as we supposed; but papa took it in his hands and said it was not quite dead; he then mixed some red pepper with milk; then he opened its little bill with a pen-knife and made it take some. I then got a piece of flannel and drew it into a collar-box. Then papa put in the birdie. Mamma said it probably would be dead before morning, but when I got up the next morning and peeped into the box, my birdie had its eyes open, and I am now happy to tell you that at this moment it is singing again as sweetly as ever. I thought this simple remedy might save the birdie of some other little girl or boy.—I am, your little reader,
 RENE L. COREY.

GRACE JOHNSON, a little girl, ten years old, sends us this verse about her poll parrot:

POLLY.

We have a funny polly,
 He's 'most as smart as you,
 If you stoop down under his cage,
 He'll call out, "Peek-a-boo."
 If you should come and see me,
 He'd say, "How do you do?"
 And sing "Pretty Polly Hopkins"
 In a cheerful voice for you.

Fort McKavett, Menard Co., Texas, May 2, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My letter in the March number of your magazine has been the means of giving me two kind little friends in the State of New York. They rather felt for my lonely situation, I suppose, and I thank them for their kind-heartedness. They are anxious to know about my army life, so I will tell them, and the rest of your young folks, as best I can, how we live in the army:

We have no grand, fine houses like you town and city girls and boys have; but our houses are built of rough stone one story high, and contain but three or four rooms, sitting-room, bedroom, dining-room, and kitchen. No matter how large a family an officer may have, he is limited to this number of rooms; in fact, we are entitled only to one room and a kitchen; but this is seldom strictly adhered to, as in that case we should have to live more like pigs than human beings. Army officers, too, are generally supposed to live like gentlemen; but I am sure it would not look very gentlemanly or lady-like to sleep, eat, and sit in the same room.

The officers' and soldiers' quarters are all built in line and around a "square;" we have a little plot of ground in front and at the side of our quarters; we have vines trained over our porches, making them look pretty. Fort McKavett is situated on a hill, and is surrounded on all sides by hills; the scenery is varied and pretty. A lovely stream called the San Sabá runs near the post; it is full of beautiful, clear springs; from one or two in particular is obtained all the water used in the garrison, brought up in large water-wagons, each drawn by eight mules; the work about the garrison is done by the soldier prisoners. There is a fine hospital building for the sick, and two doctors to attend them. It would seem strange to you, no doubt, to see scarcely any one but soldiers about; but I am used to it, never having seen anything else, for I was not quite two years old when I first knew anything about army life; we were then living so near Mexico that mamma and papa often took me across the Rio Grande river to Matamoras, we could get so many nice things over there; but may be I will tell you about that place another time.

We have a delightful band here belonging to the Tenth Infantry which plays in the open air three times a week, in the evening, in the band stand, and every morning at guard-mounting, and on Sunday evenings at dress parade, which is the soldiers' church; for we have no chaplain. I have not been inside a church for four years; is not that dreadful? Some foolish persons think army people live in ease and luxury, and do not sacrifice anything; but just think of not having a school, or a church, or anything of that kind to go to, seeing the same faces every day and the same things—nothing to amuse us. We get tired of playing the same games even. The only things I enjoy without tiring of are riding on horseback, and that I do love heartily, and taking care of my numerous pets. I study every day, but it is not like going to school; I am afraid I am dreadfully behind other girls of my age. But I fear, dear ST. NICHOLAS, you will be tired of reading so much; so my letter shall stop right here. I believe I think more of you every year, and just long for the end of the month to come.—Your affectionate little reader,

JANET G. LARKE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little boy, Bertie, just three years old, has had ST. NICHOLAS sent him by his dear grandma, for his birthday gift, and we are perfectly charmed with it. We are in the "back-woods" now, so it is a double pleasure. The last number came yesterday, and Bertie went to bed hugging it in his arms at night. Of

course I intend he shall take good care of the numbers and have them bound, and I hope he will be a subscriber for years to come.

He thinks "Cluck-a-Luck's Strange Children" very funny, and I have to read it over and over to him. Last summer I took him to the country for a day, and he slipped away from nurse, and when she found him in the poultry-yard, the little fellow, in his delight, had killed three of the loveliest little white chickens just hatched, and was in the act of "hugging" another when nurse found him. He said he "just loved 'em up tight." He knows better now, and if I had time, I would tell you about his pet canary and red-bird, which love him so much.

He never saw a pig until we came here a few months ago, and when he saw the great black fellow, he came running to me, saying: "Oh! mamma, I spect it is a bear." Do you think any of your little folks would make such a mistake? Bertie sends love, and says I must tell you about "the three piggies," but I'm afraid our letter is too long now for the Letter-Box.—Yours truly,
 "M."

AGNES FRANCES W., Alice Ashmore W., and G. C. W., three little sisters, of Winchester, Virginia, send us three capital translations of "La Bouche de Mademoiselle Louise," published in our May number, and beg us to give them "something a little more difficult in French, and also a German story for translation." It is very evident that they are new readers of ST. NICHOLAS, or they would know that our back numbers have anticipated their request. But we welcome them heartily, and hope in future to give them a goodly share of pleasant work.

Richmond House, Reading, England, May 5, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad my dear papa lets me take your magazine. I like it very much, and I read some of it almost every day. I am reading now "Pattikin's House," and think it a very pretty story.

I went to Southsea the other day, and found such a lot of shells and sea-weed and little crabs on the beach. And I saw the "Victory" the ship on which Lord Nelson was killed many years ago. I shall be eight years old in a few days.—Your friend,
 ALBIN WHITE.

The long article on "Gunpowder" in this number, written by an ex-officer of the U. S. Army, cannot, we think, fail to interest our boy-readers, and give them a useful hint or two.

Philadelphia, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in your next number who is Saxe Holm, who wrote the story, "The First Time," in the May ST. NICHOLAS? I looked in Drake's "Dictionary of American Biography," and in Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," but they did not say anything about the person.—Your little reader,
 JENNIE MARCH.

The real name of "Saxe Holm" is not known, nor is it likely to be.

1877.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, about the first of August, Ed and I had planned to camp out for a few days. I was to furnish the necessary articles, which were bread, tea, butter, plates, knives, spoons, towels, blankets, a tent, and cooking utensils.

While, on the other hand, Ed, who did not like tea, brought chocolate, crackers and herring. I also borrowed of my grandmother a large, heavy, buffalo robe, on which we were to sleep. The next morning we got up early, and got the things ready for our trip.

At half-past nine we were ready, and proceeded to the boat-house. Our tools were a spade and an ax, which we took along in case of emergencies. We also took some money to buy milk with.

Once fairly started we put up the sail, for we did not fancy the idea of rowing sixteen miles in the hot sun. A good wind favored us, and we reached our destination about four o'clock.

We camped on a beautiful beach facing the north-east. After we had pitched our tent, we went to look after the baggage. The provisions were packed in a large basket, which we put in the tent.

I then brought the butter can, and dug a hole in the gravel, two feet deep, and about four feet from the water, so as to keep it cool.

After that we got supper, which consisted of tea, chocolate, crackers, and herring.

After supper we got boughs and laid them on the ground under the tent—over these we spread the buffalo robe. This was our bed. We were then ready for night. After gathering up the things, and putting them in the tent, we got into the boat and rowed a mile farther on, where we met some friends, with whom we spent the evening.

After rowing back, and shutting the flaps of the tent, we went to bed. We had some trouble getting to sleep; a bug bit Ed and stung him very badly. The next morning we got up early, built our fire, and had breakfast, which we ate with a good relish. After washing the dishes

and setting things to rights, we took a row. When we got back there were some boys around the tent. They were the friends we had visited the previous evening, and as they had brought potatoes and other things, we were glad that they had come. So we invited them to stay to dinner, after which we took a sail, and saw some more of our friends. Supper over, we spent the evening as before, and then went to bed; but we could not get to sleep. Mosquitoes were very thick, and about twelve o'clock we made up our minds to get up, tear down our tent, pack up, and start for home. When we had got everything ready we pushed off. After rowing about two miles we put to shore, and set up the sail, and then steered for the middle of the lake. We had a fair wind at first, but after a while it died down. As we sat waiting for a breeze to spring up, the sky began to get very dark, and with it came what we wanted, a good wind; but before long we found we had got ourselves in a fix, for the wind began to blow harder and harder, and the waves were so high that they splashed into the boat. As quickly as we could we seized the oars, and pulled for the nearest shore. The motion of the waves had made me rather faint, so Ed made me lie down on the blankets. We then took turns in rowing till we had rowed about five miles, when I again lay down. This time I fell asleep. Ed did not wake me, as he should have done, but let me sleep on. At last I awoke of my own accord, and I was surprised to find we had gone so far. I tried to take my turn at the oars, but the more I moved the sicker I got. In half an hour we reached the boat-house, and a happier pair of boys could not be found. When we reached the house I found it to be five o'clock, so that it had taken us just five hours to row eighteen miles.

Having told you the event of the summer, I will bid you good-by.—Yours truly,
R. R. B.

Venice, April, 1877.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you some things about this Italian city. It has no horse-cars or stages, so we have to go around in boats called gondolas, because nearly all the streets are water, like canals, but without tow-paths. The only good place for walking is the great square in front of the cathedral of St. Mark, where the bronze lions are. You will think boys can't run about much or have many games here, but there are lots of boats, and plenty of water, to get fun out of.

We shall stay here for a whole year, and papa says you shall come to us every month just the same.

I must tell you the carpenters here pull their planes toward them, like the Japanese carpenters that we see in pictures, instead of pushing them as our carpenters do at home, in America. I saw this in a workshop, and there was a hollow at each side of the plane, to give a good hold. Please tell this to the ST. NICHOLAS boys.—Your true friend,
WILLIE S.

THE following startling and original fairy-tale—an awful warning to kings—comes to us with this note from the author:

Syracuse, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write a story, and would like it very much if you would publish it in the St. Nicholas. If you think it worth while printing. I am only eight years old.

THE MAGIC CARPET.

(A fairy tale.)

Once upon a time there lived a king. One day he was walking in his garden, looking at the flowers, he thought how rich he was, and how poor some people were. Suddenly it became very dark, at last he distinguished three figures, on the ground. He asked them what they were. They said they were three fairies. Each of them gave him a wish. The first one said he would find ten dollars every time he put his hand in his pocket. The second one said when ever he was in trouble to call for them they would come. The third one said she would give him a magic carpet, she would not tell him what good it was, they went away, in a second he found himself in his palace with all the people around him. He could not find out what good it was. He had it put on his floor. One day he was walking on the carpet, he wished himself in Cincinnati he found himself in Cincinnati. He called for the fairies they came he said what shall I do, they told him to be contented with what he had, they vanished, he felt in his pocket, and got one hundred dollars. He spent it for whiskey, and got drunk. At last he found that he had to work for his living, every cent he got he spent for whiskey, after a while he got so drunk that he was put in prison, and he died there.

A. T. E.

Birmingham, Ct. April 22, 1877.

DEAR MRS. DODGE: I had a little kitty that looked something like the picture in the new (May) St. NICHOLAS, and played just like it. I think the poetry by it is awful pretty. I think the fairy story is nice too, especially the funny old giant, Dundernose.

This is a beautiful ST. NICHOLAS. All the stories are nice. I like them every one. I can read them all. I can't write, nor print well, my mamma writes letters for me. I am 'most eight years old. Good-by. That's all I'm going to say.

PAULINE P.

San Francisco, April 5, 1877.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I went to a silver wedding, where a Russian nobleman, named Baron von Osten-saken, gave the following riddles in French:

First: Mon premier est le premier de son espèce; mon second le seul de son espèce, et mon tout est ce que je ne veux pas vous dire.

Second: Mon premier est un animal domestique; mon second est ce que les dames n'aiment pas découvrir en elles-mêmes, et mon tout est une union.

Third: Pourquoi l'Impératrice a-t-elle quitté Paris avec un dentiste?

These are all I can remember.—Yours truly,

JULIA H. GEORGE.

The answers to these riddles will be given in the next number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Pittsfield, May 23d, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very glad to see my name in the "Letter-Box" for translating the French story in the April number. Last week I went out every clear night to find the different constellations, with the help of Professor Proctor's maps. "His Own Master" is very exciting, I think, in this number. I am sorry "Pattikin's House" ends so soon; I was so interested in it.—Your reader,
NELLIE EMERSON.

H. STARKWEATHER's problem in arithmetical-algebra (for it is not properly an algebraic problem) in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, page 574, may be easily explained by the accurate use of a rule which he used inaccurately. We shall refer to the first example given, the explanation being equally true for the others.

The solution is correct until the last equation, which should be

$$\pm (7 - \frac{1}{2}) = \pm (2 - \frac{1}{2})$$

or, as it is usually written,

$$7 - \frac{1}{2} = \pm (2 - \frac{1}{2}),$$

according to the rule that the square root of any quantity is "ambiguous," as the books say; we would say is either + or —; not both + and —; nor yet, + or —, just as you choose; but + or —, according to the conditions of the problem.

In this case we must take the — sign for the second member of the equation, and we then have

$$7 - \frac{1}{2} = - (2 - \frac{1}{2}), \text{ or,}$$

$$7 - \frac{1}{2} = -2 + \frac{1}{2}, \text{ or,}$$

$$\frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2},$$

which is correct.

The example, then, does not prove that $7 = 2$, but that $\frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2}$.

To illustrate the necessity for a choice between the + and — values of a square root:

Given the algebraic equation $x + \sqrt{x} = 6$. By solution $x = 9$; $\therefore \sqrt{x} = 3$. But it cannot be 3 , for $9 + 3 = 12$, and not 6 ; it does = -3 , for $9 + (-3)$ or $9 - 3 = 6$, as in the original equation. This we should not have discovered by squaring the members of the given equation, and then finding x ; but if we had solved the equation as it stands, we should have found the value of $\sqrt{x} = -3$, first, and then $x = 9$; which explains the reason why, though $x = 9$, yet, in this equation, \sqrt{x} cannot = 3 .

It may be noticed of the "other examples" in the last ST. NICHOLAS: If it were proved that $2 = 1$, of course $4 = 3$ without further proof.

We would commend to our young readers a variation of Davy Crockett's advice: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Be sure you are right (particularly in mathematics), then stand by your results.

MARTHA L. COX sends the only correct solution to this problem received up to present date (May 25th).

R. W. M. is mistaken in saying that each member of the 5th equation is negative. He will see, by examining the problem, that each of them is positive.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



FIND in the picture: 1. The Ettrick Shepherd. 2. The plant "Equisetum arvense." 3. A nickname for Boston. 4. A part of a church and a rascal. 5. A member of a society. 6. A military command. 7. A story. 8. An arrow. 9. A colloquial name for an English servant. 10. Wrath. 11. A fine yellow wood. 12. A period. 13. Storms. 14. A verb meaning "to weary." 15. A verb meaning "said." 16. Chickweed. 17. Over sixty gallons. 18. Something under every eye. 19. Blows with a hatchet. 20. A kind of wine.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED of sixteen letters. The 1, 7, 14, 9, is a company. The 3, 12, 8, 11, is a girl's name. The 10, 15, 4, 13, is a number. The 16, 2, 5, 6, is an examination. The whole is good advice from Shakespeare.

ISOLA.

EASY RIDDLE.

My first is in cat, but not in dog;
My second is in plank, but not in log;
My third is in rat, but not in mice;
My fourth is in pleasant, but not in nice;
My fifth is in Edith, but not in Mary;
My last is in light, but not in airy;
My whole is a very useful thing,
Found with the poor man, found with the king.

K. V.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My 1 is a consonant. My 2 is a verb in the present tense. My 3 is one who acts for another. My 4 our forefathers fought for. My 5 is to bestow. My 6 is obtained from flax. My 7 is a consonant.

C. G. T.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a division of a poem and get an insect. 2. Behead and curtail a very small piece and get a liquor. 3. Behead and curtail a sign of grief and get a knock. 4. Behead and curtail a place of justice and get a pronoun. 5. Behead and curtail a fool and get abject. 6. Behead and curtail disgrace and get an article of food. 7. Behead and curtail a line and get a journey. 8. Behead and curtail a beggar and get an animal. 9. Behead and curtail some animals and get to gain. 10. Behead and curtail to look intently and get a thick substance. 11. Behead and curtail a kind of meal and get a girl's nickname. 12. Behead and curtail an account book and get a border.

A. B.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

PREFIX the same syllable to—1. A contemptible dog, and make to agree. 2. A kind of beetle, and make one of the largest of birds. 3. Strong, and make to ratify. 4. A fish, and make to comfort. 5. A region, and make an agreement. 6. Worn out, and make penitent. 7. An edge, and make to incline together. 8. A shelter, and make satisfaction. 9. A searching trial, and make a dispute.

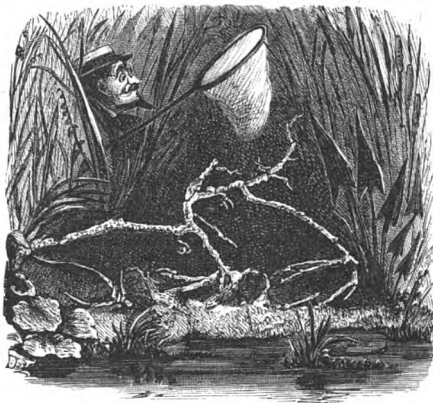
STALLKNECHT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name one of Dickens's characters.
 1. A soft metal. 2. A Shakspearean character. 3. A deity, for whom a day of the week was named. 4. A ferocious wild animal. 5. A man's name. 6. A young bird of prey.

ISOLA.

EASY PICTURE-PUZZLE.



A PAIR of hoppers gay are we;
 Look sharp, and soon our forms you'll see.

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.

FIND in the following sentence a French proverb—a warning to persons making secret communications:
 Walking among brakes and thistles, I saw some odd-looking birds: a large emu, rail (less than the emu—don't despise the procession), and two or three more ill-esteemed birds, marching toward the shore.

CHARADE.

My first in radiant robes arrayed,
 Or draped in gloom, or drowned in tears;
 My next, as Holy Writ hath said,
 Dwells in the sunlight, moonlight, stars.
 My whole, a flaunting beauty bright,
 Born for the morning's festal ray;
 Floating in colors, bathed in light,
 Dancing the gayest of the gay.
 But when dark hours come stealing on,
 My airy graces all are gone;
 The frail, brief vision of delight
 Shrinks fainting, fainting out of sight,
 Phantom of beauty, quenched in night.

M. G.

OMNIBUS WORD.

IN a word of five letters find, without repeating the same word, and without repeating the same letter in a word, the following:

- I.—A word-square: 1. The juice of a plant. 2. A verb. 3. A plant.
- II.—Another word-square: 1. A small venomous serpent. 2. A large body of water. 3. A nickname.
- III.—One diamond puzzle, the central letters of which form a word-square: 1. A consonant. 2. A monkey. 3. An implement of war. 4. A part of the body. 5. A consonant.
- IV.—A word meaning to fight with fast, and which, spelled backward, means quick, smart blows.
- V.—Ten words: 1. A fruit. 2. To peal. 3. To gather. 4. To scorch. 5. Lean. 6. To level with the ground. 7. A grammatical term. 8. An epoch. 9. A term used by merchants. 10. To file.

What is the word?

N. T. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Dromedary.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Waver, aver. 2. Mother, other.
 3. Jaunt, aunt. 4. Bother, other. 5. Maid, aid. 6. Cover, over.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Genius, Talent.

G—arne—T
 E—nigm—A
 N—icke—L
 I—r—E
 U—nicor—N
 S—carle—T

CHARADE.—Dolphin.

A NAME PUZZLE.—Charlotte, Orinda, Rossabelle, Adelaide.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

S—O—T
 F—A—T—E—S
 M—O—T—H—E—R—S
 R—E—L—S
 D—R—V

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Holland, England.

H O L Y O K E
 O L O G N E
 B O L O G N A
 N A N L I N G
 A L A B A M A
 I N D I A N A
 D E T M O L D

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Bevel, eel. 2. Maple, ape. 3. Towel, owl.
 4. Eagle, ale. 5. Ebony, boy. 6. Abbey, Bey. 7. Chart, hat. 8. Farce, ace. 9. Prune, rue. 10. Thumb, hub.

HALF-SQUARE.—

C R A D L E S
 R E P A I D
 A P P L E
 D A L E
 L I E
 E D
 S

EASY REBUSES.—Beethoven, Landseer, Millais.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

S—T—E—A—L
 L—E—A—S—E
 C—A—S—K—S
 B—L—E—S—T

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.—

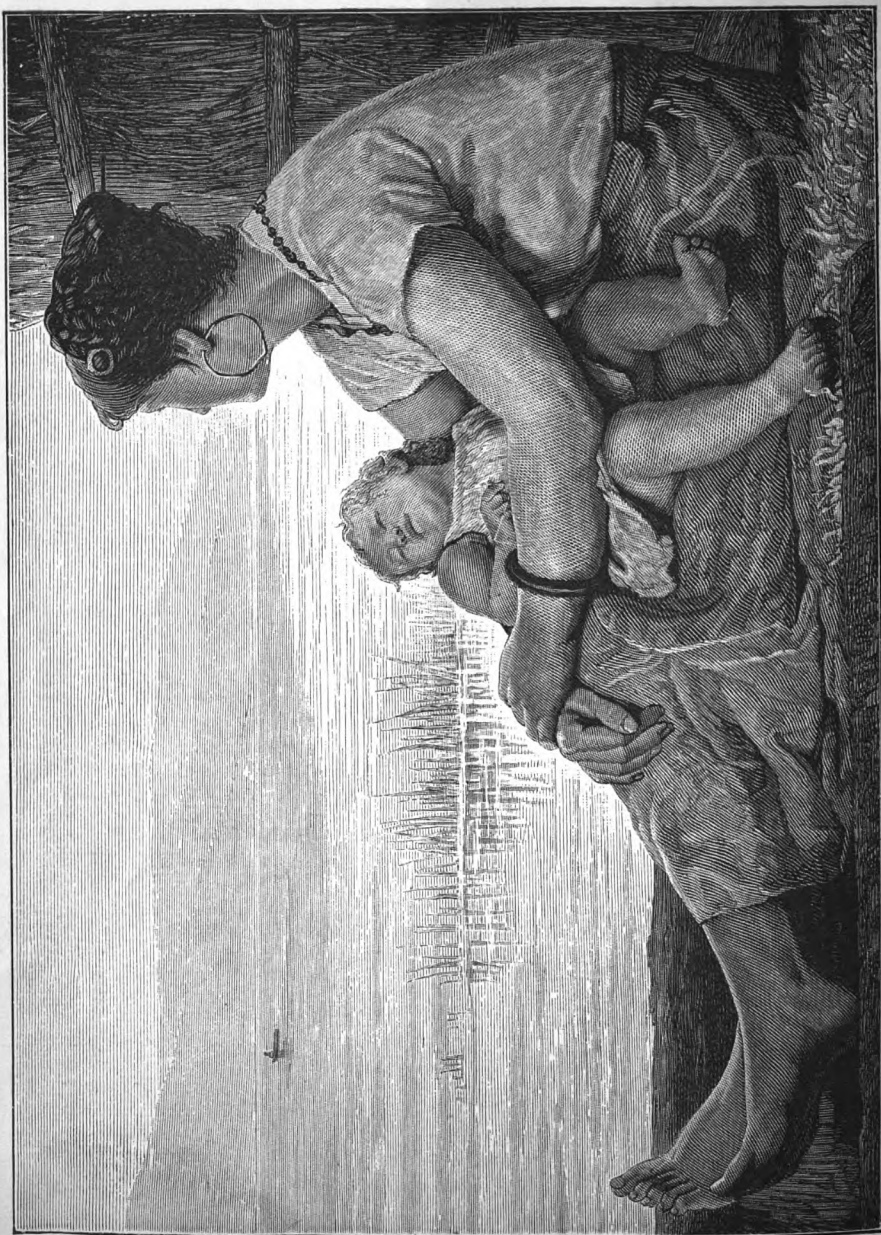
S L I P S
 O V I N E
 V E A S T
 R I P E N
 L Y N C H

PUZZLE.—Alone.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Kerosene. 2. Troopers (there was a mistake in this anagram; the words contained an extra "s"). 3. Expenses.
 4. Panoramas. 5. Lectures. 6. Procrastination.

REBUS.—"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Mary Seymour, Cora M. Wesley, Marion Abbott, and "A. B. C." answered correctly ALL the puzzles in the May number.
 ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN THE SAME NUMBER were received previous to May 18th from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Carrie L. Bigelow, Henry C. Lee, Louie E. Hill, Edith Wilkinson, "Bob White," Nettie C. Howell, Bessie T. B. Benedict, "White Rose," C. Lora Nicholson, Florence E. Hyde, Lester Woodbridge, Alice T. Booth, N. Dalrymple, Maude Calkins, Minnie E. Hobart, Geo. H. Faxon, Florence Wilcox, Edwin E. Slosson, E. R. Platt, A. Carter, Dee L. Lodge, George Moffett, Mary C. Warren, C. V. K., L. Ford, Arthur C. Smith, Nellie Chase, M. E. Adams, Emma Elliott, "Alex," James J. Ormsbee, H. B. and E. Hall, Mabel H., M. S. H., Pauline Schloss, Harry Richards, Marie and Aggie Irwin, Rachel E. Hutchins, Jennie B. Rizer, Alice Reisig, Nessie E. Stevens, W. Creighton Spencer, Harriet A. Clark, E. H. Hoeber, Clarence Hoffman Young, Ella G. Condie, George W. White, "Telemachus," Katie Earl, Robert M. Webb, Herbert P. Robinson, Nellie Emerson, Fannie E. Cushing, B. P. Emery, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Jennie Platt, Henry O. Fetter, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Willie Wright, Bessie W. Frothingham, Maxwell W. Turner, Howard S. Rodgers, Fred. M. Pease, Hugh T. Carney, Blanche Moulton, Edith Lowry, O. T. Farnum, Eddie Vultee, "Vulcan," Bessie MacLaren, Helen Green, Elinor Louise Smith, "Dorkin," "Minerva," "Alma," and Angie Courts, sent correct answers to some of the puzzles, and also to the charade by Maudie H. in "Letter-Box" of May number.



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

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THE CORAL-FISHER AND HIS WIFE.

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.

GUISEPPI BARTO and his wife Francesca were two very happy people. To be sure, they lived in a little thatched hut that had scarcely anything in it except a square table, two wooden benches, and something that looked very much like another table (a long one, with short legs), but it was a bed, for on it were a straw mattress, with a dark-blue cover, and two straw pillows, not very much larger than good-sized pin-cushions.

But what did it matter about the inside of the hut, when outside was the glorious Bay of Naples? For Guiseppi had built his house just on the shore of an arm of the bay, so close to the water's edge that the waves came almost lapping in at the door. Here he brought his wife and their baby boy Paolo, who, until the little home was ready, had lived with Francesca's mother in the Santa Lucia, one of the poorer streets of Naples.

I can hardly tell you what a delight the new home was to Francesca. All her life she had lived shut up in close, dusty, noisy streets, only getting a breath of pure, fresh air once in a while, when she had time to run away into the country for a few hours. For she was a good daughter, and worked very hard to support her poor, feeble father, and to lighten her mother's burdens. She plaited fine white straws, and made beautiful little baskets, which the merchants were glad to buy from her. Sometimes she plaited a few bonnets; but it was not so easy to sell these, even for a very small sum (perhaps only a *carlino** or two), though the

merchants who bought them could easily get a *piastra*† for them from English travelers, so fine and beautiful were they.

Now that she was married, and had some one to work for her and little Paolo, besides helping the old mother in the Santa Lucia, the days seemed like one long, happy dream. No more straw-plaiting; no more tiresome steps to climb (like the majority of Italian city houses, the one in which her mother dwelt was six stories high, and they had lived on the top floor). She had but to step outside her cottage door, and behold! on one side lovely green fields stretched far away till they joined the deeper green of the hill-side slope; on the other hand lay the glorious bay—blue, calm, and bright; while far in the dim distance was grand old Vesuvius, whose lofty head is always crowned with a shimmering, wavering smoke-wreath.

Guiseppi had built a kind of little wooden platform outside the cottage door, and there, safe from the approach of the waves, Francesca would sit for hours in the *dolce far niente*‡ so dear to the Italian heart. Little Paolo played beside her, at the water's edge. His bare feet were always ready for a "wade," and his only garment, a little white linen shirt, was not very much in the way when, as often happened, he wanted to take a bath and a roll on the sands.

When evening came and he grew tired, and perhaps a little cross, as tired babies are sometimes, he would creep into his mother's arms, and there

* Small silver coin, worth eight cents of our money.

† Large silver coin, worth about ten carlini.

‡ Sweet do-nothingness.

rest while she sang her evening song in a sweet, rich voice that floated far away till it fell, soft and low, on Guiseppi's ear. And this was the heart-song the fisher's wife sang:

"Far o'er the sea I watch for thee!
Winds, blow gently!—O waves, be still!
Love, return to thy boy and me!
Quick! for the night grows dark and chill.
Moon, shine out with a silv'ry ray;
Guide his bark safe over the bay!"

Then she ceased, and soon Guiseppi's clear, bell-like voice came ringing across the bay; and as she listened, her heart was glad,—she knew he would soon be beside her, for he sang:

"Soft o'er the sea thy voice I hear;
Now I forget the weary day;
God holds the waves, so have no fear;
He'll bring me home safe o'er the bay!
Sing to my boy, and sing of me,
While soft winds waft me home to thee."

Guiseppi's companions called him "fortune's fisherman." Everything prospered with him, but no one envied him his good luck, for he was so friendly and charitable, always ready to share with his less fortunate companions what he earned. He was a handsome fellow, tall and lithe, and brown as an Indian almost. His usual dress was a white linen shirt, and short white linen trousers; on his abundant black curls he wore a little brown cap, and his bare feet and legs looked almost as if they were carved from some polished stone, so firm and smooth were they.

Before he was married he had slept in his boat, like most Neapolitan fishermen, drawing it ashore and turning it over on its side at night; then, when the sun-rays came dancing westward in the morning, he was ready for his work before lazy city-people were even dreaming of waking!

He made ready all his own simple meals, and was so expert in preparing macaroni and making onion soup (the sea-shore was his kitchen, a pile of sticks his stove, and his only cooking utensil a little iron pot), that even Francesca could not excel him. He lived principally on fruit, however, which is very cheap in Naples. Great luscious oranges, fresh picked from the trees each morning, delicious melons, rosy-cheeked apples, and sweet little green lemons can be bought for a few *centimes** each; and the majority of Italian peasants live almost entirely on these, rarely tasting meat or wine, except twice a year—at Christmas and at Easter.

Even at Christmas they do not care so much for meat as they do for their *colone*; that they must have, or Christmas would not be Christmas to them. And what do you think this wonderful

colone is? Just an eel fried brown, with his tail in his mouth, and three little green lemons inside the circle he makes! But every one who can beg or borrow or earn a *grano*† has this delicacy for his Christmas dinner.

Curious fish came to Guiseppi's net. Great pieces of red and white coral! For he was a coral-fisher, and often went far from home seeking this treasure of the sea. He had even been as far as Capri, and there, in the wonderful "blue grotto,"—the water of which is as blue as indigo, and colors everything that touches it,—had dived far down beneath the waves, bringing some rare and valuable pieces of coral which were worth many a *scudo*‡.

But this was dangerous work, and Francesca wept so bitterly when he spoke of diving, that he promised never more to go, but to content himself with the coarser pieces which clung to the rocks near the shore, readily seen beneath the clear blue of the water. This kind he loosened easily with a kind of spear, then deftly caught in a large net before it sank.

When Guiseppi had gathered many pieces of coral, he would give himself a holiday, and take Francesca and little Paolo into the city for a day's pleasure. First, he would go to the different dealers to dispose of his coral, leaving it only where he could get the most *scudi* for it.

His next visit was always to the jeweler's to buy something pretty for Francesca, who, like all of her countrywomen, must have jewelry, if she had nothing else in the world.

Ear-rings and bracelets are worn even by the poorest peasants, and often a necklace as well. Guiseppi loved to see his wife's beautiful brown neck and arms so adorned; and once, when he went to Rome to dispose of some rare pieces of coral that he could not sell in Naples, he brought her home a necklace of Roman coins, which ever after made Francesca shine in the eyes of her poorer neighbors, whose necklaces usually were only strings of great yellow or blue beads.

After the jewelry, the next purchase was fruit. Guiseppi would hail some pretty dark-eyed peasant maid bearing a *sporta* (a flat tray-like basket) on her head, filled with fruit and roasted chestnuts, and buy the whole of her stock perhaps. This he and Francesca carried to the mother's (the poor father was dead now), where they had a royal feast which even the baby enjoyed. But his special "treat" on these holidays was as much pure, fresh milk as he could drink, for that he did not get every day by the sea-shore.

I must tell you about the Neapolitan milkmen, for they are funny fellows. They do not have a

* A French coin (copper), but used in Italy, worth the hundredth part of a franc (twenty cents).

† A very small copper coin, worth

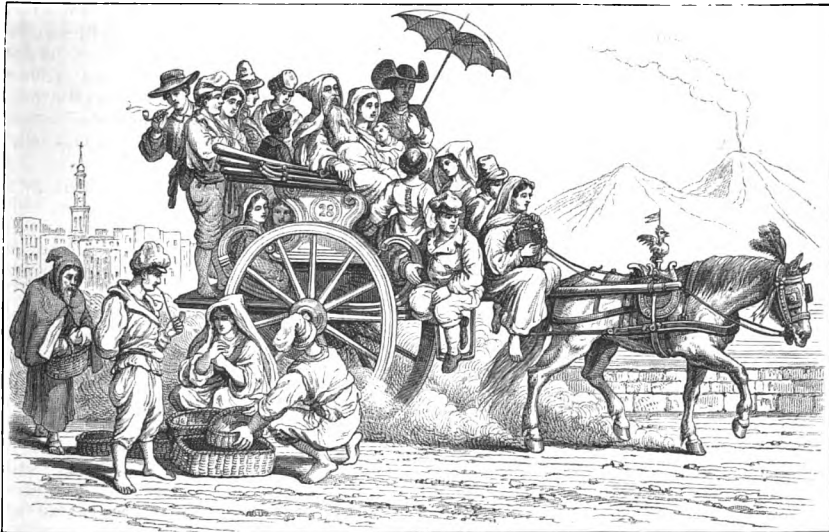
two-fifths of a cent. ‡ A large silver coin, worth a dollar of our money.

milk-wagon and horse as our milkmen have, or even a pail and dipper. They have only little three-legged stools tied to themselves (so that when they want to sit down they are all ready), and they drive their cows and goats before them to the different houses, and milk them at the door in a bowl provided by each customer. No chance of watered milk there, you see.

That is not the queerest part of it, though. As I have said, Italian houses are very high—five, six, and seven stories often, with a different family living on each floor. Even the *palazzos* (palaces) of the rich are divided in this way. To the first floor

spire in the world), there is an immense dome, whence a most glorious view of the city can be had; but leading up to it are many scores of stone steps, too many to climb, so at the foot of these steps are *ciceroni* (guides) with little donkeys saddled, which carry people safely and easily up to the dome for a few *granos* apiece. Is not that a novel kind of elevator?

In the afternoon, Guiseppi would go to the barber's, to make himself spruce. A curious place it was, too; decorated like a church, with an altar in the center—a real altar, but with brushes, razors, and pomade on it instead of incense; and out at



A PLEASURE DRIVE IN NAPLES.

(not the ground floor) there are sometimes from eighty to one hundred marble steps leading up. On this floor perhaps a duke may live; on the next above, some one lower in rank, till it would not be impossible that the noble duke's laundress might live in the seventh story of his palazzo. These uppermost families usually take goat's milk, because the goats can go upstairs, even to the very top floor, and be milked in full view of the customer!

Part of little Paolo's pleasure was in patting the goat that came up to his grandmother's door, rubbing its little nose, and giving it roasted chestnuts to eat. After it was milked, the goat would turn and skip down the stairs so briskly that the milkman could not begin to keep up with it.

Clever animals they have in Italy, I think. At St. Peter's, in Rome (which has the second highest

the door hung two large brass basins, instead of the red, white and blue painted poles our barbers have for signs.

Afterward, he would take Francesca, her mother, and little Paolo for a drive in a *corricolo* out into the country. A *corricolo* is a curious kind of open carriage on very high springs, large enough to hold fourteen people, but so lightly built that one horse can draw them all. Beneath it is swung a strong netting for luggage; when there is a superabundance of children, the boys delight in getting into this net and having a swing and a drive, both at the same time. One often sees a *corricolo* driving rapidly along, with a curious great bundle beneath it, which, if examined, would prove to be three or four boys, all jumbled together but having a glorious time. If the driver is good-natured, he will

take his passengers as far as they want to go for two carlini each, and one carlino for *buona-mano* (drink-money).

Guisseppi's favorite drive was through the *Chiaja* (the Broadway of Naples) out to the *Campo Santo*, the beautiful cemetery on a hill-side not far from the city. It did not make them sad to go there, for the drive was a most delightful one.

Great trees, among them orange and Indian fig trees, lined the road; and lovely flowers grew close up to the very wheel-tracks, giving forth sweet perfumes—all the sweeter if, perchance, some of them were crushed in passing. Sometimes a hearse would be at the cemetery gate; then Guisseppi would bow his head reverently while he softly said an *ave* (prayer) for the dead.

I am almost afraid we would smile if we should see a Neapolitan hearse. It is usually painted white, or some bright color, and heavily gilded. The undertaker, who walks beside it, is dressed in scarlet from top to toe; while, instead of the nodding black plumes we often see, on each of the four corners sits a rosy-cheeked *live boy*, in short blue trousers, white cape, and curious peaked brown

cap; his bare feet dangling over the sides, and his bright black eyes fairly dancing with joy at the prospect of the feast before him! For it is a fixed rule that, on returning from the Campo Santo, these boys shall have a feast at the first small wayside inn. And what hungry little fellows they are! It would seem as though they ate nothing from one drive to another.

One often sees the four sitting in a row on a little wooden bench, devouring basins of macaroni, brown bread and melons; while the poor inn-keeper looks on in despair, for he does not always get paid for all he gives.

When the evening shadows began to fall, our pleasure-seekers were ready to drive gayly back to the Santa Lucia, where a supper of brown bread and fruit was enjoyed. Then, wishing the mother *felice notte* (happy night), Guisseppi, Francesca, and little Paolo (who was as good as good can be) would return, in the lovely, soft Italian twilight, to their little home by the shore, glad to seek the quiet and rest they found there. So we leave them to their simple, happy life beneath the sunny skies of their own beautiful Italy.



HAPPY DAY!

MR. TOMPKINS' SMALL STORY.

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.



LL of you remember that we left Mr. Tompkins last month, at the cocoanut party, just as he was about to tell a story.

"It must be a small one," said Mr. Tompkins.

"Oh yes; we've agreed to that," said Mr. Plummer.

Mr. Tompkins then asked if they were willing it should be merely a hen-story.

"We'll take the vote on that," cried Hiram. Then, turning to the company, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is known to you that our friend Mr. Tompkins has paid his forfeit, and that he has been judged to redeem it by telling a story. It was no more than right for him to pay a forfeit, for he laughed at a quiet old lady who never did him any harm, and treated her in an unkind manner. Mr. Tompkins now wishes to know if his small story may be merely a hen-story. All who are willing that Mr. Tompkins' small story should be merely a hen-story, please to say 'Aye.'"

"Aye! aye! aye! aye!" was shouted many times by young and old; and what with the shouting and the laughing and the hand-clapping, there was such a racket as set Caper a-barking at the top of his voice. Josephus crowed, and made his feet fly, and patted cakes, and tossed up so high that he nearly threw himself over backward. The cat hopped out of her private box, her tail standing straight in the air; and it is more than likely that the kittens' eyes came open with wonder, which would have been a very great wonder indeed, seeing that the nine days were not much more than half over!

Mr. Tompkins then told the following short and simple story, which was written down upon the spot by the only person present who had a lead-pencil:

There was once a hen who talked about another hen in a not very good way, and in not at all a friendly way. The hen she talked about was named Phe-ndy Alome. Her own name was

Teedla Toodlum. They both belonged to a flock of white hens which lived in the far-away country of Chickskumeatyourkornio.

Now, the one that was named Teedla Toodlum went around among the other hens, making fun of Phe-ndy Alome, on account of her having a speckled feather in her wing. She told them not to go with Phe-ndy Alome, or scratch up worms with her, or anything, because she had that speckled feather in her wing.

One of the hens that Teedla Toodlum talked to in this way was deaf, and therefore could not hear very well. She had become deaf in consequence of not minding her mother. It happened in this way: A tall Shanghai roost-cock crowed close to her ear, when she was quite small; when, in fact, she was just hatched out of her shell. She had a number of brothers and sisters who came out at almost the same time. The Shanghai stood very near, and in such a way that his throat came close to the nest, and he crowed there. The chicks wanted to put their heads out from under their mother, and see who was making such a noise. Their mother said:

"No, no,—no! Keep under! You might be made deaf! I've heard of such a thing happening."

But one of the chicks did put her head out, and close to the Shanghai's wide-open throat, too! and when he was crowing terribly!

Then her mother said:

"Now, I shall punish you! I shall prick you with my pin-feathers!"

And the chick was pricked, and she became deaf besides; so that, when she grew up, she hardly could hear herself cackle. And this was the reason she could not understand, very well, when the hen named Teedla Toodlum was telling the others that the hen named Phe-ndy Alome had a speckled feather in her wing.

One day, the hen named Teedla Toodlum scratched a hole in the sand, beneath a bramble-bush, and sat down there, where it was cool. And while she was sitting there, a cow came along at the other side of the bramble-bush, with a load of "passengers" on her back. The cows in the country of Chickskumeatyourkornio permit the hens to ride on their backs, and when a great many are on, they step carefully, so as not to shake them off. In frosty weather they allow them to get up there to warm their feet. Sometimes hens who

have cold feet fly up and push off the others who have been there long enough.

The cow passed along at the other side of the bush, and by slipping one foot into a deep hole which was hidden with grass, and therefore could not be seen, upset the whole load of passengers. She then walked on; but the passengers stayed there, and had a little talk together—after their own fashion, of course. The deaf one happened to be among them, and after a while, seeing that the others were having great sport, she wanted to know what it was all about. Upon this the others—those of them who could stop laughing—raised their voices, and all began at once to try to make her understand. And this is what they said:

“Think of that goose of a hen, Teedla Toodlum, telling us not to go with Phe-ndy Alome, because Phe-ndy Alome has a speckled feather in her wing, when, at the same time, Teedla Toodlum has two speckled feathers in her own wing, but does not know it!”

Teedla Toodlum was listening, and heard rather

more than was pleasant to hear. She looked through the bramble-bush and saw them. Some had their heads thrown back, laughing; some were holding on to their sides, each with one claw; and some were stretching their necks forward, trying to make the deaf one understand, while the deaf one held her claw to her ear, in order to hear the better.

“Ah! I feel ashamed!” said Teedla Toodlum to herself. “I see, now, that one should never speak of the speckled feathers one sees in others, since one can never be sure that one has not speckled feathers one’s self!”

“That’s the way *our* cow does!” cried the Jimmyjohns, as soon as Mr. Tompkins had finished.

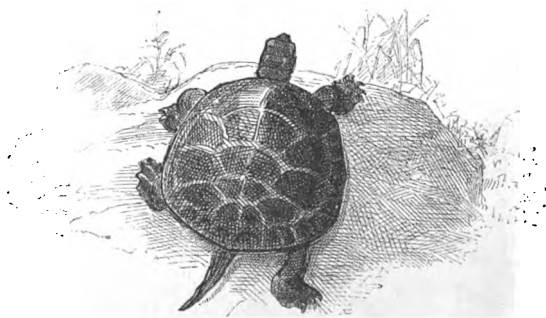
“What! Talks about speckled feathers?” asked cousin Floy.

“No. Lets hens stay on her back.”

“Her parents, or grandparents, or great-grandparents, then,” said Mr. Tompkins, “probably came from Chickskumeatyourkornio.”

HOW A TURTLE TAUGHT A LESSON.

BY E. S. THAYER.



ABOUT thirty years ago, there was a little boy whose name was John,—a pretty boy, with thick golden hair, large brown eyes, red cheeks, and freckles. One day in summer he was playing by the side of a brook in one of the pastures near his home in the country. This brook resembled the boy in some respects. It was in its first light-hearted youth, and went on its way, leaping and

sporting, like all blithesome young rivulets, who do not think in the least that they are fast running from the green meadows and cool mossy forests to the burdened rivers and tossing seas.

This active little boy first built a dam of moss and turf and stones; then he rolled up his trousers and sailed his little schooner-rigged boat; and, finally, waded aimlessly over the smooth sand

through the cool, running water, dashing the sparkling drops to right and left with his frisky feet. In this way, he came to a large flat rock, over a portion of whose smooth surface the stream flowed in a broad, crystal current. A mud-turtle sat on the rock, half out of the water, enjoying the pleasant sunshine, apparently as contented and happy as a turtle could be. But when he saw the boy splashing along at such a rate, he thought it high time to be gone; perhaps he had previously had some experience of the tender mercies of boys, for he made great haste to reach the protecting mud of the bank.

"Ah, ha, you rogue! you think you can get away, do you?" shouted the youngster. The next instant he was kneeling on the slippery rock, with both outstretched hands over the frightened prisoner. John had been carrying his shoes—his stockings stuffed into them—with one hand; but now, in his eagerness to secure the turtle, he dropped them upon a part of the rock covered by the stream, and, turning sideways as they fell, the water rushed in, filling them to the very toes.

"There!" exclaimed John, half in real and half in affected vexation, "you have made me get my stockings wet, and you must be punished for it. I shall turn you over on your back, and you may stay there, sir, until I come back from school to-night."

That night, John came home from school, with a group of school-fellows, over the village road, instead of across the pasture, forgetting all about the turtle he had left on the rock.

Vacation began the next day, and John was to spend a whole month with his brother, who lived in Boston. You can understand the excitement which attends a boy's preparations for his first journey; but a country boy's first visit to Boston exceeds, perhaps, any experience of yours in that line.

The month passed swiftly away, and John returned home with brighter eyes and prouder step. The world had been revealed to him on a broader scale. What had he not seen? He was a hero in the opinion of his school-mates. He had enough stories to tell of his adventures to last through the winter, besides having brought home the most interesting book and the handsomest knife that Boston could furnish. If possible, it was a merrier boy than before who now bounded through the dear old pasture. There were several dams to be visited by their young proprietor, one somewhat extensive, with a miniature water-wheel and mill at the side. The dam had been partially washed away by a violent rain, and an accumulation of moss had clogged the wheel of the mill.

"Ah! I see there has been a freshet, and my mill is damaged. A clear loss of two thousand dollars, and only insured for eight hundred! It must be repaired to-morrow, and I shall have to hire a hundred workmen! These freshets are terrible things for manufacturers, I declare!"

Leaving the scene of this disaster, he approached the smooth white rock, which was always a favorite resort, and near which, on the bank of the stream, there was a structure of brick about



"HE SAILED HIS LITTLE SCHOONER-RIGGED BOAT."

two feet high, which this young man called "my summer residence on the Hudson."

Six yards from the rock, he paused suddenly, with his eyes intently fixed upon some object before him. Step by step, he drew nearer without once moving his eyes, which were now full of horror mingled with a hopeful doubt; but as he proceeded the doubt vanished, and the horror spread over his whole countenance. There lay the turtle on the rock, upon its back, as he had left it,—its extended legs and protruded head shriveled and dry, scorched by the blazing suns of four August weeks.

There was no need of gentle pity now,—no opportunity for showing humane kindness to a dumb, helpless, harmless creature. No more

would it gladly hide itself in the protecting earth, or hasten in fright from the dreaded hand. What vain struggles to regain its feet ! What weariness and despair ! What agony when the noon suns beat down ! What pangs of slow starvation ! As all this passed through John's mind, the rock seemed no longer the old familiar pleasant spot, but like a haunted place.

With pallid face, he turned away, and hurried

homeward in the gathering twilight, nor stopped until he reached the cheerful room in which his mother sat sewing and his father reading.

That boy has long been a man, but the years that have passed have by no means worn away the remembrance of this scene, or the impression it made on his mind ; and on that memorable evening John took his first lesson in thoughtfulness and kindness toward dumb animals.



OPENING THE LILY.

KING TRISANKU.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

VISWAMÍTRA the Magician,
By his spells and incantations,
Up to Indra's realms elysian
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended
Hurled him downward, and descending
In the air he hung suspended,
With these equal powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,
By misgivings downward driven,
Human hearts are tossed and drifted
Midway between earth and heaven.

A DREAM ABOUT FAIRIES.

BY H. H.

I SUPPOSE none of you, dear children, believe in fairies. When I was a little girl, I used to believe in them just as much as I believed in my father or mother. In those days (it was a great many years ago) children did not know so much as they know now. It almost frightens me sometimes to see how very quickly boys and girls are expected to learn things now, how many books they have, and how much they are like grown people in everything except their size. I think that the old-fashioned ways were best; that we had a better time than you have. We had only a very few books, and used to read them over and over and over again, till we knew them by heart; and we used to go in calico gowns to afternoon parties that began at three and left off, with a good supper of bread-and-milk and baked apples and caraway cookies, at six; and we had just one present at Christmas and one at New Year's, and one on our birthday; and that was all.

And last, but not least, we believed in fairies. Many is the time that we have been out in the woods on Saturday afternoons to look for fairies;

we used to take hold of hands and make a circle around the biggest toadstool we could find, and walk slowly around it, and all say out aloud together:

"Fairies! fairies! fairies! we
Have come here fairies to see."

But we never saw a single one. Yet that did not shake our faith in the least. We only thought that we had not gone to the right wood, or that the fairies did n't like us well enough to show themselves.

Now, I dare say you will think that all this is very silly, and that your ways and plays to-day are a great deal better than our old ways and plays; and that it is very stupid for old people to be always saying that the old times were best; and, at any rate, that I would better go on and tell my dream, if I am going to tell it at all. As a general thing, it is not worth while to tell one's dreams; but this dream was such a pretty one, I thought I would write it out. Even if we do not believe in fairies, they are very nice to dream about; and I really

did dream this whole pleasant dream, this very last night, just as I am going to tell it to you this morning.

I dreamed that I and several of my friends were in a most beautiful wood. The trees were all pines and firs, and were so high that we could not see the tops of some of them. There were also beautiful gray rocks piled up one above another in great ledges, so high that the trees growing on their tops looked like little bushes. Almost all the pine-trees had clusters of shining brown cones on their upper branches. They were so high that nobody could reach them. Yet they were low enough for us to see distinctly how pretty they were. They were not like any pine-cones I ever saw before; they were as large as a good-sized tumbler, and looked as if they were made of dozens of bright brown little marbles knotted together.

"Oh, how pretty they are!" we all exclaimed. "How nice it would be to pile up a great pile of them and set it on fire! They would burn splendidly!"

"You shall have all you like, ladies and gentlemen," said a queer little piping voice close by; and when we turned, there we saw a little man, who was dressed in common clothes, and had no coat on. He looked like any common laborer in his shirt sleeves, except that he was only about three feet and a half high, and had an old wrinkled face, with a gray beard; so we knew at once he must be a fairy.

"I can give you all you want," he said in a most friendly tone. "I'll have my people throw them down to you from above there. But stand away, while I let the water on!"

Dear me, how we all jumped! Before the words were out of his mouth, down came a great roaring water-fall from the top to the bottom of the rocky ledge I told you of. I really think it was the most beautiful water-fall I ever saw, for the water was so deep that it came up nearly to the tops of the shorter trees and bushes, so that their leaves made a lovely green fringe on each side of the water. We stood on one side and watched. We were a little afraid of it, it roared so and was so swift; but it all sank into the ground at the bottom of the ledge, and disappeared. The little fairy-man, in his white shirt sleeves, stood at the foot of the fall and caught the cones, one by one, as they came bobbing down on the water.

"Throw faster! Throw faster!" he called up; and faster and faster came the cones. We could see them falling down into the water from the tops of the high trees, as fast as if they were raining down. There must have been a hundred little fairies up in the tree-tops breaking them off and flinging them down. In a very few minutes there

was a pile of them on the ground as high as our heads, and we cried out to the fairy:

"Oh, enough! enough! Don't let them break off any more."

"Enough!" he said, "have you really got enough? That's the first time I ever knew any of your race to get enough." Then he called out something in a very loud tone, in words we could not understand, and what do you think began to come down that water-fall then!

Beautiful china dishes, and, on them, all sorts of good things to eat—oranges and apples and bananas, and cake and nuts and raisins, and a great many things that we never had seen before, and did not know the names of. It was the oddest thing to see the dishes come sailing down that water-fall, never spilling a single apple, or orange, or nut; and when they reached the bottom, it almost seemed as if each dish gave a jump into the fairy-man's hands. He gave them to us so fast we could hardly find places to set them; there was only one small table, and how that got there I don't know, for I am quite sure it was not there when we first went into the wood. On this table we piled the dishes one above another, and then under the table, and then all around on the ground, and pretty soon we cried out again, "Enough! enough! Don't give us any more."

"Enough! I should think so," said the little fairy-man. "If you had n't been pigs, you'd have called out 'enough' long ago."

This mortified us dreadfully, and we were just beginning to explain to him that the only reason we had not called out "enough" sooner, was that we were half frightened, when he exclaimed:

"Never mind! never mind! Leave all you don't want; my people'll come and get it. Sorry they're too busy to-day to come and wait on you;" and up he ran on the water-fall, like a spider on a wall, quick as a flash to the very top of it, and then, in another flash, the water-fall seemed to turn into a sort of sheet of silver, and he drew it up after him as a sailor draws up a rope, hand over hand; and in less time than I have taken to write the words, there stood the ledge of rocks all bare and dry, just as it had been before; and we began to wonder whether, after all, there had been any real water-fall there. Then we thought we would taste some of the good things on the table, and we all stood up around it, and I took off the cover of one of the biggest dishes, and just as I was taking out an orange, dear me, if I did n't wake right up out of my dream, and there I was all alone in my own little bed, just as usual, and the moon was shining into my room about as white and silvery as the fairy water-fall had looked.

I was so vexed that I had waked up before I had

taken one bite of the fairy-man's good things! Was n't it provoking? Seeing that it was nothing but a dream after all, it might just as well have lasted till morning, and given us a good feast.

Now, go to bed early to-night, and see if you can't dream a dream as nice as this. Even if we don't believe in fairies, they're lovely to dream about.



A PRETTY little boy and a pretty little girl
Found a pretty little blossom by the way;
Said the pretty little boy to the pretty little girl:
"Take it, O my pretty one, I pray!"

Said the pretty little girl to the pretty little boy:
"I must hold my little dolly, sir, you see;
So, I thank you very kindly, but I'd very much prefer
You should carry it, and walk along with me."

A VILLAGE OF WILD BEASTS.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

NOT long ago I paid a visit to a tiger. I did not owe this tiger a call, for I am very glad to say that he had never been to see me; but I wanted to see him, and so I went to his house.

He did not live alone. He had a room in a large building, where there were a good many other boarders. Some of these were leopards, others panthers or lions; there was another tiger, and on the premises might be seen almost every kind of wild animal, from alligators to zebras.

I particularly desired to see this tiger, because he was a very large royal Bengal tiger, and I know of no beast so powerful and handsome as one of these. But there was not an animal in the establishment that I would not have preferred to him as a close acquaintance.

It was near his dinner-time when I called, and I think he would have been very glad to have me come in and dine with him, but I had two objections to this. In the first place, the beef he always had for dinner was too rare for me, for it was not cooked at all; and, besides, there were some things which I wanted to do the next day.

So I stood and admired his magnificent coat of

striped fur and his graceful movements as he sat close to a great iron door which led into the next cage, pawing and biting at his reflection in the smooth iron as if he had been a playful kitten instead of one of the most savage animals on the face of the earth; and then I left him, and went on a little farther to see a lion.

The place where these animals lived, and still live, is the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, which I mentioned last year when I wrote about "America's Birthday Party."

These gardens are in Fairmount Park, on the western side of the Schuylkill River (which runs through Philadelphia), and as they cover thirty-three acres, you can easily see that a great many animals can be accommodated there. The grounds are very beautiful, and are shaded by many fine large forest trees. There is a lake where the swans and the ducks and geese swim about, and where the cranes stand on one leg and watch for little fishes and frogs. Here and there are large houses for the different kinds of animals or birds, and there are a number of smaller buildings; but a great many of the inhabitants of the gardens live out-

of-doors in fine weather. Altogether, there are houses and inhabitants enough to make up a good-sized village.

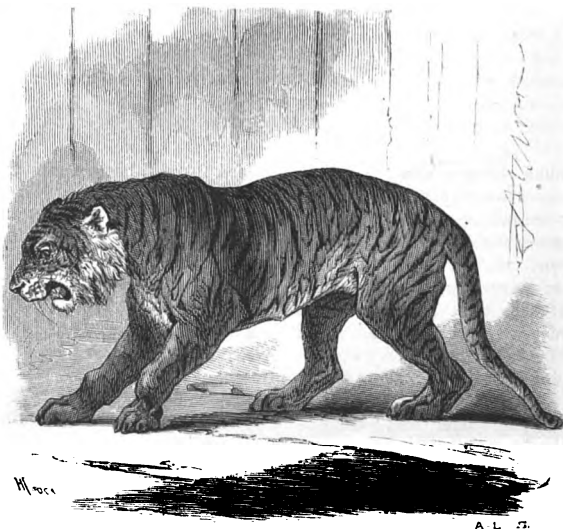
And now I will tell you what I saw that day, after I had finished my visit to the tiger.

When I reached the lion's cage he was hard at work, roaring. What there was to roar at I could not see. Perhaps he was hungry, or perhaps he wished to attract attention. If the latter was his object, he certainly succeeded, for all the visitors in the house, and all the animals in the cages, seemed to be excited by his noise. The visitors crowded up close to his cage to get a good look at this great beast, standing there, throwing up his head and roaring exactly as he would roar if he were in some African forest, roaming about in the darkness of the night and hunting for a bullock or deer or man, upon whom he might satisfy his bloody hunger. But what a different position he now occupied! Not six feet from his nose were ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, and even some very little children; and although a few of the children shrank back a little as roar after roar came from the lion's throat, nobody seemed to be much afraid. Most of the people there had heard of the roar of

wanted to go see how he did it, or it might have awakened memories, in some of them, of nights in their native land when they had heard that roar, while they had been out on hunting expeditions on their own account.

This lion was a very fine fellow—one of the finest I ever saw. He had an enormous head and a splendid mane, and although the rest of his body looked a little too thin and lanky for the size of his head, he was a very grand-looking animal, and when he stopped roaring and lay down, there was something about him which seemed to say: "I am very strong and very dangerous to my enemies and to my prey, and if you were out with me on one of my native deserts, I could frighten you nearly to death just by roaring at you. But I am quite mild and gentle now, although I do occasionally make a good deal of noise. If the keeper will let you, you may come into my cage and stroke my mane."

There was nothing about the tigers or the bears, or any of the smaller animals, which seemed to say this, and it may have been a mistake to suppose there was any such thing about the lion, but he certainly looked as if he would disdain to harm any living creature—except when he was hungry, or



THE TIGER.

the lion, and they were very anxious to see how it was done.

The animals in the other cages—the leopards, the hyenas, the panthers, the lynxes, the wild cats, and even the Bengal tigers—seemed disturbed while the lion was roaring. Perhaps they, too,

annoyed, or angered by an attack, or anxious about his dinner when it was a little late, or cross on account of having his room put to rights by the keeper, or in a bad humor, or excited from any cause whatever.

In a cage not very far away from the lions was a

bear—not a very large fellow—whose name seemed to puzzle a good many of the visitors. He was called "The Sun-bear," and many persons sup-



THE LION.

posed this name was given him because he has on his breast a yellow place which looks something like a rude picture of a sun-rise. But the reason for his name is his habit of lying in the sun like a dog. He is a native of Borneo, and is different in his disposition from most bears, especially the Polar bear, who adores ice and snow, and would rather never see a menagerie than be obliged to take a nap in the sun on a warm day. But animals have their little peculiarities, just as we have.

This building, which is called "The Lion and Tiger House," contains a great many animals, most of them savage, meat-eating beasts. There was a lioness there who had a very different disposition from her grave and dignified husband. She was very uneasy and cross, and as I was standing looking at her, she sprang at me with a growl. There were strong iron bars between us, but I involuntarily stepped back. I don't like wild beasts to spring at me.

In the next cage to this lioness was her son, a little lion-cub, with "bandy legs," and the separation from him may have soured her temper. I am not sure but that when her husband was roaring, he was telling her that there was no use in her showing such a bad temper. She just worried herself by it, and the people laughed at her—after they had jumped back once or twice. There were three half-grown lions near by, but they were very quiet and sleepy-looking.

Half a dozen leopards—some black and some spotted—occupied different cages in the building. Some of these were very fine animals, bounding about in their large cages in the most graceful manner. I also particularly noticed a large puma,

which is, as you may know, an American animal, and is sometimes called panther, catamount, or cougar.

Near the Lion House is a smaller building, which is appropriated entirely to monkeys, and is therefore a favorite resort for the children, many of whom learn a lot of curious tricks by watching these funny animals. Here are monkeys of all colors, and all sizes, and all kinds. There are about fifty of them in a great high cage in the middle of the room, and here you may see them climbing up swinging-ladders, hanging from ropes, dropping down on each other's heads, pulling each other's tails, and doing everything that they can think of to tease and bother each other—all skipping and jumping and tumbling and chattering as if they had been in school all day, and had just got out for a little play. Some of these monkeys look like little old men, with gray hair and beards, and you might suppose that they were much too grave and reverend to ever think of cutting up monkey-shines. But if you watch one of these little old fellows, who is sitting, looking wisely and thoughtfully at you, as if he were just about to explain the reason why the sun gives us less heat in winter, when it is really much nearer to us than it is in summer, you will see him suddenly get up, and instead of taking a piece of chalk to show you on a blackboard the relative positions of the sun and the earth at the different seasons, he will make a tremendous jump, and



THE LIONESS.

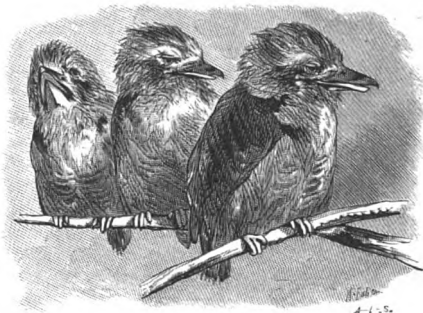
seizing some other monkey by the tail, will jerk him off a swinging ladder quicker than you could say "pterodactyl."

It would be fun to stand and watch the monkeys for hours, for they are continually doing some new and ridiculous thing; but there is so much to see in

these gardens, that I did not stay very long in the monkeys' house.

The next building I visited was the Aviary, or bird-house. Here are gathered together hundreds of beautiful and curious birds. There seemed to be birds from all parts of the world, who would cer-

small fry as may be found on shore. Then, again, he is peculiar because he acts more like a cat than a bird in hunting for small game. He will sit and watch a mouse-hole just like a regular old tabby-cat, and when the mouse ventures out, he will pounce upon it as quickly as any puss you ever



LAUGHING-JACKASSES.

tainly never have seen each other—at least, most of them never would—if they had not been brought together in this house.

Among the birds which interested me most was an enormous pigeon, the largest of the pigeon tribe. This fellow, who is about as big as a small turkey, is called the crowned-pigeon, and comes from Java and some of the neighboring islands. He is a splendid bird, with a wide-spreading crest on his head, which gives him a very distinguished and imposing air. If size and appearance count for anything, this should be the king of pigeons.

Some other birds which attracted my attention, not on account of their beauty but because of their oddity, are called "laughing-jackasses." The name may strike you as a very strange one to give to a bird, but there is a reason for it. In Australia, where these birds come from, the early settlers used to hear in the woods strange noises which sounded as if they were made by a jackass who had heard a good joke, and was laughing heartily at it. The people could scarcely make up their minds that a jackass could hear enough jokes to keep him laughing such a time, and so they searched for the merry individuals and found that they were these birds, who would sit on a tree and at regular intervals burst into this braying kind of laugh.

There are several peculiarities about the laughing-jackass. In the first place he is really a kingfisher, though he seldom goes near the water. Therefore, of course, he cannot carry on his regular business,—or what ought to be his regular business, if his name is correct,—and so he contents himself with catching lizards and mice, and such

saw. It may be that he laughs so much because he continually sees for himself what an utterly absurd kind of bird he is.

On a long perch, in a very wide cage, sat a long row of dear little birds of different colors and sizes, but all very small. These were African finches, and it was very amusing to see them sit there perfectly quiet until some one came to one end of the cage. Then every one of these little birds turned its head to see who it was. When the person went to the other end, they all turned their heads, at the same moment, in that direction. They moved so quickly, and in such perfect order, that you might have thought they had been drilled by a military officer.

As I had not time to look at all the birds, I passed around among the long-legged herons, bright-colored pheasants, gorgeous chattering parrots, pretty little paroquets, finches of all kinds,—black, white, red, green and purple,—grossbeaks (which are finches with broad, thick beaks, and some of them with beautiful scarlet and black plumage); mino-birds, which come from India, and talk as well as, or even better than, the most conversational parrots; and the weaver-bird, of which you may have heard under the name of the sociable grossbeak, and which seems to be a very good sort of bird, although nothing like so much of a curiosity as its nest must be.

There were also some toucans, about as big as crows, with enormous bills as large as the claws of lobsters, and of very much the same shape. Some of these great bills, half as big as the bird, were red, and others were dark-colored. Some of the

cockatoos were of a beautiful rosy color, and one kind, from Australia, looked exactly as if it had been rosy once, but had been washed and had faded. The cock-of-the-rock, from Demerara, is a handsome bird. He is of a bright orange color, and must look like a ball of fire when he is flying in the sun.

I also noticed a lot of American birds: woodpeckers, robins, thrushes, bluebirds, blackbirds, and many other small chaps with whom most of us are well acquainted.

Outside, swimming in the lake, or rambling about on the shore, are a great many water-fowl, such as swans, both black and white, ducks of various kinds, a great goose from New Holland, cranes, herons, and most other birds who care for aquatic sports.

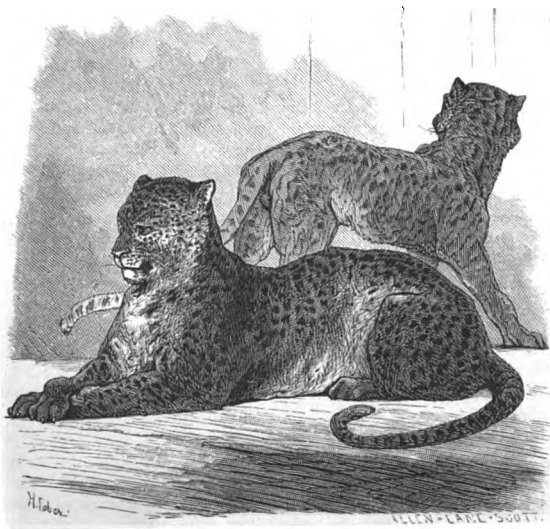
A little farther on were some handsome giraffes. These animals, although they were not all full-grown, could easily reach up to the top shelf of any closet you ever saw. And I think they would do it, if they had a chance, for they seem, most of the time, to be poking their heads up in the air to see if there is anything in the upper part of the building which they have not noticed before.

There are a great many strange things about this long-legged, long-necked creature, but he has

cumstances. So, if this story be true, we may class these creatures among the mutes of the animal kingdom. They have not the advantages possessed by human mutes, for they cannot talk with their fingers. But perhaps animals who hold their heads so much higher in the world than any other living creatures, do not feel the necessity of making sounds to express their sentiments. There are some sentiments which they can express admirably with their heels.

I did not spend much time at the Elephant House, where not only elephants, but some other large animals, who do not care for meat, seem to be enjoying themselves in a quiet way. There were two large elephants and two little fellows—one of them just about big enough for a boy and his little sister to ride. He was about as high as a table, and would have been very glad, I expect, to have had some boys and girls to play with him. But I had seen many elephants, and so I passed on to another animal with whom I was not at all familiar.

This was the rhinoceros, and an enormous creature he was. His body is nearly as big as that of an elephant, though he is not so tall, for his legs are very short. He is of a muddy mouse-color, and his skin seems as thick as a board floor. He has



LEOPARDS.

one peculiarity which is not, I think, generally known. It is said that the giraffe is one of the quietest creatures on earth, for he has never been known to utter a sound of any kind, under any cir-

very small eyes, a big head and nose, and one of the most dreadful mouths you ever looked into. I happened to look into it, for he yawned just as I stopped in front of him, and I assure you that



GIRAFFES.

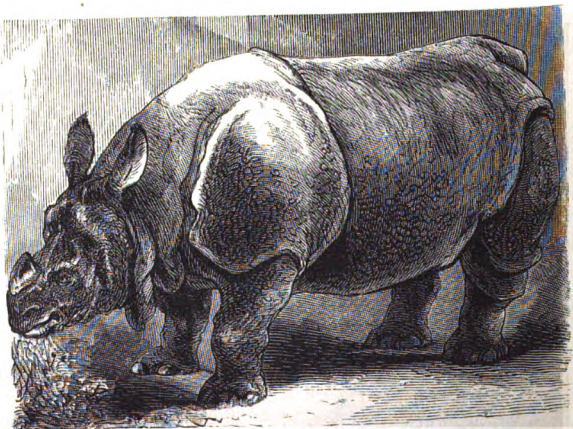
that mouth would hold a bushel of potatoes. I may slightly overrate its capacity, but I will not take back more than two or three of the largest potatoes.

When you look at the cage or den in which this huge creature is confined, you will get an idea of what the keepers think of the strength of a full-grown rhinoceros. The apartment, which is quite large and commodious, is inclosed on each side by strong stone walls, so thick that even a rhinoceros cannot break through them. In front is a row of iron bars,—I might say tall iron posts, —standing about a foot apart, which are many times stronger than those used for any other animal on the grounds. At the back of the den is a strong wall, and so Mr. One-horn is shut in pretty securely. At each corner of the den, at the back, there is an iron ladder run-

ning up to a little gallery which leads outside. In work with a spade or hoe, and if the animal cannot have succulent reeds and canes and young trees

front of each of these ladders is a tall iron shield, fastened at such a distance from the ladder as to allow room for a man to slip behind it, but not enough room for a rhinoceros. So, if the beast gets bad-tempered, when his keeper is cleaning his room or making his bed, the man can jump behind the screen, and "scoot," as the boys would say, up the ladder. Without some protection of the kind few men could climb a ladder fast enough to get out of the reach of a rhinoceros at their heels.

In regard to the horn of this animal,—that formidable weapon of which we have heard so much,—I would say that you must not expect to see, on a rhinoceros in a menagerie, a horn such as you will find in most of the pictures of the animal. In captivity, the rhinoceros rubs his horn against all the stone walls or iron bars that he can reach, and so keeps it pretty well worn down. It looks more like a horny lump on his nose than anything else. I suppose it is the natural business of a rhinoceros to work with his horn, just as a gardener feels it his business to



THE RHINOCEROS.

to rip and tear, he uses his horn on what he can find, even if it be stone or iron. While

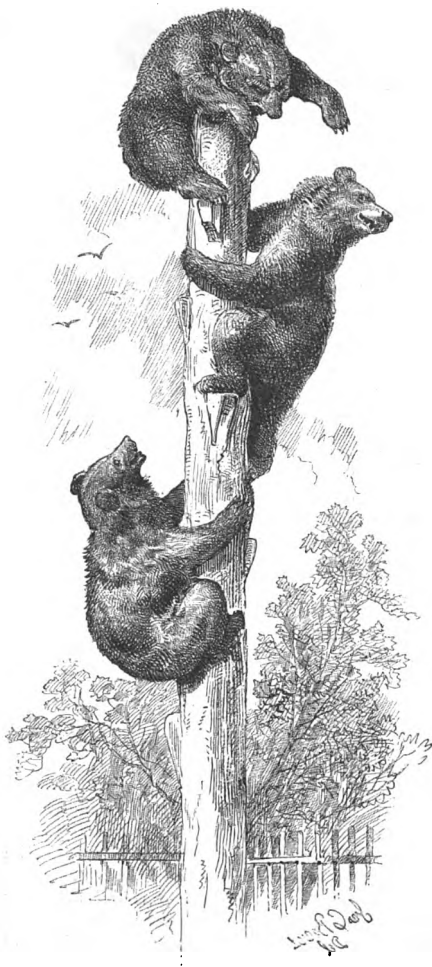
I was watching him, he began banging his great head against his iron bars, and the concussion seemed to shake the building. "Bang! bang! bang!" he went, like a great sledge-hammer, and if the bars had been no thicker than those which confined the lions and tigers, that rhinoceros would have walked out of his cage and would probably have had a good time, strolling about the grounds, looking at the monkeys and the squirrels, so different from himself.

But of course I went to the bear-pits. These are three large round pits, with stone walls and floors, and quite deep. They are built in the side of a hill, so that visitors can go up the hill and look down at the bears in the pits. In the middle of each pit is the trunk of a stout tree with a good many short branches left on it, for the bears to climb up and get a better look at the good people who come to see them. If you go down the hill to the back part of the pits, you can stand on a level with the bears, and look at them through a grating. But the best view of them is to be had from the top of the pits. Here were the grizzly bear, the most savage and powerful wild beast on this continent; the black bear, not very ferocious, and common enough in the forests of some of the New England and Middle States; the cinnamon bear, who looks like cinnamon, but does not taste like it, although his flesh is said to be very good indeed, and much better than any other kind of bear-meat; and the brown bear, who is a cross fellow, and next to the grizzly in point of ferocity.

Among the smaller houses on the grounds is a yellow two-storied edifice which looks much older than the buildings I have already mentioned. It is much older and possesses an historic interest. It was built by the grandson of William Penn, and called by him "Solitude," because it then stood, all by itself, out in the wild woods, miles away from the little city of Philadelphia. This gentleman, John Penn, was of a poetic disposition, and wanted some quiet spot where he could be free from all noise and disturbance. So he built his house here. The house now belongs to the city, and is permanently leased by the Zoölogical Society. And who do you think have been living there until a short time ago? Snakes!

Yes, rattlesnakes, and black snakes, and boa-constrictors, and ever so many other kinds of snakes, were lying about there in cages, and some of them were formidable looking fellows. These snakes have a new house now, built expressly for them. I saw them once before, when they lived at "Solitude," but they seemed just as comfortable in their new home, although it possessed no historic interest whatever. In a cage in the center of the house were several boa-constrictors, the largest

of all snake-kind. One of these fellows was five or six inches thick, and probably twelve or fifteen feet long. That is a good size for a snake, as you



TAKING A CLIMB.

know; but I have always been disappointed in the size of boa-constrictors. I read so much, when a boy, about their swallowing goats and sheep,—and I have even known an ox to be mentioned in this connection (though this was probably a "stretcher"),—that I want my boas very large—as thick as barrels, or nail-kegs, at the least.

The rattlesnakes were the most wicked and spiteful-looking creatures there, and they are really the most dangerous, although there are copperheads,



A PRAIRIE-WOLF.

and moccasins, and other poisonous snakes in the collection.

All the cages are made with glass sides, so there is no danger in going quite close to the rattlesnakes, though they may spring their rattles, and dart out their forked little tongues at you, as they did at me.

Besides the snakes, there were in this house some turtles, some young alligators, and an enormous frog.

All these creatures lead very quiet lives, and as far as noise is concerned, none of the recent inhabitants of "Solitude" would have disturbed John Penn had they lived there in his time. But they might have made it lively for him in other ways.

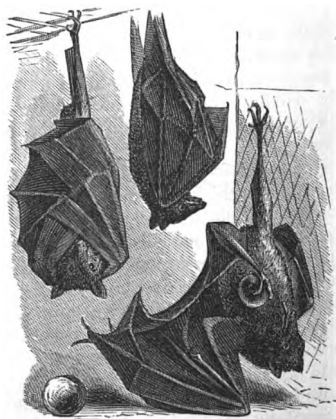
There is a house for eagles, owls and hawks, where these grave birds sit all day and think. They do not seem to care for exercise (though they might be willing to take a good long fly if they had a chance), and if they do not pass their time in thinking, I am sure I have no idea of what they do. Here is our national symbol,—the "bird of freedom,"—called the bald eagle, because the top of his head is white. Here are the golden eagle, the Australian wedge-tailed eagle, and other kinds. Did you know that eagles are particularly fond of cats as food? This taste is said to prevail among all classes of eagles, and shows that these birds are of brave and determined natures. For it can be no great fun to fly away with an angry cat.

Among the owls, the great horned owls are very conspicuous, and the hawks—chicken-hawks, sparrow-hawks, etc.—are interesting, especially to farmers' boys, who have spent many an hour hanging about the barn-yard, waiting to get a shot at one of these keen-sighted, swift-swooping creatures. Here and there are small houses for rabbits, wolves, foxes, raccoons, and other animals, but I did not visit them all. It would take at least a day to get a good look at all the animals on the grounds.

One of the most interesting features of this animal show, and the one which distinguishes it from ordinary menageries, and gives its founders the

right to call it a Zoölogical Garden, is the number of animals who have their quarters out-of-doors. There are many large inclosures where animals of various kinds roam about almost as comfortably as if they were at liberty in their native land. To be sure, they cannot take such long walks as they could at home, but as they are here safe from the attacks of all enemies, and have all the good food that they need, it may be that they are just as happy as they ever were.

The prairie-dog village is quite a curiosity, as it is the only place where prairie-dogs can be seen at home, except in their native habitations out West. No other zoölogical garden, or collection of animals, possesses anything of the kind. This village consists of a good-sized piece of land, inclosed by a wire fence, where a colony of prairie-dogs have made their underground houses. They are great burrowers, and although a wall was built around their inclosure extending ten feet below the surface of the ground, some of the little fellows dug down under the wall and made their appearance outside of their bounds. So a deeper wall had to be built. The houses of these dogs are long, and sometimes roomy, tunnels under the ground, and at the entrance of each the earth is generally thrown up in a mound, with a round hole at the top, just about big enough to let one dog pass in or out by itself. In fine weather the dogs (so called because their



FLYING FOXES (LARGE EAST INDIAN BATS).

bark is something like a dog's) take great delight in sitting a-top of these mounds, or peeping out of the doors. They are lively little creatures, about as big as rabbits, and seem perfectly at home.

We are told that in the West the houses of the prairie-dogs are frequently occupied, not only by the dogs themselves, but by certain small owls

which like to live in holes in the ground (if they can find them ready-made), and by rattlesnakes! These three animals seem to live peacefully together in one hole, although it may be that the owl and the dog take turns in watching the snake. But as the prairie-dogs here look very fat and happy without the rattlesnakes and owls (for the society has not furnished these), it is probable that they are very well satisfied to live by themselves.

Not very far from the prairie-dog village there is a wide stream emptying into a pond, and part of this stream has been fenced off for a colony of beavers. Beavers are such wise and industrious creatures, working so hard and with such skill to

ugly creatures can wander about all day and never feel obliged to kneel down to have a load packed on their backs. By the way, a camel is never so ugly as he is when he is very young. One of the ugliest infants on earth is a baby camel.

There are several large inclosures surrounded by high fences, and with nice little houses for bad weather, where different kinds of deer, elks, antelopes, etc., have plenty of room to stroll about and enjoy themselves. There are also smaller yards for wolves, foxes, and other animals of the kind that are used to our weather, and can live out-of-doors; and there is quite a field for the bisons (or buffaloes, as they are called out West). There is a herd of



A BABY CAMEL.

dam up the streams in their native forests and build their houses, that almost every one would be glad to see them at work, cutting down trees with their teeth, and hauling little loads of clay and earth on their broad, flat tails. But I saw only two beavers out of the water when I was there, and one seemed to be amusing himself by swimming about with sticks in his mouth, while the other was taking a walk on the little beach. A large tree had been felled so that it lay across the stream, and there was every opportunity for the beavers to go to work when they got ready. At any rate, although I did not see any of them hauling clay, which I very much desired, I was glad to know how beavers looked when they were swimming or walking about in a natural way.

There is an inclosure for camels, where these

half a dozen or more of these, and some of them are very large and fierce-looking. I watched a big fellow come up to a tree with his great head down, his fiery eyes glancing out from under his shaggy mane, and a general air of determination about him, as if he had made up his mind that he would put his horns into that tree and tear it up by the roots! But he only rubbed himself against it, although he rubbed so vigorously that, if he had been rubbing against some frame-houses that I know of, I think he would have shaken them down. The truth is that, although the buffalo is one of the fiercest-looking animals on earth, he is really of a very mild disposition, and the biggest one would probably run from a very small boy, if the boy had a stick and the buffalo a chance to get away. So you must not judge these animals by

their appearance. Indeed, you could not engage in a poorer business than to go around the world judging animals by their looks.

The kangaroos have several long yards, with a little house at one end and plenty of room in front to skip and play. I never thought the kangaroo was a funny animal until I saw these fellows. In a cage they have no chance to show what a comical way they have of getting over the ground. Of course I knew that when they are pursued they bound away with great leaps, but I did not know how queerly they bounce themselves along when they are not in a hurry.

One big fellow, who was sitting near his house on his hind-legs and his tail (you know they use their tails to prop themselves up with), took it into his head to come down to the front fence where a group of visitors was standing. So he straightened himself up, with his head high in the air; held up

his little fore-paws under his chin, and came down the yard in a series of funny hops that made everybody roar out laughing. I never saw an animal act so comically,—though he did not intend it,—and I am sure that there is not a church in the world where all the congregation—even the oldest bald-headed members and the Sunday-school teachers—would not burst out laughing if a big kangaroo came gravely hopping down the middle aisle.

I have not told you about all the animals in this place. I have said nothing about the condor—the largest bird in the world; the great bats, called flying foxes, because they have fox-like heads and red hair, and which sometimes measure four feet from tip to tip of their horrid leathery wings. I have said nothing about the pair of handsome young Polar bears, but I have said enough for the present, and must stop.



READY FOR A SECOND COURSE.



ROBIN'S RAIN-SONG.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

O ROBIN, pipe no more of rain !
'T is four days since we saw the sun,
And still the misty window pane
Is loud with drops that leap and run.

Four days ago the sky was clear,
But when my mother heard you call,
She said, "That's Robin's rain-song, dear
Oh, well he knows when rain will fall !"

Fair was the morning, and I wept
Because she would not let me stray
Into the woods for flowers, but kept
My feet from wandering away.

And I was vexed to hear you cry
So sweetly of the coming storm,
And watched with brimming eyes the sky
Grow cold and dim from clear and warm.

It seemed to me you brought it all
With that incessant, plaintive note ;
And still you call the drops to fall
Upon your brown and scarlet coat.

How nice to be a bird like you,
And let the rain come pattering down,
Nor mind a bit to be wet through,
Nor fear to spoil one's only gown !

But since I cannot be a bird,
Sweet Robin, pipe no more of rain !
Your merrier music is preferred ;
Forget at last that sad refrain !

And tell us of the sunshine, dear—
I'm wild to be abroad again,
Seeking for blossoms far and near :
O Robin, pipe no more of rain !

THE BLUE-COAT BOY.

BY AUNT FANNY.

THE first time Aunt Fanny was in London she lived in some nice lodgings in a house in Henrietta street, Cavendish square. It is quite necessary to mention Cavendish square in connection with *this* Henrietta street, because there are nine other Henrietta streets in different parts of London.

Opposite the house was a brick wall. On top of this brick wall was another high wall of ground glass. They inclosed the garden of the Duke of Portland, whose mansion was just around the corner and opposite the square. The duke was a great invalid; he could take exercise only in this garden, and he had put up this ground-glass wall to keep out curious and intrusive staring from the people who live on the opposite side of the street.

One day a bright, handsome boy of twelve—the nephew of Aunt Fanny's landlady—came from his school to spend some days with his aunt. Except his handsome face, he was comical-looking enough. He had on deep yellow stockings, and shoes with big buckles. His velveteen trousers were fastened at his knees; he wore a yellow petticoat, and over this a dark blue coat which came down to his ankles. This was buttoned only from the chin to the waist, leaving the skirt to fly open like a lady's polonaise. A broad red-leather belt with large brass buckle, and white bands at his neck, completed this droll costume, which every boy must wear who enters Christ's Hospital—the strange name of the school. In the very first number of *ST. NICHOLAS* (November, 1873) there is a most interesting account of this school, which is situated in the heart of Old London, close to St. Paul's Cathedral, the General Post-office, and the sad and grim-looking Newgate Prison.

This account gives you the history of the "Blue-coat school," as Christ's Hospital is called by the boys, and so Aunt Fanny need only tell you about her own dear blue-coat boy. Arthur's rosy cheeks, brown curling hair, wide-open honest blue eyes, and pleasant manners, soon made her forget all about his yellow legs and comical petticoats, and they became the best of friends; for, of course, she made his acquaintance at once by shaking hands, and saying:

"I am very glad to meet a blue-coat boy. Do you know that Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge—three great authors—were blue-coat boys as well as you?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; every fellow in Christ's Hospital knows that!"

"How long have you been a blue-coat boy?"

"Two years, ma'am. I was entered when I was ten years old."

"What happened to you when you first entered?"

Arthur's eyes snapped, and the color deepened in his cheeks. He pulled down the waist of his coat, and said, indignantly:

"The boys put me in the middle of a circle, and locked hands. Then they asked me, 'Did your mother ever wash her face and hands?' and when I said, 'Yes, of course she did!' they danced around and hollered, 'His mother is a washerwoman! don't speak to him—she washes!' I doubled up my fists, and was going to fight them; but they held me tight, and made dreadful mouths at me, and buzzed like blue-bottle flies, to 'soothe me,' they said. As I could not help myself, I did stand quiet after a moment, and then they asked me, 'What does your father do for a living?' and I said he was a teacher of languages; he could speak——' and before I could get out another word, they were all bowing down, and shouting, 'His father was a speaker! make way for the son of the Honorable Speaker of the House of Commons!' and oh! I had such hard work not to cry when I said, 'My father and mother are dead.' And then some of the boys cried, 'Shame! let him go!' and I got off. Two or three of them asked me if I had any sisters, and if they were pretty, and begged that I would give their love to them when I wrote, and then we had a jolly game of leap-frog together."

"But what did you do with your long petticoats when you played leap-frog?"

"Oh, we tucked them up under our belts."

"Arthur," said Aunt Fanny, with a smile in her eyes, but the rest of her face quite serious, "did *you* torment any boys that entered after you?"

His face flushed high, but he confessed in an honest, outspoken way, "Why, certainly I did. I asked all the new boys if *their* mothers washed their faces and hands, and when they said, 'Yes,' I shouted out, 'She's a washerwoman!' and made the dreadfulest faces I could; and I sent my love to all their sisters."

Aunt Fanny laughed a little, and thought to herself, "Well, boys will be boys; there's no help for it;" but she *said*, "Arthur, I think you were very mean; you did not observe the golden rule;" at which he blushed again for a minute; then he brightened up, and said: "I licked a fellow who

called me *Miss* Arthur, and said I was a beggar's baby. Was n't that right, ma'am?"

"Well—yes," she answered, "if he was as big as you are; but what made him call you '*Miss*'?"

"Why, he was going to bury a rabbit alive, and I burst out crying, because when I tried to get the poor rabbit away from him he flung it against a stone and killed it."

"Well—I'm glad you whipped him, then; such shocking cruelty deserved a sound thrashing."

Arthur and Aunt Fanny liked each other so much, that they went out together on all her shopping expeditions, and to see the sights of the huge city. The first time she asked him to walk with her, they had gone a few steps from the house, when Aunt Fanny turned around and exclaimed, in astonishment, "Why, Arthur, what on earth made you forget your hat? Run back for it?"

"But I have no hat," he said.

"No hat? What do you mean?"

Arthur laughed. "We blue-coat boys never wear hats," he said, "summer or winter."

As soon as his companion understood this, she laughed too, and then they went merrily on to Oxford street.

But the little vagabonds in the streets would never let Arthur alone. They ran after him, pointing and crying, "See the bloocut boy! Look at his yaller legs! Quack! quack! quack! Where's your hat, ducky? Where's your top-knot, ducky? Buy a pork-pie, and wear it home on your head!" to which he paid no attention, because it was an old story. He said that when he was first "chaffed," as he called it, he flew into a passion, and picked up stones to throw at his tormentors. But he did not care now, though Aunt Fanny was very indignant, and wanted to call a policeman, or, as Arthur entitled him, a "bobby."

They went first to Marshall & Snellgrove's, a large shop in Oxford street, which looked very much like our shops in New York, with the exception that the floors were nicely carpeted. There Aunt Fanny bought an *aqua scutum*, which is nothing more nor less than a water-proof cloak. The clerk called it by this Latin name, thinking that it sounded finer. Then they went into a little haberdashery shop, where Aunt Fanny said, politely—

"I want some spool cotton, No. 40, if you please."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the clerk, "but what is it you want?"

"Spool cotton, No. 40."

"Beg pardon, but I don't think we have it."

"Why, yes you have, any quantity of it, just on the shelf behind you."

The clerk looked around perplexed, and then, turning back, said: "Oh, it's *reels of thread*, per-

haps, that you mean. Really, now, it's very odd! I never heard them called 'spool cotton' before."

Aunt Fanny laughed, and said that it was only one more of the little differences between English and American ways of speaking the same language. She bought the reels of thread, and out they went into the beautiful warm sunshine; and London sunshine does seem the most beautiful ever made, except October days in our country,—

"Where, through a sapphire sea, the sun
Sails like a golden galleon!"

She was admiring the lovely weather, when Arthur said: "Oh yes; but just wait till November—we have wonderfully nasty days then."

"Arthur, what do you mean by a 'nasty' day?"

"A nasty day—why, don't you know? It rains, and the clouds and fog make the day so dark that we have to light candles to study by."

"We should call that a stormy or foggy day; we never say a 'nasty' day; it is too bad a quality to give to rain water. But we offend you as often, or oftener perhaps, by a misuse of words. I called a pretty baby in the park the other day, 'a cunning little thing,' and the nurse said, very angrily, 'She never did a cunning thing in her life, ma'am—she's as good as gold.' So I looked into an English dictionary, and found that the word 'cunning' meant 'deceitful, artful, fraudulent, crafty, and sly.' Just see how I had insulted that innocent little lamb! and quite unintentionally; for I meant by using the word 'cunning' to imply that she was pretty, and bright, and winning, and lovely, and good."

"How very odd!" said Arthur.

By this time they were walking in the broad, beautiful Regent street, and soon they came to a large, handsome shop, where "American cream soda-water" was sold. Aunt Fanny went in, followed by Arthur. "I am going to give you a glass of soda-water, such as we have in New York," she said. "What sirup would you like with it?"

Arthur carefully studied all the labels above the silver faucets, and then chose raspberry sirup, and Aunt Fanny chose the same. The clean, pretty English boy foamed the soda up high, while Arthur watched with curious eyes. When the boy handed him the glass, Arthur took a moderate sip, and immediately exclaimed, "Oh, my! how awfully good!" Shutting up his eyes, he drank his cream-soda, drawing a quick breath or two, with a face expressing such delight, that Aunt Fanny, in watching him and laughing, herself forgot to drink!

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

"I never had anything half so nice in all my life!"

"Well, I don't care much for cream-soda myself,

so I will just take a sip of mine, and perhaps you will oblige me by drinking the rest."

"Oh, now, that would be awfully mean in me," he said, looking with longing eyes at her glass.

"Not at all;" and handing it to him, Aunt Fanny soon saw the bottom of it up in the air, for Arthur did not like to lose a drop.

When they went out of the shop, Arthur turned to Aunt Fanny with an earnest face, and said: "I want to tell you something. When I grow up and get married, I intend to take my wife to the American soda-water shop, and give her a glass of raspberry cream soda-water," and then those little yellow legs of his walked off with an air of manly dignity, for he felt that he could not possibly bestow upon his future wife a greater gratification.

Such pleasant times as they two had!

The last day these two friends spent together seemed especially delightful. Aunt Fanny's trunks were all packed, ready to go on the morrow to Brighton, a great stone-built city on the edge of the Atlantic ocean; and so this last day was to blaze all over, so to speak, with glory and enjoyment.

Early after breakfast they left the house for the British Museum, where you can see everything you have, or have n't, heard of, from a mummy 4,000 years old to a book published only yesterday. As they were walking along Oxford street, talking merrily, a rough-looking boy, just in front of them, stopped for an instant before a fruit shop, where apples, oranges, and lemons, were set in tempting array outside of the door. Giving a quick, furtive look within the shop, the boy took an apple and went on, whistling.

"Oh! did you see that?" asked Arthur, in a horrified tone, "he stole an apple!"

"How dreadful! I'm afraid he has never prayed 'Lead us not into temptation,'" said Aunt Fanny. "I should think that every mouthful he ate would choke him."

"Aunt Fanny," whispered Arthur, his eyes dancing, his hands clasped, "just you wait a moment; I'm going to scare him awfully!" and before she could speak, those yellow legs made a rush up to the bad boy, and, with a sudden slap on his back, Arthur yelled at the top of his voice, "BOO!!!" That stolen apple went into the middle of the street like a flash of lightning, while the boy, with a bounce in the air, and a louder yell, shot off at a regular English steeple-chase speed. He stopped at nothing, leaping over dogs, boxes and babies, with Arthur after him like an express train; the blue coat flying out behind, like the smoke from the funnel, the yellow legs twinkling and winking like the fiery sparks, while Aunt Fanny, vainly trying to keep up with them, laughed and laughed till her sides and temples ached again.

With a wild whoop from Arthur, both boys disappeared around the next corner, and when Aunt Fanny got so far, she saw Arthur coming back breathless, flushed, and laughing, but the other boy was out of sight.

"He thought the bobby was after him, sure!" said Arthur, as soon as he could catch his breath. "He never looked around, but dived down an area, and there I left him. That apple wont choke him now, will it?"

"I think not. The omnibuses must have turned it into apple-sauce by this time."

After this adventure, Arthur and Aunt Fanny had a serious talk about the wickedness of stealing even a pin, and soon after they arrived at the great museum, where the boy amused himself by making faces at the mummies, the enormous stone images, and the stuffed wild beasts, while Aunt Fanny lingered over the illuminated prayer-books which had been used by poor Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, and other queens and kings, and read many letters,—some of them very sad ones, written by the hands of great personages long since turned to dust.

All these things were very delightful to see, but also very fatiguing; and so, when they left the museum, Aunt Fanny called a Hansom cab, which one can do at almost any moment in the streets of London. These cabs, when empty, go slowly along the streets, waiting for customers to hail them. The driver sits on a little seat high up behind, so that the passenger inside has nothing before him to intercept his view.

Arthur was delighted with the grandeur of a ride, though the cab was very shabby, and the poor old fiddle-headed horse a sight to see. His shaky, bony legs paddled out to right and left in a ridiculous manner, like oars, and his tail was nothing but a wisp. But Arthur declared that he was a regular "two-forty," by which he meant that he could run a mile in two minutes and forty seconds; and, jumping up, he opened the little trap in the roof of the Hansom, and called out to the driver:

"Cabby, just whip up! and run a race with the first horse and Hansom that comes along."

"No, indeed!" cried Aunt Fanny. "Have some pity, Arthur, on the poor thing. We are going to Kensington, and it's a long drive."

So the old horse paddled along, and was dismissed at Kensington, with an extra sixpence to the driver.

After a nice lunch at a restaurant, they went through the South-Kensington Museum,—whose wonders it would take many pages to tell of,—and then another Hansom brought them back to Regent street, where it was dismissed, instead of taking them home, because Arthur had given Aunt Fanny a very strong hint that a glass of

cream soda-water would be the crowning delight to this "awfully jolly day."

The fixed air must have gone down into his heels, for, instead of walking quietly by Aunt Fanny's side, Arthur took flying leaps over the curb-stones when they came to a crossing, waiting for her to

"Blues" playing leap-frog, with petticoats tucked up. All this he told dancing around her and talking in the most animated manner.

When they arrived near the house, Arthur ran forward to ring the bell, and at the same time he intended, with a light spring, to seat himself



THE BLUE-COAT BOY SCARES THE THIEF.

walk over, with his eyes shining like diamonds. And how fast his tongue ran! He told Aunt Fanny how, on every Easter Monday, the blue-coat boys walked in procession to the Royal Exchange; and on Easter Tuesday paid a visit to the Lord Mayor; and how the street boys looked through the iron railings of the fence in Newgate street, where Christ's Hospital is situated, and watched the

upon the iron railing of the low stoop. But he had sprung too high and too far back, and he lost his balance. With a desperate but unavailing clutch at the railing, he fell back, and over, into the arms of the plump, red-faced cook, who was standing just below, and who, with a howl of astonishment, immediately sat down on the stone flags very much more quickly than she liked, while Arthur,

with his head twisted up in his petticoats, was sawing the air with his yellow legs, like a duck trying to swim upside down.

"You owdacious boy!" screamed the cook, "do you mane to murther me?"

Aunt Fanny had screamed, too, when she saw Arthur fall, but now she was fast getting another terrible pain in her side from laughing at this topsy-turvy rigadon which Arthur was dancing. At last, when the cook, with a good shaking, had placed him on his feet, and he with many chuckles had helped Aunt Fanny to pull her up, and had begged her pardon, and all three had sobered down

a little, they began to feel thankful that the merry, frolicsome boy had escaped what might have been a very serious accident.

"You can't have a stout cook always waiting to catch you, Arthur," said Aunt Fanny; "so don't try so many monkey tricks in future, I beg of you."

The next day Arthur helped his "American aunt," as he called her, into the cab which was to take her to the depot, kissing her good-by with an energy which knocked her bonnet over her ear. She kissed her hand to him as the cab turned the corner, and that was the last she saw of her dear, merry, winsome blue-coat boy.

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DISADVANTAGE OF BEING A WITNESS.

THE colonel talked with Jacob in a bland and flattering way, and proposed, among other things, to pay his fare to Cincinnati, by railroad, from the town they were approaching.

Jacob listened, but did not for a moment give over his resolution to save Boone's team for him, if he could. The cautious colonel, however, gave him no chance for that. He kept the boy constantly in sight at the hotel where they stopped, the team having been put into the hands of the ostler; and finally started with him to take the train, accompanied by a friend he had sent for, named Hampton, and a waiter with the baggage.

"He has fooled me somehow," thought Jacob, wondering what had become of the team.

He now remembered that Corkright's friend had twice been to see him at the hotel, and that, the second time, money had passed between them.

"He has sold the team for the colonel," was the conclusion he came to; and it now seemed to him that he could do no better than to go on by the train to Cincinnati. It was only three or four hours' ride; and, after all his weariness and anxiety, it was a relief to think his journey's end so near.

But just as they were stepping on board the cars, two men walked rapidly up to the platform, the foremost of whom exclaimed, "Here he is!—this is the man!" and made a rush at Corkright.

He reminded Jacob strongly of somebody he had seen; but it was a moment before he recognized, beneath the excited gestures and determined air, the jolly young farmer of the night before.

At the same time, the second man, coming up, courteously informed the Kentuckian that he had a warrant for his arrest.

"On what charge?" said the colonel.

"Taking a wagon and pair of horses that did n't belong to you," replied the officer.

Jacob trembled with joy.

"This fellow sold me his horses," said the colonel, "and I can prove it."

"You'll have a chance to do that before the magistrate," said the officer. "Sorry to interrupt your journey." Then, turning to Jacob, "Is n't this the boy?"

"Yes, he's in league with him!" cried Boone, very much excited. "He must come too."

Jacob was astonished at Boone's manner toward him. But it was no time to make explanations.

The office of the magistrate was near by, and soon the constable and his prisoner, Boone and Jacob, Hampton and a crowd of spectators, entered and filled it nearly full.

The prisoner was arraigned on the charge of the larceny of a pair of horses and a wagon, to which he replied that he had bought the property of Boone the night before, and exhibited a bill of sale to that effect.

"Did you give him this?" asked the judge.

Boone stared at the paper in blank dismay.

"Never! It is not my handwriting. I never saw it before."

"It is in my handwriting," said the colonel,—
"all but the signature; that is his."

Boone scratched his head with a lugubriously puzzled look.

"I have a faint recollection of signing some paper. But I have n't the least idea what. I could n't have been myself, if this is it; for the team is n't mine, and I could n't have sold it."

"This places the matter in a somewhat different light," observed the judge. "The charge of larceny can hardly be sustained without more evidence, and I advise you to settle with the prisoner."

"All I ask is that he'll restore the property—my father's property," said Boone. "I make no charge against him for winning my money; but the team I must have."

"I regret to say that you speak too late," said the colonel. "It has passed out of my hands."

"Then I'll bring a charge of swindling," cried Boone. "That man and this boy are leagued together. They go about the country, and the little one helps the big one. The little one asked me to let him ride last evening, and found out I had money. Then he met the big one at the tavern, and went off with him and my team in the middle of the night."

Jacob listened to this accusation in the greatest amazement.

"May I say a word?" cried he, aware that all eyes were on him, that he was very pale, and that everybody must regard him as guilty.

"Certainly," said the judge. "But it must be under oath. Hold up your right hand. You do solemnly swear that the evidence you are about to give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I do," said Jacob, in a firm voice, but with pale lips and a white face.

"What's your name?" said the magistrate.

"Jacob Fortune."

"How old are you?"

"I was fifteen in March."

By the time he had answered a few such questions as these, the boy had pretty fully regained his self-possession.

"Do you know this man?"

"I have seen him—once or twice too often," Jacob added, with a faint and pallid smile.

He then, in answer to questions, told the story of his first meeting with Corkright on the steamboat, and of his adventure with him the night before.

"He offered me money," he said, "if I would hold my tongue about the horses. But I told him

they belonged to Boone's father. And I only waited a chance to say so, if he went to sell them."

"This is important evidence," said the judge. "It appears that the prisoner must have known that he had no good title to the team when he sold it."

The colonel now asked to have the case postponed until he could bring witnesses and procure counsel.

"When will you be ready?" asked the judge.

"To-morrow," replied the colonel.

"Say to-morrow morning at ten o'clock," said the judge, and proceeded to put the prisoner under bonds to appear then.

"My bail is ready, your honor," said Corkright, his friend Hampton offering to stand as his surety.

Papers were drawn up and signed, and the prisoner was released. The judge then turned to Jacob with: "Can you find bail, my boy?"

"What do you mean?" said Jacob. "I am not charged with any crime, am I?"

"No; but you are suspected of being this man's accomplice. What is to prevent your running off, if the court lets you go? You may have told a correct story; but it is necessary that such singular evidence should be sifted. Can you get anybody to be surety for you—that is, give bonds to the amount of two hundred dollars that you shall appear when the case comes up again to-morrow?"

The boy's breath was taken away for a moment. Then he gasped out:

"If I—can't—find anybody?"

"Then the court must provide for your safe-keeping. According to your own account, you are a stranger here. You've no money, no friends. So I don't see that you can do better than take nice, comfortable lodgings at the public expense."

"You mean—I am to—go to jail!" stammered Jacob, astounded.

"It is no such dreadful thing in your case. Where else would you go while you have to wait?"

"I don't know," replied the boy, swallowing a great lump in his throat. "But it seems to me a strange country, where rogues are let go free, while honest folks who expose them are sent to jail."

The judge and some of the remaining spectators smiled. Others—and among them Boone, eager to find and recover his father's property—were following the released prisoner out into the street.

"Well, it does work rather curiously sometimes," remarked the judge, filling out a paper which he presently handed to the officer. "But you won't find it so bad as you imagine. Mr. Constable, you will please take charge of the witness."

And Jacob was marched off to jail.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUR HERO IN JAIL.

It was with a dreadful sinking of the heart that the boy saw the jailer with his keys come to receive him from the hands of the officer, and then go to opening the great locks and iron doors, which soon closed and clanked behind him. He had not thought that ever he could come to this.

He had asked for his bag, and the officer had promised to have it brought. Meanwhile, the keeper—a plain, genial, easy sort of man, who did not by any means come up to Jacob's ideas of a cruel jailer—showed him the room and bed where he was to sleep.

The room was in fact a cell, communicating with the main hall of the prison through a grated door.

"Am I to be locked up in there?" the boy asked, starting back.

"I trust not," said the jailer. "You are not a very desperate character, I fancy. You can go into the hall, and I'll see that you've all the privileges ever allowed to anybody. We've no very bad cases now—none you need be afraid of."

Jacob had noticed a man lying on a bench in the hall, reading a newspaper, and two others playing checkers, while one or two more looked on. But the dejected lad did not care to have anything to do with society met in such a place. So, after the jailer left him, he sat down on his narrow bed, and, looking dolefully at the bare walls and floor, indulged in dismal thoughts.

"There's no honesty and no justice in this world," he said to himself. "I've tried my best to do right, and get along as well as I honestly could—and here I am! The rogues are free, and I am locked up in jail. What would Friend Matthew and his wife and good little Ruth say, if they knew?—and Florie and her mother?"

Thinking of these excellent people, whom he could not hope ever to see again, Jacob gave way to grief, and buried his face in his hands.

While he was thus plunged in bitter despondency, a voice in the open door of his cell spoke to him.

"Jacob, my boy, how are you?"

It was a strangely familiar voice; but if one had spoken to him from the grave, he could not have been more astonished. It did indeed speak to him from the grave of friendship. He looked up.

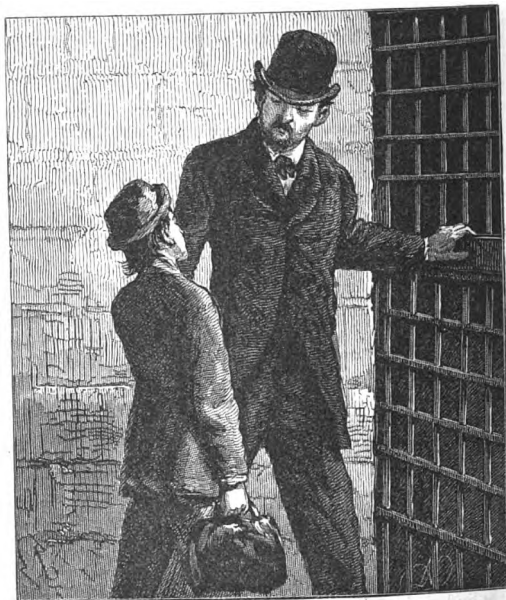
"Don't you know me, Jacob?"

"Yes, I know you," said the boy, trembling with violent emotion, "but ——"

"Ha, ha! You take me for a ghost, eh?"

"No, not that!" said Jacob, in a choked voice.

And yet the figure before him seemed more ghostlike than real, a good deal. The vivacious countenance, the coat buttoned jauntily at the waist, the dainty mustache and ringlets—all were the same as he remembered them so well, and yet not the same. He did not know that the change was chiefly in himself. From the crowded experiences of the past two weeks, he had gained an insight into men and things which revealed to him what he had not dreamed of before. He saw through that shallow, smiling face; and the



JACOB LED TO JAIL.

being who had stood to him for all that was charming and graceful and generous in man, now appeared false and affected, and, somehow, sadly faded.

But even then he did not mean to be unjust to Mr. Pinkey.

"You are kind to come and see me," he said. "How did you know I was here?"

"Why, I saw you; did n't you notice me? I was reading a newspaper when you came in."

"Then you have n't—just come—to visit me?" Jacob stammered, as the truth began to dawn upon him.

"Let it pass that I have," cried Pinkey, gayly, coming into the cell and seating himself beside

Jacob. "To go about visiting the fatherless and widowed, the sick and imprisoned, is just my style, you know. But the truth is, beloved,—I'd disguise it or have it different if I could, but I can't,—the sad truth is, I've been here longer than you have. I really feel like an old inhabitant. My cell is the next but one to yours."

"You in jail!" exclaimed Jacob, his surprise changing to pity at finding the brilliant professor, his once admired friend, in such a place. "How did it come about?"

"All on your account, all on your account, Jacob, my boy!" said Alphonse, shaking his ringlets with affected seriousness.

"On my account! How so? What is the charge against you?"

"Selling goods at auction without a license; that's all. Officers have been after me ever since. They came up with me three days ago, and, as I could n't pay my fine or find bail, the inhuman creatures of a tyrannical law clapped me into jail."

There was a time when Jacob would have believed every word of this story, coming so glibly from the lips of the accomplished deceiver. He was not so credulous now.

"That's what made me escape from the steamer. I found there was an officer aboard. He came on at the last landing-place, and was only waiting till we should get to the next, when he was going to arrest me. The upsetting of the boat gave me a chance, you see, and I ——— What do you look at me that way for, my boy?"

He was looking steadfastly, with an expression of doubt and trouble, more sorrowful than angry.

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey!" he said—and that was all.

Alphonse quailed, in spite of himself, before that sad, searching glance.

"What's the matter? You are not the boy you were."

"No, I am not," said Jacob.

"Now don't! please don't!" cried Mr. Pinkey.

"It's too depressing to have you look at me so, while I'm doing my best to raise your spirits and keep up my own. It's perfectly disheartening!"

"You can't raise my spirits in that way; it's disheartening to me," said Jacob.

"Why, how so, my boy? I would n't for the world! What do you mean?"

"If you please, Mr. Pinkey, don't try to deceive me any more!"

"Deceive you, Jacob!" protested Alphonse, with an air of insulted virtue.

"You have done it enough—too much already.

You nearly broke my heart, leaving me to think you were drowned,—and that partly by my fault, too! Oh, Mr. Pinkey!"—and the boy's lips quivered at the recollection of that wrong and that grief.

Alphonse bent down his head, and his features worked in an unusual manner for a moment. Their expression was changed when he looked up.

"Well, Jacob, I won't lie to you any more."

"No, don't!" said Jacob. "It's no use. You can't make anything more out of me, and I don't expect anything of you. I don't ask anything—except that you will tell me the truth now. You can afford to do that, I think."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PINKEY MAKES A CONFESSION.

"WELL, by Jove, Jacob," said Pinkey, resuming his air of cheerfulness, "that's an idea! But you speak of something that touches my honor when you hint at my making something out of you."

"Your honor!" repeated Jacob, with some scorn. "Do you mean to say that you did n't deliberately get me to sell off my aunt's goods so as to raise money for yourself?"

"I own," replied Pinkey, "that I was hard up; and it did strike me as a neat way of setting my fortunes afloat again."

"And all that story about the money you carried in your belt ———"

"Pure invention, I confess, Jacob, my boy! I had no belt and—what was worse—no money. Yours went into my pocket-book for current expenses. I hoped it would bring me to a streak of good luck, and I meant—honestly meant—to pay you back every cent, with a large bonus, at my earliest convenience."

"I remember your ideas of paying debts at your convenience," said Jacob. "I think, for my part, it would be better to care a little more for your obligations. How *could* you lie to me so, and get my money, and lose it, and then forsake me in the mean and cruel way you did?"

"Reproach me—blame me—pitch into me without pity or remorse—I deserve it!" replied Alphonse. "But, my dearest boy, you must believe one thing—I did n't anticipate losing your money; that was my confounded luck. Neither had I the slightest idea of forsaking you; that was my necessity."

"I don't see the necessity," said Jacob, with a stern and gloomy countenance.

"Then let me explain. I had lost every cent of your money and my own—to Corkright, you understand. Then I sold him my violin and fine shirts, and lost again. Think of the dreadful situation! How could I say to you,—arrived at Cincinnati, for instance; you, full of hope and anticipation, going to meet your uncle; a shilling wanted, perhaps, to invest in a clean dickey for that occasion; you ask me for it;—I repeat, how could I stand up and

face you, and say, 'Jacob, my boy, I'm busted!' Why, you see, for any gentleman of a fine sense of honor it would have been just awful!"

And Pinkey really seemed to think that he had made a sufficient excuse for himself.

"Did you imagine," said Jacob, "that your desertion of me would help the matter?"

"Well, no, not for you; but it certainly promised to make the thing a trifle easier for me. With all due benevolence for our fellow-creatures," Pinkey added, with the air of a moral philosopher, "we are bound to look out for number one."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey! if you had only come to me and told me your trouble, I could have forgiven you! But to leave me to suffer as I did! Oh, that night when I thought you were drowned! If you—but you have no heart," said Jacob, passionately, "and you don't know anything about it, and you never will!"

"Have n't I a heart, indeed!" cried Pinkey, a few drops of bitterness wrung from him by these words of Jacob. "I'll tell you now another thing that drove me to despair. Those lovely sisters—you remember them?—the charming Dory and Doshy in green and pink; though which wore the green and which the pink I can't for my life remember now. But no matter. I relied upon them—one of them, I did n't care which—to repair my ruined fortunes. And will you believe it?—can you look at a gentleman of my cut, and say it is possible that both those beautiful but misguided creatures, that day in the woods, declined the offer of my hand—in short, jilted me? That reduced me to despair, you know. After parting with my fiddle and fine shirts, what was there for me on board the steamer—what had I left to live for? An empty valise, empty pockets, you to satisfy, and our fares still unpaid! Then, when such a chance occurred for me to slip out, or rather swim out, do you wonder that I quickly made up my mind to subtract one from the total number of passengers on board that boat?"

"I do wonder!" exclaimed Jacob. "A swimmer like you, to make off so, and leave the women and girls to drown, for aught you cared!"

Alphonse winced, but shook his curls, shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"To explain that, I must confess another thing. I am a man of a good deal of moral courage,—or immoral courage, perhaps you would prefer to call it,—what is technically termed *brass*. But when it comes to matters of life and death, I am—I blush to own it—a coward. So when the boat upset, I obeyed a natural instinct, and made a lunge for the tree-tops. I had got into them, when—I am ashamed to say it—I saw you help one of the twins to the boat, and then rescue that pretty little

Fairlake girl. Somebody else was rescuing twin number two. I saw I had missed a chance to distinguish myself, and perhaps win one of the lovely ones, after all, by an act of heroism. The danger of such a thing, even to a good swimmer, you know, is immense."

"Yes, I know," said Jacob, who remembered well his own peril. "But how *could* you think of that the first thing?"

"That's it; how could I? But I did. Then how could I come down from my perch and show myself? You might have seen me there in the fallen tree, at one time, if you had n't been otherwise engaged; and I might have been seen again when I went through a gully up the bank, if it had n't been for the storm and the turmoil in the water. The truth is, I had no idea anybody would take my loss very hard. I hoped the hearts of the twins would be wrung, but I was n't sure. As for you," Alphonse continued, more seriously, "I was really solicitous that you should continue to think well of me. You loved me, and believed in me, more than anybody ever did before. I supposed you would prefer to think me even drowned, to knowing just the truth about me."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey!" Jacob burst forth again, this time with an irrepressible sob.

"But when I found how hard you took it, I must own," said Alphonse, "I was mightily cut up! Did you know I slept in the same bed with you that night at the Quaker's, and heard from the woman a most touching account of your distress at the loss of me? It was sad; but just think of the condition I was in. Cast on an inhospitable shore, so to speak,—only a few dimes in my pocket,—I tell you, it was rather rough on Professor Alphonse P.! Then, to crown all, I got lodgings here."

"How did you? Tell me true!"

"Well, trying to pick up an honest living, I at last resolved to go back to my old business of portrait painting. Strictly speaking, that was nothing more than throwing up and coloring photographs in a highly pleasing and life-like manner. Having no specimens to show, I found it up-hill work. To get help, I called on Mr. Bottleby, a photographer here in town. He was at work upstairs, and I sat down at his desk to wait for him. I was amusing myself with a pen, when in steps a blundering, stupid boy, and says, 'Mr. Bottleby, I've called to pay Mr. Loring's bill,' and lays twelve dollars and forty-five cents on the desk. Now, twelve dollars and forty-five cents was precisely the sum I wanted—till I could get more. Can you wonder at my wish to borrow it? 'Very well,' I said; 'I am not Mr. Bottleby, but he will be in presently; leave the money, and I will attend to it.' He left the money accordingly; and I may

add that I attended to it accordingly. Not precisely in a way that pleased Mr. Bottleby. Hence the trouble I am in. For, will you believe it, Bottleby had me arrested, and no explanations on my part could convince him that I took the money as a temporary loan, to be repaid at my earliest convenience? There's a frightful prejudice in the community against a man's borrowing the most insignificant sums in that way. Think of a gentleman of my manners and accomplishments being juggled for twelve dollars and forty-five cents!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOMETHING SUDDEN FOR JACOB.

THE dinner hour for the inmates of the jail had now arrived, and Alphonse proposed that he and Jacob should mess together.

The boy consented, and, over their coarse but wholesome dinner of boiled corned beef and vegetables, related, at Pinkey's request, his own adventures since they parted.

Alphonse had already learned from the jailer, as he was going out after leaving Jacob in his cell, that the boy had been committed for no offense, but simply as a witness in some case. More he had not learned, and he was now surprised to hear how near he had come to seeing Corkright in jail.

He was mightily indignant when told how easily the colonel had got off by giving bail.

"Think of citizens of the place coming forward to be surety for a man like him, while I, with all my arts of pleasing and powers of persuasion, was committed like the basest felon! There's one man I want to see, and that is Loring. Bottleby I could do nothing with; he was hard as a rock—inhuman! But Loring, I judge by what I hear of him, might be softened."

Pinkey had already opened his heart a good deal to Jacob, and during the remainder of the time they passed together he made such frank confessions of his various youthful adventures, that the boy got to know him more intimately, and to judge him better, than he ever could have done under different circumstances. Somehow, instead of treating Jacob as an inferior, Alphonse was beginning to respect him as an equal, and to show more and more anxiety to secure his good opinion.

"But, for heaven's sake," remonstrated the professor, after they had been talking together for a long while the next day, "don't look at me in that way any more! What are you thinking of when you do that?"

"I was thinking just now," replied Jacob, "that it's such a pity—such a pity!"

"What's a pity? Don't mystify me; don't work on the feelings of a sensitive man like me!"

"A pity, Mr. Pinkey," Jacob continued earnestly, "that a man of your talents could n't learn to make a better use of them. Suppose you had settled down to some serious business, instead of roving from place to place,—given half the time and ingenuity to any honest pursuit which it takes to live from hand to mouth as you do,—what a man you might be! what a fortune and position you might make for yourself!"

Strong feeling concentrated Jacob's thoughts and gave him words, so that his eloquence would have astonished himself if he had thought about it.

"Jacob, my boy," said Alphonse, "every word you say is a nugget of gold! Nobody in the world works so hard for such poor pay, so little real satisfaction in the long run, as a man of my habits. I don't know whether I can change them now—it may be too late. I mean to try. But—talk about my talents! Why, Jacob, my boy, for solid success in life, I'd give more for your slow, sure-footed common sense and sincerity of purpose than for all my showy accomplishments. I'm speaking honestly now, if never before."

Jacob had a good rest in jail, and his talks with Alphonse made him glad, after all, that he had had this taste of prison-life.

At the time appointed for Corkright's examination, the boy was taken to the court; but the case was again postponed, and he returned to jail.

That evening, however, the keeper came to say to him that Corkright had made terms with Boone's family; and that, having recovered the horses and wagon, Boone had withdrawn his complaint, and the case had been dismissed, and Jacob was free.

Much as he would have liked to give his testimony against the colonel and see him punished, the boy was rejoiced at the news of his own liberation. But the thought of quitting his really comfortable quarters and recommencing his struggle with the world sobered him not a little.

"You can remain here overnight, if you like," the jailer said to him, "and then take a fresh start after breakfast,"—a proposal which Jacob gladly accepted.

"I would n't have believed the time could ever come," he said with a smile, "when I would willingly stop in jail, even for one night!"

"There are worse places than this, Jacob, my boy," said Alphonse. "In fact, I'm horribly afraid there's a much worse one preparing for me."

For he well knew that, unless some way of escape were opened, the penalty for his offense against the law would be a term in the penitentiary.

Jacob did not like to think of such a fate for his friend. So he promised to see Mr. Loring next day, and try to induce him to visit the prisoner.

In the morning, when he came to part with the

boy he had so cruelly injured, the airy and shallow-hearted Alphonse showed some real feeling.

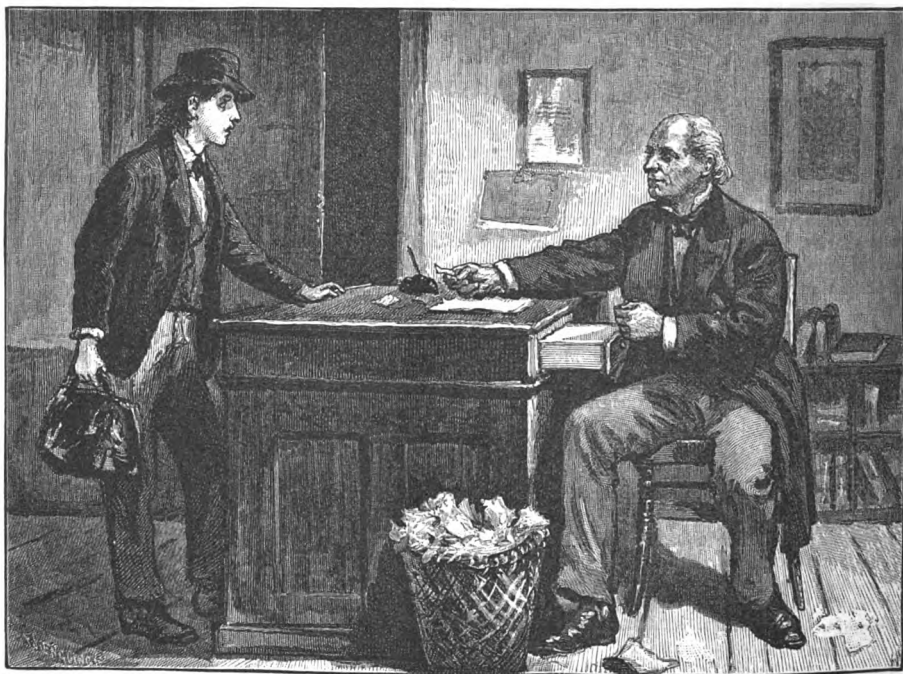
"I've done you an uncommonly ill turn," he said, "while you've treated me with perfect magnanimity. I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never hope to wipe out—to say nothing of that other debt, which, depend upon it, Jacob, my boy, I mean to repay at my earliest convenience."

Jacob smiled. Alphonse actually blushed, and

Jacob drew back. "Thank you, Mr. Pinkey," he said, "but I can't take any of *that* money." And it was in vain that Alphonse endeavored to urge it upon him.

"Queer boy, you are—a mighty queer boy!" said Pinkey, who could not understand how anybody, under any circumstances, could refuse such an offer.

Jacob next parted with the jailer, who told him



THE JUDGE SURPRISES JACOB.

added: "Oh, you'll hear from that when you little expect it!"

"That's so," said Jacob, "if I hear at all!"

Alphonse winced, but shook his ringlets, and continued:

"I can't let you go out of this place without any money. You shall share what little I have."

He took a pinch of fractional currency from his vest pocket, and began to unfold it. Poor Jacob regarded it wistfully. A few *quarters* and *tens* would help him so far!—perhaps pay his fare to Cincinnati.

"How did you get so much?" he asked.

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," whispered Alphonse: "it's the last of that fatal twelve dollars and forty-five cents."

that he was wanted, for some slight legal formality, at the office of the judge. Then once more the heavy doors clanked behind him. He was free.

But what was he to do? Without friends or means, and with a toilsome journey before him, he had good cause to feel but a troubled and anxious joy at his release.

He was far from downhearted, however. He went out into the world again with fresh knowledge and enlarged views of life. He felt now that he could bear up bravely under every trial, and never again be tempted to cry out bitterly that there was no justice on earth. There may be triumph for the wicked—or what is supposed to be triumph; but justice lies deeper than that. The boy was beginning to see this truth.

Not finding the judge at his office, Jacob next went to hunt up Mr. Loring, who proved to be a cautious, deliberative sort of man, slow to make up his mind, and slower still to promise, what he would do. Jacob pleaded earnestly the cause of his friend, but went away at last without knowing whether his appeal had made any impression, and still uncertain as to Pinkey's fate.

The justice was again absent from his office when Jacob returned to it, and he had to wait.

"Gone to dinner, has he? I'd like to go to dinner too, if I had any to go to!"

The day was passing, and it was with ever-increasing uneasiness that he saw himself subject to these delays. At last he said to himself:

"I've done my part; I've come here twice to see the judge, and wasted precious time; now I am going!"—going he scarcely knew where.

He had extorted from Alphonse a confession that the picture of his uncle which had been impressed upon his mind resembled one of that artist's highly colored photographic portraits. But Pinkey had assured him that there was a plain, prosaic basis of fact beneath the glowing tints he had laid on; and, not knowing what else to do, or where to go, Jacob had resolved to continue his tramp to Cincinnati.

Grim necessity stared him in the face. He would be obliged to find work, in order to earn a little money, the first thing. But he had a vague notion that, if he started at once on his journey, everything he actually required would somewhere, in some way, be provided for him.

"I don't believe I shall starve!" thought he; and he smiled resolutely spite of his forebodings.

But just as he was going out of the office he met the judge coming in.

The magistrate received him kindly, and took some money from a drawer.

"I sent for you to give you the witness's fees," he said, and pushed the money across the table.

Jacob looked at it and at him, astonished, incredulous, overjoyed.

"This is mine?" he said, with sparkling eyes.

"Certainly. A person can't be called as a witness for nothing, and you have appeared twice. The law allows nothing for your detention in jail, and that seems hard; but I persuaded Corkright, who finally paid the costs of court, to add something to your fees. He did it with a bad grace, for it was your evidence that made the case a serious one for him, and forced him to come to terms."

Jacob could still hardly believe his eyes.

"Is here enough to pay my fare to Cincinnati?"

"Yes, and a trifle to spare."

"I don't know that I thank Corkright very much; but I thank you!" said Jacob, earnestly.

"Oh, it's all right," laughed the judge. "A pleasant journey to you!"

Still wondering at his good fortune, which hardly seemed real to him yet, the boy took up his bag and walked away.

The "trifle to spare" went for a lunch at the nearest grocery. Then, grateful, happy, triumphant, Jacob went over to the railroad station and bought his ticket.

"Corkright pays my fare, after all!" he said to himself, as he stepped aboard the train.

That evening he was in Cincinnati.

(To be continued.)

JOHN'S FIRST PARTY.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

It turned out that John did not go after all to Cynthia Rudd's party, having broken through the ice on the river when he was skating that day, and, as the boy who pulled him out said, "come within an inch of his life." But he took care not to tumble into anything that should keep him from the next party, which was given with due formality by Melinda Mayhew.

John had been many a time to the house of Deacon Mayhew, and never with any hesitation, even if he knew that both the deacon's daughters

—Melinda and Sophronia—were at home. The only fear he had felt was of the deacon's big dog, who always surlily watched him as he came up the tan-bark walk, and made a rush at him if he showed the least sign of wavering. But upon the night of the party his courage vanished, and he thought he would rather face all the dogs in town than knock at the front door.

The parlor was lighted up, and as John stood on the broad flagging before the front door, by the lilac-bush, he could hear the sound of voices—girls'

voices—which set his heart in a flutter. He could face the whole district school of girls without flinching—he did n't mind 'em in the meeting-house in their Sunday best; but he began to be conscious that now he was passing to a new sphere, where the girls are supreme and superior, and he began to feel for the first time that he was an awkward boy. The girl takes to society as naturally as a duckling does to the placid pond, but with a semblance of sly timidity; the boy plunges in with a great splash, and hides his shy awkwardness in noise and commotion.

When John entered, the company had nearly all come. He knew them every one, and yet there was something about them strange and unfamiliar. They were all a little afraid of each other, as people are apt to be when they are well dressed and met together for social purposes in the country. To be at a real party was a novel thing for most of them, and put a constraint upon them which they could not at once overcome. Perhaps it was because they were in the awful parlor, that carpeted room of hair-cloth furniture, which was so seldom opened. Upon the wall hung two certificates, framed in black—one certifying that, by the payment of fifty dollars, Deacon Mayhew was a life member of the American Tract Society, and the other that, by a like outlay of bread cast upon the waters, his wife was a life member of the A. B. C. F. M.—a portion of the alphabet which has an awful significance to all New England childhood. These certificates are a sort of receipt in full for charity, and are a constant and consoling reminder to the farmer that he has discharged his religious duties.

There was a fire on the broad hearth, and that, with the tallow candles on the mantel-piece, made quite an illumination in the room, and enabled the boys, who were mostly on one side of the room, to see the girls, who were on the other, quite plainly. How sweet and demure the girls looked, to be sure! Every boy was thinking if his hair was slick, and feeling the full embarrassment of his entrance into fashionable life. It was queer that these children, who were so free everywhere else, should be so constrained now, and not know what to do with themselves. The shooting of a spark out upon the carpet was a great relief, and was accompanied by a deal of scrambling to throw it back into the fire, and caused much giggling. It was only gradually that the formality was at all broken, and the young people got together and found their tongues.

John at length found himself with Cynthia Rudd, to his great delight and considerable embarrassment, for Cynthia, who was older than John, never looked so pretty. To his surprise he had nothing to say to her. They had always found plenty to

talk about before, but now nothing that he could think of seemed worth saying at a party.

"It is a pleasant evening," said John.

"It is quite so," replied Cynthia.

"Did you come in a cutter?" asked John, anxiously.

"No; I walked on the crust, and it was perfectly lovely walking," said Cynthia, in a burst of confidence.

"Was it slippery?" continued John.

"Not very."

John hoped it would be slippery—very—when he walked home with Cynthia, as he determined to do, but he did not dare to say so, and the conversation ran aground again. John thought about his dog and his sled and his yoke of steers, but he did n't see any way to bring them into conversation. Had she read the "Swiss Family Robinson?" Only a little ways. John said it was splendid, and he would lend it to her, for which she thanked him, and said, with such a sweet expression, she should be so glad to have it from him. That was encouraging.

And then John asked Cynthia if she had seen Sally Hawkes since the husking at their house, when Sally found so many red ears; and did n't she think she was a real pretty girl.

"Yes, she was right pretty;" and Cynthia guessed that Sally knew it pretty well. But did John like the color of her eyes?

No; John did n't like the color of her eyes exactly.

"Her mouth would be well enough if she did n't laugh so much and show her teeth."

John said her mouth was her worst feature.

"Oh no," said Cynthia, warmly; "her mouth is better than her nose."

John did n't know but it was better than her nose, and he should like her looks better if her hair was n't so dreadful black.

But Cynthia, who could afford to be generous now, said she liked black hair, and she wished hers was dark. Whereupon John protested that he liked light hair—auburn hair—of all things. And Cynthia said that Sally was a dear, good girl, and she did n't believe one word of the story that she only really found one red ear at the husking that night, and hid that, and kept pulling it out as if it were a new one.

And so the conversation, once started, went on as briskly as could be about the paring-bee and the spelling-school, and the new singing-master who was coming, and how Jack Thompson had gone to Northampton to be a clerk in a store, and how Elvira Reddington, in the geography class at school, was asked what was the capital of Massachusetts, and had answered "Northampton," and

all the school laughed. John enjoyed the conversation amazingly, and he half wished that he and Cynthia were the whole of the party.

But the party meantime had got into operation, and the formality was broken up when the boys and girls had ventured out of the parlor into the more comfortable living-room, with its easy-chairs and every-day things, and even gone so far as to penetrate to the kitchen in their frolic. As soon as they forgot they were a party they began to enjoy themselves.

But the real pleasure only began with the games. The party was nothing without the games, and indeed it was made for the games. Very likely it was one of the timid girls who proposed to play something, and when once the ice was broken, the whole company went into the business enthusiastically.

But John was destined to have a damper put upon his enjoyment. They were playing a most fascinating game, in which they all stand in a circle and sing a philandering song, except one who is in the center of the ring, and holds a cushion. At a certain word in the song, the one in the center throws the cushion at the feet of some one in the ring, indicating thereby the choice of a mate, and then the two sweetly kneel upon the cushion, like two meek St. Johns, and so forth. Then the chosen one takes the cushion and the delightful play goes on. It is very easy, as it will be seen, to learn how to play it. Cynthia was holding the cushion, and at the fatal word she threw it down, not before John, but in front of Ephraim Leggett. And they two kneeled, and so forth. John was astounded. He had never conceived of such perfidy in the female heart. He felt like wiping Ephraim off the face of the earth, only Ephraim was older and bigger than he. When it came his turn at length, —thanks to a plain little girl for whose admiration he did not care a straw, he threw the cushion down before Melinda Mayhew with all the devotion he could muster, and a dagger look at Cynthia. And Cynthia's perfidious smile only enraged him the more. John felt wronged, and worked himself up to pass a wretched evening.

When supper came he never went near Cynthia, but busied himself in carrying different kinds of pie and cake, and red apples and cider, to the girls he liked the least. He shunned Cynthia, and when he was accidentally near her, and she asked him if he would get her a glass of cider, he rudely told her—like a goose as he was—that she had better ask Ephraim. That seemed to him very smart; but he got more and more miserable, and began to feel that he was making himself ridiculous.

Girls have a great deal more good sense in such matters than boys. Cynthia went to John, at length, and asked him simply what the matter was. John blushed, and said that nothing was the matter. Cynthia said that it would not do for two people always to be together at a party; and so they made up, and John obtained permission to "see" Cynthia home.

It was after half-past nine when the great festivities at the deacon's broke up, and John walked home with Cynthia over the shining crust and under the stars. It was mostly a silent walk, for this was also an occasion when it is difficult to find anything fit to say. And John was thinking all the way how he should bid Cynthia good-night: whether it would do and whether it would not do, this not being a game, and no forfeits attaching to it. When they reached the gate, there was an awkward little pause. John said the stars were uncommonly bright. Cynthia did not deny it, but waited a minute, and then turned abruptly away, with "Good-night, John!"

"Good-night, Cynthia!"

And the party was over, and Cynthia was gone, and John went home in a kind of dissatisfaction with himself.

It was long before he could go to sleep for thinking of the new world opened to him, and imagining how he would act under a hundred different circumstances, and what he would say, and what Cynthia would say; but a dream at length came, and led him away to a great city and a brilliant house; and while he was there, he heard a loud rapping on the under floor, and saw that it was daylight.

THE STARS IN AUGUST.

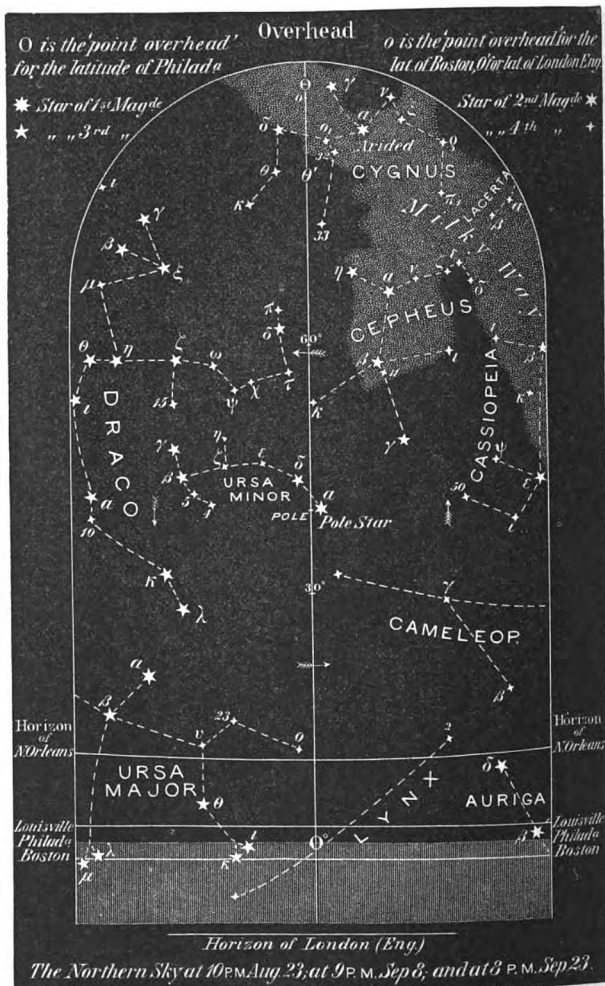
BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE Great Bear is now approaching the north again, low down. The two forward stars of the Dipper, α and β , can be seen in our northern map for the hours named, low down on the left; but I remind the learner that so far as the Dipper is concerned, the picture illustrating my article called "A Clock in the Sky," in the December number (the second number of this volume) is the one to be studied. The Little Bear is now descending on the left or west side of the Pole, and according to our modern pictures is on his back, γ and η representing his feet; whereas the Great Bear's feet are under him at κ , ι , and at μ , λ . Next month I shall have some remarks to make about the Great Bear, the shape of which constellation has, I think, been greatly changed by the map-makers since the shepherds, who were the first observers of the heavens, placed their enemy, the Bear, among the stars.

In the southern heavens we find two ecliptical constellations dividing the honors of the night, Sagittarius (the Archer) and Capricornus (the Sea-Goat). Sagittarius needs no special mention this month after what I said of him last month. I must remind you, however, that Jupiter has not yet left the constellation. His position for every night of August will be readily inferred from the map of his path, with dates, in the last number.

Capricornus was formerly the constellation entered by the sun on the shortest day of the year, when he is farthest south of the equator, and about to begin his return toward it. You will see that at present the constellation includes the ascending sign, marked ♒ for Aquarius (the Water-Bearer). (The symbol is placed on the right or west of the division of the ecliptic to which it belongs.) A

strange superstition was entertained by the old astrologers that, whenever all the planets come



together in Capricornus there is a deluge. Some said, indeed, that the Flood had been occasioned by such a conjunction; and that when all the planets come together in Cancer the world will be destroyed by fire. I suppose the origin of the

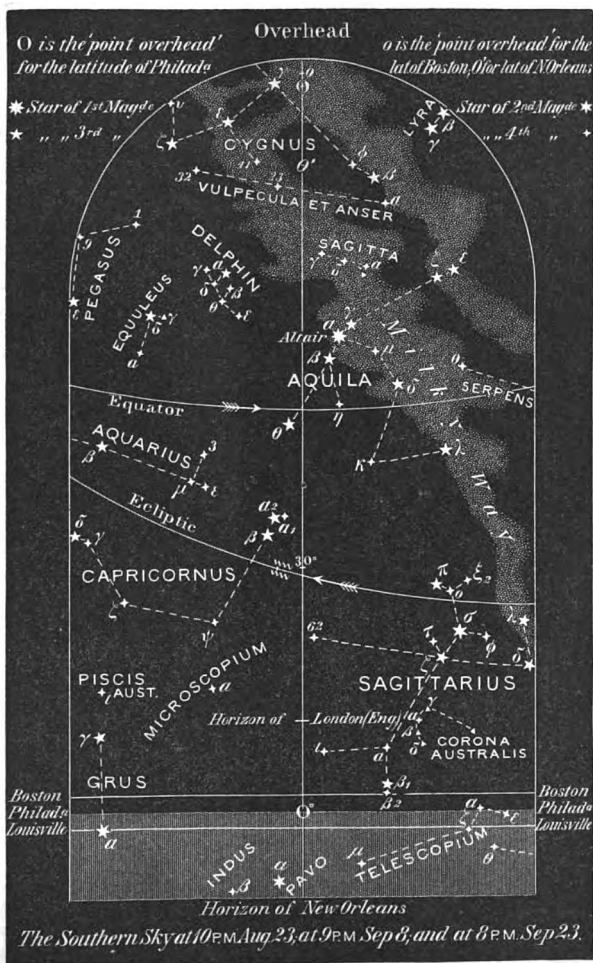
superstition was somewhat on this wise: They saw that when the sun, one of the planets of the astrological system, was in Cancer his rays were warmest; when he was in Capricorn, his rays were feeblest, and the air usually damp and cold. If such effects followed when one planet was in these constellations, much more might heat be expected when several of the planets were together in Cancer, and floods of rain when several were together in Capricorn. But when *all* were together in either constellation, then the greatest heat or the worst floods possible might be expected. The tradition is a very ancient one indeed. Admiral Smyth attributes its invention to the astrologers of the middle ages; but in reality it was due to the Chaldean astronomers, and is found in company with a statement that they had observed the heavens for 470,000 years, during which time they had calculated the nativity of all the children which had been born. It is not absolutely necessary, however, that you should believe this. For my own part, I think it quite possible that they omitted some of the children born during that long period.

Capricornus is usually represented as a fish-tailed goat, the head and horns where the two stars α and β are marked, the feet (fore-feet) at ψ , the tail flourishing off toward γ and δ .

Higher up in the heavens we see the fine constellation Aquila, or the Eagle, usually represented in modern maps as shown in Fig. 1 on next page. Formerly a figure of the Bithynian youth, Antinous, was included in this constellation; but he is now generally omitted. Parts of the Milky Way, near and in this constellation, are very bright, and even with a small telescope seem to be crowded with stars.

Close to Aquila is the pretty little constellation the Dolphin, called Delphinus, or perhaps better, — as in my atlas, — Delphin, which is as good Latin, and shorter. This little group really shows some degree of resemblance to the animal whose name has

been given to it, though our modern maps do not picture a real dolphin, but a creature, as Admiral Smyth well remarks, resembling rather “a huge periwinkle pulled out of its shell; and certainly not ‘very like a whale.’” He quotes a curious blunder of certain Orientalists, who, finding the old Hindu name of the group to signify a sea-hog, considered



it was not meant to be a fish at all; but the Hindu “sea-hog” was the porpoise. Indeed, the French name, from which our word porpoise is derived, shows that the resemblance has struck others besides the Hindus—that name being *porc-poisson*, or

hog-fish. Smyth himself has made an amusing mistake about the two stars Alpha and Beta of the Dolphin, which bear the pleasing names Svalocin and Rotanev. Of the first epithet, which he calls "cacophonous and barbaric," he remarks that



FIG. 1. AQUILA, OR THE EAGLE.

"no poring into the black-letter versions of the *Almagest*, *El Battání*, *Ibn Yúnis*, and other authorities, enables one to form any rational conjecture as to the misreading, miswriting, or misapplication, in which so strange a metamorphosis could have originated." Of *Rotanev* he simply says that this barbarous term "putteth derivation and etymology at defiance." If he could but have found Arabic meanings for these words, as delightful a story might have resulted as that about Mr. Pickwick's great prize, the stone bearing the inscription,

BILST
UMPSH
SMARK

or the true story of "Keip on this Syde," mentioned in the "*Antiquary*" in connection with the stone inscribed A. K. L. L. for Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle. The real explanation of the names Svalocin and Rotanev is very simple. The names first appear in the Palermo Catalogue. The name of the chief assistant there was *Nicolo Cacciatore*, or *Nicholas the Hunter*, the Latin for which is *Nicolaus Venator*. Reverse these names and you get *Svalocin* and *Rotanev*. Mr. Webb (whose "*Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*" every student should possess) seems to have been the first to explain Signor Cacciatore's little puzzle. He truly says that if the above account is not the right key, it is certainly a marvel that it should open the lock so readily.

Above *Aquila* we see *Sagitta* (the Arrow), the smallest of the ancient constellations. The present appearance of the stars forming this small group does not very startlingly impress the idea of an arrow upon one. Possibly the stars have somewhat changed in brightness and in relative position since the group was named. In fact, we know that all

the stars are rushing with enormous velocity through space, and though they seem to change very slowly indeed in their position in the heavens, so that most of the constellations have changed very little even during the 4,000 years which have passed since they were mapped, yet a small group like *Sagitta* would show the effects of such changes readily enough after a few thousand years. It is at least two thousand, and probably four thousand, years old.

The neighboring constellation, *Vulpecula et Anser*, or the Fox and Goose, on the other hand, is not an old one, but was formed by *Hevelius* (small thanks to him). "I wished," he says, "to place a fox with a goose in the space of sky well fitted to it; because such an animal is very cunning, voracious and fierce." (This is a reason, indeed.) "*Aquila and Vultur*" (*Lyra*, the Lyre, was sometimes called *Vultur Cadens*, the Swooping Vulture) "are of the same nature, rapacious and greedy." He might have reasoned equally well that *Anser*, the Goose, was fitly placed near *Cygnus* (the Swan), and that the *Arrow* (*Sagitta*), which had passed over the Eagle's head, might be regarded as fairly aimed for the Fox. The real fact is, I suppose, that *Hevelius* was determined to fit in a constellation of his own in this space between *Sagitta* and *Cygnus*, and was prepared to be content with any argument, bad, good, or indifferent, in favor of his plan.

For shortness, the constellation may be conveniently called *Vulpecula*, or, as in my large atlas, *Vulpes*—that is, the Fox, instead of the Little Fox.

In *Vulpecula* there is a remarkable object called the Dumb-bell nebula, or star-cloud. It cannot be seen without a telescope, and a powerful telescope is required to show the object as pictured in Fig. 2. It was formerly thought to consist entirely of small



FIG. 2. THE DUMB-BELL NEBULA.

stars, so remote that they could not be separately discerned; but it has lately been discovered that the greater part of this nebula's light comes from glowing gas. The vastness of the space occupied by this cloud of luminous gas will be understood—though no mind can possibly conceive it—when I mention that at the distance of the nearest of the fixed stars the whole of our solar system would appear but as a mere point, even in a powerful telescope. The Dumb-bell nebula covers quite a large space as seen in such an instrument. It is also, probably, much farther away than the nearest fixed stars. It must, therefore, occupy a region of space exceeding many times that through which the planets of our solar system pursue their paths. Yet the

span of our earth's path around the sun is fully one hundred and eighty-four millions of miles, while Neptune—the remotest planet of the solar system—travels thirty times farther from the sun, having thus an orbit spanning more than five thousand millions of miles. A globe just fitting the path of Neptune would contain many quadrillions of cubic miles,—and probably the Dumb-bell nebula exceeds such a globe in volume (or, to speak more exactly, occupies a space exceeding such a globe in volume) many millions of times.

Very strange is the thought that astronomers should have been able to find out what this mighty mass of glowing gas consists of. Placed yonder amid the glories of the Milky Way, lost to human vision through its vast remoteness, only brought within our view at all by means of powerful telescopes, and only revealing its true shape when seen with the most powerful telescopes men have yet constructed, what at first sight can seem more amazing than that men should be able to tell what kind of substance it is which gives out the misty luster of that clouplet in space? The very light which comes to us from the Dumb-bell nebula has probably taken hundreds of years in crossing the tremendous space separating us from that object. Yet that light has conveyed its message truly.

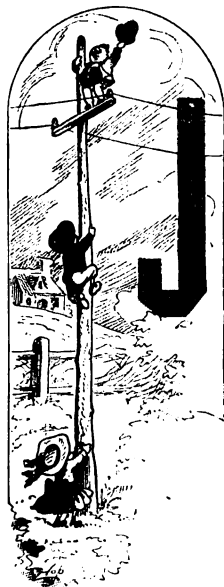
Examined with that instrument, the spectroscope,—whose office I lately described in a paper on the planet Venus,—the light of the Dumb-bell nebula presents, not the rainbow-tinted streak which comes from glowing solid and liquid bodies, but three bright lights only. At least three lines are seen if the nebula is examined through a fine slit; if the field of view is opened, there are seen three faint images of the clouplet. The correct way of describing what the spectroscope tells us about this object is to say that, instead of its light presenting all the colors of the rainbow, it is found, when sifted by the spectroscope, to contain three colors only, all of them greenish, but slightly different in tint. One of the colors is precisely such a tint of green as comes (with four other colors) from glowing hydrogen gas, and shows us that there are enormous masses of hydrogen in that remote cloud; another tint shows, in like manner, that there are immense masses of nitrogen; but the third tint has not yet been found to correspond with a tint emitted by any known substance. The skein of light from that double fluff-ball has thus been unraveled by the spectroscope, after journeying millions of millions of miles, and has been sorted into three tints, two of which have been matched against the known tints of earthly gases, but the third remains as yet unmatched.



A TWILIGHT DANCE.

AROUND THE WORLD ON A TELEGRAPH-WIRE.

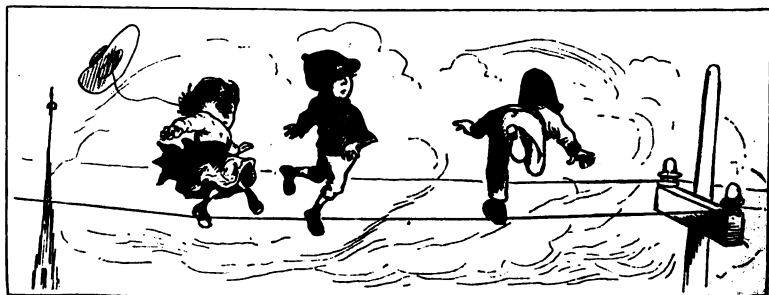
BY E. L. BYNNER.



JIMMY and Johnny and Susy Highflier,
 As fine a young trio as heart could desire,
 They flew 'round the world on a telegraph-wire:
 O Billibald—bunkum—bamboo!
 For they went out to play
 On a sunshiny day,
 When jumpty-jump Jimmy, what does he do
 But skip up a pole like a young kangaroo.

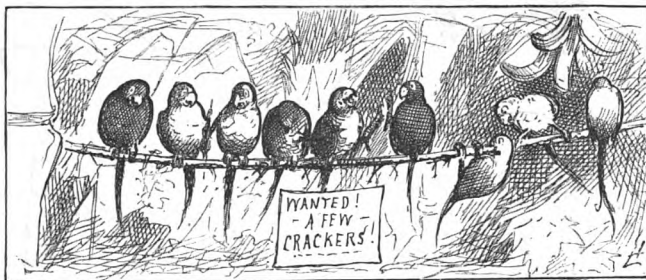
Up a pole, a tall pole, clambered Jimmy Highflier,
 Till he got to the top and could clamber no higher,
 And found running through it a long slender wire:
 Cliticlack—clutterbuck—cray!
 Then he cried out, "How queer!
 Oh, just look a-here!"
 When, tugging and kicking and scrambling away,
 Up went Johnny and Susy to see "what's to pay."

Whereupon—guddy zooks!—lo! each infant Highflier
 Was seized and possessed with the reckless desire
 To leave the stout pole and get out on the wire:
 Daffy—down—dilly—heigh—oh!
 And at once, when they did it,
 Without quip or quiddit,
 Whizz! br-r-r! like an arrow shot off from a bow,
 Away like a flash these three infants did go.



Hilly-ho, hilly-ho! past wind, steam, and fire,
 'Round the world, 'round the world on a telegraph-wire,
 Outstripping swift Thought or fleet-winged Desire:
 Hi—diddle—diddle—dum—dee!
 Over country and town,
 Now up and now down;
 Up high in the air and down under the sea,
 Huzzah! hilly-ho! what a ride this will be!

Far down in the south, on their course wild and free,
 They see the broad Amazon roll to the sea,
 Where sport the iguana and gay manatee:
 Whack—fol—de—ruddy—heigh—oh!
 In that sunny clime
 Where the orange and lime
 And banana and olive and cocoa-nut grow,
 And purple-tailed paroquets sit in a row.

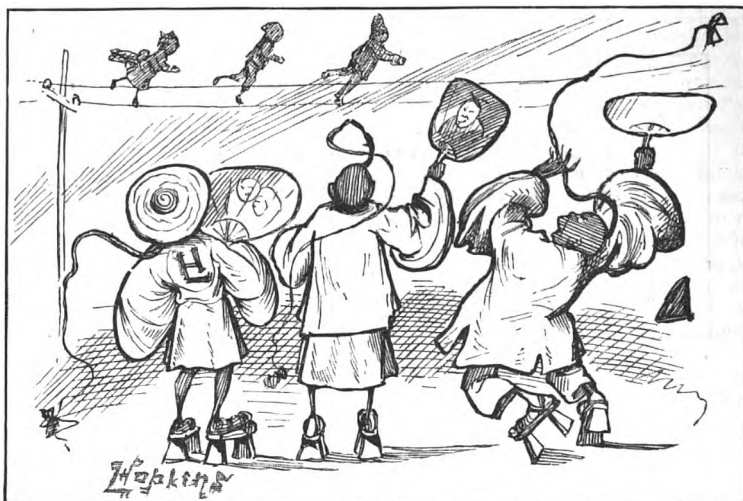


Down into the sea with a dive and a dip;
 How the walruses, whales, and the porpoises skip,
 And the mermaids stick out their green tails for a grip!
 Tit—ti—late—tammani—tin!
 Susy loses her bonnet;
 A shark seizes on it,
 And adjusting it deftly by aid of his fin,
 Swims away with it snugly tied under his chin.



Away, o'er the lands of Celt, Saxon, and Scot,
 Through the realms of the Gaul and the Teuton, they shot.
 Past Magyar and Slave, till they came to the Ot-
 -Toman Empire—Co—co—coric—o!—
 Where the Sultan and Czar
 Were having a spar;
 While the crowned heads of Europe looked on at the show,
 Each crying, "Look out now!—don't tread on my toe!"
 Then eastward o'er Asia they sped like the light;
 Off went Johnny's cap in their hurricane flight,

While Susy, enraptured, cried out in delight,
 "Oh—bitti—bat—buttercup—ban!"
 Next they came to the "Japs,"
 Those queer-looking chaps,
 Who turned out to look at them, every man,
 Each shaking his pigtail and fluttering his fan.



How they flew through the Tropics and regions of snows!
 Saw all sorts of folks, dressed in all sorts of clothes,
 And some without any at all, I suppose!
 Oh—Pillicot—pimpernel—plock!
 Till at last, safe and whole,
 They came back to the pole,—
 Which, alas! sliding down, Susy tore her new frock,—
 Having only been gone just an hour by the clock.

THE "SWOOPING EAGLE'S" FIRST EXPLOIT.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

THE "Swooping Eagle," you must know, was a boat—a row-boat. She was the property of De Witt Clinton Yotman, familiarly known as Clint Yotman. This gentleman was thirteen years and three months old.

The "Eagle" was a handsome little vessel, white as a swan, and trimmed with lines of navy-blue—strong and light, buoyant and graceful;

"the prettiest bird that swims," Clint declared. And certainly none of his boy-mates could name another boat on the river and call it handsomer, or a better swimmer.

Though it carried the United States flag, and looked spry and gallant enough for heroic action, the "Eagle's" career up to the time of its "first exploit," had not been at all dramatic. There had

been a good deal of paddling about, near the bank; and two trips across the river to "the other shore," which, until we cross over there, always looks so much more pleasant and more beautiful than "our side." There had been some fishing expeditions when a great deal of noise was made, and very few fish were caught; and besides, a trip to the "Upper Island" had been effected, where the yellow lotus, or sacred bean, rises from the shallow bay in dense ranks, so gorgeous as to seem like a transplanted bit from the tropics. But the life of the "Swooping Eagle"—there was no doubt about it—had been very quiet. It had never taken part in a regatta; it had never engaged another vessel in combat; it had never run down a pirate; it had never encountered a whale or an iceberg; had never met the sea-serpent; had never rescued a being from a watery grave. Indeed, it had never been upset, or even threatened with an upsetting, for it knew nothing of cyclones,—nothing about riding waves mountain high. Altogether, it was a very inexperienced, ignorant little thing. But it sighed, in the person of its owner, for a sensation—for a career. Yet the quiet city of Keokuk, on the Mississippi River, was scarcely the place for thrilling adventure, though it is situated at the foot of the Rapids.

"Boys don't have half a chance these days," Clinton said one day to his crony, Will Atkinson. "There are n't any bears and lions to hunt, and there are n't any Indians around to fight, and gypsies don't ever run away with a feller's little sister."

"That's so," assented Will. "We don't have a good show. There is n't even any chance of getting lost in the woods or on the prairie. And a body can't run away, on account of telegraphs, railroads, and police."

"I wish that skiff down there would upset," said Clint, resting on his oars, and allowing his boat to drift along slowly with the current. "I don't want anybody to get drowned, you know," he quickly explained, "but I'd just like to go for somebody with the 'Swooping Eagle,' and haul him in all but dead."

"And have your name in the papers," Will amended.

That very same evening Mrs. Bartlett sat on her side porch, which overlooked the river. She was trying to rock her little boy of seven months to sleep, and her little boy of seven months was trying to keep awake. And it was very well that he would not go to sleep, otherwise Mrs. Bartlett might have been in gossiping with some neighbor, and might not have known about the—well, we'll call it, for want of a shorter name, the antecedent-of-the-"Swooping-Eagle's"—first-exploit,—and she

would n't have, have,—well, would n't have done as she did, and Clint Yotman and Will Atkinson would n't have done as they did, and the "Swooping Eagle" would n't have had the "exploit," and we could n't have had this story.

Well, the baby would n't go to sleep, so Mrs. Bartlett kept sitting out there on the porch, rocking, rocking, back and forth, back and forth. She was singing—"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;" and baby, too, was trying to sing, but it only cooed and grunted, and said, O-u! and g-o-o!—g-o-o!

"Baby!" Mrs. Bartlett cried, taking him with a jerk from her shoulder, where he had been lying, and setting him on her knee, "if you don't go to sleep I'll shake you to pieces," and then she fell to kissing him as though his conduct had been the prettiest and most exemplary possible to a baby.

Then she was suddenly motionless—listening. Did she hear aright? She lifted her head and turned it facing the river. Was it the word, h-e-l-p! that was borne on that wailing, piteous, human tone? Above the solemn beating of the great river against the rip-raps it came, down the rapids—a man's voice, calling over and over, "H-e-l-p! I'm drowning! H-e-l-p! h-e-l-p! h-e-l-p! I'm drowning! H-e-l-p!"

It thrilled the woman's soul. She wished she was a man that she might fly to the rescue. She wished she could leave baby, and run out and rouse somebody—everybody. But there was no one in the house with whom she could leave him. How quiet the streets were! Why did n't somebody come by whom she could call to and send to that drowning man? But baby or no baby, she could n't sit there with that agonized cry "H-e-l-p!" piercing her heart. Gathering baby in her arms, she went with a swift, eager step into the street, and there she set up a remarkable screaming, that is remembered in the city to this day.

"Help! There is a man in the river drowning! H-e-l-p! h-e-l-p! A man in the river drowning! H-e-l-p! h-e-l-p!"

Up and down the street the distance of her block she ran, crying out these words, and at every cry baby said, "O-u! g-o-o—g-o-o!" as though a very good joke was in the breeze.

For some moments Mrs. Bartlett did not see a living being on the street, but after a time doors began to open, and window-blinds, and somebody would come down the street, and somebody else around the corner. Then she would scream all the louder, "Run to the river! run to the river! A man's drowning! There's a man in the river drowning!"

And people would ask questions, and listen, and run off down the slope to the river. Yet up and

down the street she continued to run, baby cooing to be out under the sky, she screaming her story to every one who came in sight, urging all—men, women and children—to run, run to the river.

Then came De Witt Clinton Yotman stamping down the street, whistling "Shoo Fly." When he saw Mrs. Bartlett running about and screaming, he stopped whistling, thinking he had encountered a crazy woman. But when she cried out to him, "Run to the river! there's a man drowning!" Clint's heart leaped to his mouth. Here was a chance for the "Swooping Eagle."

Away he ran, at his tip-top speed, for Will Atkinson. That's what he generally did when there was an enterprise under weigh.

"We'll take the 'Swooping Eagle' and go for him," Clint said.

"All right," Will answered, and off they went by a short cut down the bluff to the river, where the "Swooping Eagle" lay anchored.

"You get in first," said Clint, breathing hard and fast as he untied the skiff with eager, trembling fingers.

Shoving her off into the water, he leaped on board after Will in an excited way that almost upset the boat.

A great crowd had assembled and were hurrying up stream, while boat after boat was putting out from shore.

"Hear him! he's in the rapids!" Clint cried, in great eagerness. "There he is, holding on to the skiff. The skiff upset in the rapids when he was trying to cross."

"Has n't he got awful lungs, though! How he does holler!" said the more philosophical Will.

"It's awful!" Clint went on, still greatly excited, and looking as though he was about to leap into the water and swim to the drowning man's help.

"Hold on to the skiff! I'm a-comin'!" he shouted, standing, his face turned up stream, toward the rapids. "Hold on! Help's nigh! Hold on a little longer! I'm a-comin'! I'll save you!" He felt inspired.

Then Will thought he ought to help Clint shout. So he stood up and yelled, "Hold on to the skiff just a minute! We're comin'! We'll soon be along! Don't give up! We're comin'!"

Then Clint shouted some more, and took off his hat and waved it. Then Will took off *his* hat and waved it. Then the pocket-handkerchiefs came out, and they were waved, while the boys kept up their encouraging cries of "Hold on! We're comin'."

One boat passed them, pulling as for life toward the rapids and the up-turned skiff, to which the man was clinging, with only his head above water. A second boat glided by the "Swooping Eagle," and a third.

A wild fear shot through Clint's heart—a fear that, after all, he might be cheated of the honor of saving an imperiled life. He resolved to strain every nerve to overtake and pass those three boats, and to keep ahead of those that were nearing him from behind. Then, all on a sudden, he felt like a fool, and looked like one,—like the blankest of blank idiots.

"Will, we have n't any oars," he stammered.

Will looked around the boat in a bewildered way, then up into Clint's face.

"Well, if that does n't beat the Jews and the Gentiles! Are n't we a couple of *genuses*?" he said.

It was true. They had forgotten their oars in their excitement, and instead of "coming," as they had declared to everybody within hearing, they were going, going, down the river to—nobody knew where. Not only would they have to forego the *déclat* of rescuing that drowning man, but they must submit to being themselves rescued from their ridiculous situation. *They* must cry for help. They looked about them. The "Eagle" was below the boats that had put out, and the hurrying crowd had left it behind. The boys marked with alarm the isolation of their oarless boat on the river.

"And it's almost dark," Clint said. "Nobody can see us."

"And there is n't any moon these nights," Will added. "Let's wave our hats and handkerchiefs till it's plum dark, and shout and yell."

This they did till their arms and lungs were sore. Will shouted, "Help! help!" as lustily as the man with the "awful lungs" had ever dared to. But no help came. Old Mr. Perseverance Smith, an ex-ferryman, heard their cries, came out, watched them for a moment drifting in the dusk down stream, and then went back to his little house on the bank.

"Just some youngsters mockin' that poor feller that was like to get drowned," he said.

(This ferryman, by the way, was called Perseverance, because he was the last river-man of the section to stop the fight against the ice-king at the on-coming of winter, and the first to re-open the conflict in the spring. One autumn his boat got stuck in the ice in mid-river and had to stay out there till the spring thaw.

On and on the boys drifted till the lights of Keokuk were lost to their straining eyes, till they had passed the mouth of the Des Moines, and passed Buena Vista, and had begun to reckon concerning the hour of the night they would reach Alexandria and Warsaw. They had stopped shouting and signaling in sheer hopelessness, and Clint proposed that they should take turns in watching.

"You turn in and take the first snooze," he said. "I could n't sleep in this wet dug-out of yours," was Will's reply.

"You need n't lie down in the water. Make that seat your downy couch," said Clint, trying, poor fellow, to be funny, for he thought that Will was feeling depressed, and was sure that he himself was.

"I'm not a snake to coil up on that plank." Will spoke with some warmth and some contempt in his tone. "Besides, I might get pitched overboard, for this sea is n't of the steadiest, and the wind is blowing harder every minute. Besides all

"I'm more afraid they wont come in gun-shot of us. We've got to yell and shout with all our might. And you've got to do your share, Will. You must stand up to the shouting like a man."

"You bet," said Will.

Then they sat silent—almost breathless—watching the approaching lights and listening to the sounds of labor as the boat came pushing her broad, brave breast against the strong current.

Before any cries from the helpless skiff could possibly have reached the steamer, the boys entered upon their shouting. On came the great vessel in



THE "SWOOPING EAGLE" TO THE RESCUE!

the rest, I'm too ticklish to sleep. There aint anything jolly about this ride. Why in the name of sense did n't you put the oars in?"

"Why did n't you put them in," Clint retorted.

"T was n't any of my funeral—you were bossing the rescue job. A pretty rescuer you are! A nice little man to have a boat! Your pa had better buy you a steam propeller and a railroad!"

"See here, Will," said Clint, firing up. "I aint going to stand—what's that? It's a boat!"

Both boys rose swiftly to their feet and listened. Floating up to them was the chuff! chuff! chuff! of a panting steamer, and then a shriek from the engine.

"See! there are the lights. Oh! I do wish I had pa's lantern," said Will. "They wont see us. What if they should run over us!"

their very path, as it were. She seemed to be making straight for the little shell. The boys were greatly excited; the strain was intense, as the strong boat moved toward them like an on-coming pitiless fate. One of the lads thought of his home and mother, but kept on shouting, "Help! help!"

Will could n't shout for the moment, because there was a great lump in his throat. Then they both forgot everything else in the sound that came over the waters to them from the steamer—a shout, then another and another. Their cries had been heard. Men appeared on deck, with lights behind them, looking out over the waters. The boys called again, and were answered. Then the steamer veered to the right, and began letting off steam; the "Swooping Eagle" had been descried—that was certain. The boys cheered and waved

their hats—the steamer cheered and swung the lanterns. Then a yawl darted from under the steamer, as it seemed, like a duckling from the mother wing. The boys called, “Here! here!” a great many times, to indicate their whereabouts.

After a little while, the relief-boat came alongside the “Swooping Eagle,” and the boys eagerly climbed aboard; then, after another while, the yawl lay alongside the steamer, and the boys climbed aboard her, with crew and passengers crowding and asking questions. This caused the boys to feel important. Then a free lunch was spread for the two lions, and they ate something. Did you ever see two supperless boys eat at about eleven o'clock P. M. ?

It was after one A. M. when Clint sat down in his mother's lap, and kissed her with a new happiness; and then went out to look for his father, who was out looking for him. Just around the corner he met Will Atkinson, who was on his way to police head-quarters to report himself found. Clint wandered about from one place to another for a long hour before he encountered his father, so that it was nearly three when he laid his head on his pillow. He had slept scarcely two hours when he heard the newspaper carrier crying “The Gate

City,”—the morning daily,—and then he heard the thud of the paper against the front door as it was thrown on the porch. He stole out and secured it, and then made himself comfortable in bed to look over the local items. He wanted to know about that man—the man whom the “Swooping Eagle” had meant to rescue. Half way down the local column Clint found the item he was looking for.

A man had attempted to cross in a skiff from the Illinois side of the Mississippi. Midway in the rapids the skiff had been upturned. But the man keeping his hold, had clung to the boat for thirteen minutes with only his head above water, as the swift current bore him on and on to the neighborhood of the ferry. Clint read with a sigh that it was one of the ferry company's boats that effected the rescue, drawing the man aboard just as his strength had failed him and he had relaxed his hold on the skiff. Clint read it with a sigh, because he had seen that very boat, which now wore the ribbon, when it put out; it was a long way behind his—the poor, shamed “Swooping Eagle.” “She'd have beat it,” thought Clint. “I know she would, and my name and Will's would have been right here before my eyes now, if I only had n't forgotten my oars.”

HOW BIRDS IMPROVE IN NEST-BUILDING.

BY PROF. W. K. BROOKS.

YOU often will meet with the statement in books about birds and birds'-nests, that each species goes on, year after year and generation after generation, building its nest in precisely the way which has always been followed by its ancestors. It is said that birds build their nests entirely by instinct, and that no improvement ever takes place, but that each bird selects a place for its nest, and gathers the materials, and goes through the process of building in exactly the way which has been followed for thousands of generations. It is also stated that young birds know how to do all this without any instruction, and make their first nest as skillfully as those old birds which have had experience, and have raised several broods of young. These statements are made so often by writers upon natural history, that it would seem as if there must be a good reason for them, and yet not one of them is true. Birds do not always go on building their

nests in similar places to those in which their ancestors built, but whenever better places are offered them, they soon learn to take advantage of them; neither do they stick to the same material for one generation after another, but whenever more suitable material is placed within their reach, they often learn how to use it, so that their nests are much better than those built by their ancestors; neither is it true that they never improve the shape of their nests, nor that the young birds are as skillful architects as the old.

You all know that only a few hundred years ago there was not a barn or a chimney within the United States, unless, perhaps, those singular cliff-dwelling people in New Mexico and Arizona, of whom we know so little, had barns and chimneys. At any rate, we know that on the east side of the Mississippi, at the time when the white men discovered and settled the country, there were no

people who knew anything of architecture. The barn and chimney swallows were to be found here then as they are to-day, but of course they were compelled to build their nests in hollow trees and caves, or any other suitable places which they were able to find. As soon as white men spread over the country and erected buildings, these birds, which had never before seen a barn or a chimney, soon discovered that these places are much more warm and dry than rotten trees and damp caves, as well as better protected from storms; and it probably did not take many years for the swallows to discover that snakes and birds and beasts of prey did not dare to approach such places. These wise birds, then, improved upon the habits of their ancestors, and gave up their old savage life in the woods, in order to share the benefits of civilization.

It seems as natural now for a barn-swallow to make its nest in a barn, as for a cat-bird to build in a bush or a tree; but it is plain that this has not always been the case, and that these birds have been wise enough to change their mode of life.

As an example to show that birds sometimes make changes in the material used in building their nests we may take the oriole. Many snakes are fond of birds' eggs, and in order to place its nest beyond their reach, as well as out of danger from other enemies, the oriole builds far out, near the tip of a branch of some tall tree, upon twigs which are so small that the nest is in little danger from any enemies except those which are able to fly. These slender twigs are swayed by every wind, and it would not answer to build in such a place an ordinary nest, like that of the robin, supported by a platform of sticks resting upon the branches; for the least wind would soon break such a nest to pieces, or throw it down to the ground. Nor would the swallows' plan of gluing the nest into its place be very much better; for even if it were securely fastened, and made strong enough to stand the shaking without falling to pieces, the first heavy gale would either break all of the eggs by striking them against each other, or else it would jerk them entirely out of the nest, and throw them down to the ground. It is very clear that an ordinary nest would not answer at all in such a place, and the oriole overcomes all the difficulty by weaving a wonderful hanging nest. This is shaped like a bag or purse, and is suspended between two twigs at the point where they unite with each other. The edges of the mouth of the bag are sewed to the twigs so that the nest hangs down between them, mouth uppermost, and in the hardest gale the eggs or young are perfectly safe at the bottom of this long, soft, well-lined bag. In weaving this nest the birds make use of every string or thread which they are able to find. They pull the lost fish-lines

out of ponds and streams, and gather up the kite-strings which they find among the branches of the trees and on the telegraph-wires. They are often seen tugging at the edges and worn places in the carpets which are hung out to be beaten at house-cleaning time in spring, and they often succeed in pulling out long threads, especially if the carpet is old and ragged. They sometimes carry off the skeins of freshly-dyed yarn which the farmers' wife has hung out to dry; they steal the strings which are tied around the young grafts upon the orchard trees, and carry off flax, hemp—everything, in fact, which they think they will be able to make use of in weaving their nest. Tresses of hair, and bits of gold lace from a militia officer's epaulet, are among the things which have been found in their nests. They are able to use their beaks and claws very skillfully, and will untie hard knots in order to gain possession of a piece of string. Hemp seems to suit them better than anything else, and if you will take the trouble to hang out a large bunch of this where they can find it, in the early spring, when they are gathering the materials for their nest, they will return to it again and again until they have carried all of it away, or until the nest is finished. If the bunch of hemp is tied up loosely, the dexterity and perseverance with which they will untie and pull out bunches of the fibers is very interesting, and well worth watching. A finished oriole's nest is a very strange mixture of grass, hay, horse-hair, thread, string, yarn and carpet-ravelings. Sometimes it contains long pieces of kite-tail, and I once found a nest into which the birds had woven no less than three fish-lines, with their corks and sinkers, and the rusty hooks, with dried pieces of the worms which had been used for bait still upon them.

It is very certain that a few hundred years ago orioles could have known nothing about string or carpet-ravelings, and must have confined themselves to such stringy fibers as can be found in a natural state; and those orioles which build their nests at a distance from houses, still make use of grass, flax, the fibres of silk-weed, and other things which they are able to find; but of course a much stronger and more durable nest can be woven from strong thread and string, and the birds have not been slow to discover this and to act accordingly.

It may perhaps be said that both the oriole and the swallow owe their improvement to their intercourse with man, and that the fact that they have made great advances in their method of building is owing to his influence, so that these examples do not prove that birds have any power to improve themselves without his help. At first sight this objection seems to have great weight, but as soon as we examine it more carefully, we find that it

does not amount to much. It is true that man supplies the opportunities of which the barn-swallows and the oriole avail themselves, but this is all that he does; and the fact that the birds do take advantage of the opportunities, shows that they have the power of improvement within themselves,

and their improvement is the result of their own efforts; and there can be no doubt that, if the same advantages had presented themselves independently of men, the birds would have been wise enough to seize upon them.

We have now seen that birds do sometimes make



ORIOLES AND THEIR NEST.

and ready to show itself as soon as occasion arises. Orioles and swallows are not domestic, like the various sorts of poultry; although they find it to their interest to associate with man, they are their own masters, and in this respect are as truly wild as those birds which live in the woods and swamps; in fact, the oriole is as shy and difficult to approach as a forest bird. Man has not tamed or instructed

improvements in the places selected for their nests, and in the materials which they make use of; and I will next try to show you that they occasionally make great changes for the better in the shape of their nests.

A few years ago Pouchet, a French naturalist, who was then engaged in writing a book upon natural history, wished to have an engraving made

of the nest of the common European house-martin. The nests in his collection were nearly fifty years old, and, thinking that the artist would be able to make a much better picture from a new and perfect nest than from an old one, he employed a man to collect a number from the walls of the houses in Paris.

Upon comparing these with the old nests in his collection, Pouchet found that there had been a very great improvement in the architecture of these birds within the last fifty years. He says that the old nests are globular, or forming a segment of a sphere with a very small rounded opening, just large enough to allow the passage of the birds inhabiting it; and the accounts of all the ancient writers agree in describing this as the form of the nest in their day. The new nest is in the form of the quarter of a hollow semi-oval, this giving three flat surfaces for attachment instead of one, and affording much more room on the floor of the nest. The opening is no longer a round hole, but a long transverse slit, between the upper edge of the nest and the wall of the building to which it is attached, thus allowing the young to put their heads out and enjoy the fresh air, without interfering with the entrance and exit of the parents. M. Pouchet says that, besides the advantages of more room inside the nest, increased facilities for access and greater strength, it is also more secure from the invasion

of enemies, and better protected from the entrance of cold and rain, and is thus a decided improvement upon the old form.

Many of the naturalists who have studied the habits of birds with the greatest care have satisfied themselves that young birds are not as skillful as the old. Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago Lerory, a French naturalist who spent his life in studying the habits of the wild animals of Europe, published a book, which has lately been translated into English, on the "Intelligence and Perfectibility of Animals." In this book he says that it is impossible that a constant and attentive observer should fail to remark that the nests of young birds are almost invariably ill-made and badly situated. He also shows that the best and most complicated nests are made by those species of birds whose young remain a long time in the nest, and thus have more opportunity to see how it is made. Wilson, the ornithologist, who spent his life in studying the habits of our birds, reached the same conclusion—that there is a very perceptible inferiority in the nests of young birds.

I should say more upon the progressiveness of birds, but I already have given enough space to the subject for this month. There are several remarkable nests about which I must say a few words in the next chapter, before we leave the subject of birds'-nests.

A SUMMER RIDE IN LABRADOR.

BY MRS. C. E. GROSER.

"GIRLS, girls! have you forgotten that the Gaspards are going to move to-day?" said Lizzie Wayne, as she shook her sisters vigorously by the shoulders. "I've got the loveliest idea, and I want you to help me carry it out. Do wake up!" she continued, despairingly.

"What's the matter?" said Mary, sleepily. "I'm sure it is not time to get up yet. It is not even fairly light. If you've had bad dreams, turn on your side."

"It is n't bad dreams. It's fun," said Lizzie. "I want to take our own team and koomatic and go with the Gaspards as far as Tucker's. We have n't had a dog-ride for ever so long, because, when we have been at liberty to go, the crust has been too soft; but this morning it is as hard as

ever, and we can be at home again before it can soften. I will speak to papa and get permission. Wake Alice and tell her, and hurry as fast as possible, for every moment is precious."

So saying, the merry-faced girl left the room. Tapping lightly at her father's door, she asked:

"May we have the dogs and the cruising harness, please? The Gaspards are going away to Lac Sallé, and we would like to go with them as far as Tucker's, while the snow crust remains hard."

"I'll tell you when I come down-stairs," said her father.

Back flew Lizzie to her sisters' room.

"What did papa say?" asked both girls in a breath.

"Oh, he wants to be sure about the crust, but

I'm certain he'll let us go, for he said last week that the Tuckers had been neglected, and that he wished it was possible to see them before the ice broke up altogether. I'm going to see how the Gaspards are getting along."

"We will go, too, in a few minutes."

The above conversation took place in the mission-house of St. Augustine River, in Labrador.

The three girls were the daughters of the missionary, who had lived there with his family about four years.

The little settlement which had grown up around the mission-house was used during the winter only. In the summer, the people left their sheltered quarters and lived in cabins on the various islands along the coast. There they caught, salted and cured their fish, and also traded with people from Quebec and Nova Scotia who exchanged dry-goods and provisions for fish, oil and furs.

The Gaspards, at the time of our story, were making their spring move. When Mary and Alice reached the cabin of their departing friends, they found everything in a state of confusion. The men were moving and arranging the large bundles, and articles of furniture. The children were in a state of happiness and hilarity peculiarly trying to their tired and long-suffering elders.

"You, Joe!" exclaimed the exasperated father, as he discovered his second son carrying out a bundle containing garments the children would have to wear on the journey, "if you stir from that 'ere chair, I'll make you walk half-way to Lac Sallé. So there!"

Joe was subdued for the time, but soon began to occupy himself with "washing" the face of a baby brother, who resented the insult by kicks and screams. Mary rescued the poor little fellow, and sent Joe to see if her father was coming,—just as that gentleman entered.

"Almost ready to start, eh, Mr. Gaspard?" he asked.

"Almost, sir."

"You must wrap up warmly," said Mr. Wayne. "The wind will be blowing very hard on the outside bays, I expect."

"Ah, yes, sir; I'll be keeful."

"Well, papa, have you decided to favor our scheme?" asked Lizzie.

"Yes. The crust is hard, and you would better make the most of this chance and call on the Tuckers. But you must be sure to return early, before the heat of the sun has spoiled the ice."

"We will be very careful. It is only a little past four now; by half-past four we must start from here. We can get there by half-past five, pass an hour and a half there, and return in another hour; allowing half an hour for stoppages, we can

be back easily by half-past eight. You see, I have reckoned all the pro's and con's, and have all my plans cut and dried," said Lizzie to her father.

"Come, girls," she added, "we must go and harness up the dogs."

"Ha, dogs! Hi! hi! hi!" they cried as they neared home. "Here, Spot! Mona! Black! Leo! Neptune! come out! Come, Douglas! come along. Hi! hi!"

Out tumbled the dogs, as pleased as if they were being called to breakfast instead of to work.

They capered and danced about the girls, and tumbled over one another in a very lively manner; and when the "cruising" harness, with its bright rosettes and streamers of ribbon, was brought out, they actually howled and yelped with excitement.

They knew, then, that a "cruise" with a light load was before them, and not hard work like wood-hauling. So, instead of running away and hiding in the bushes, as when the work-harness was brought out, they each tried to be first in place.

Dog harnesses are very simple,—only two rings of oxnoe (salted and dried seal-skin), one larger than the other, joined by two straps of the same material. The larger ring goes just behind the fore-legs of the dog, the smaller one around his neck; consequently, one of the connecting bands goes between his fore-legs, and the other along his back. The back strap is continued in a long string or "trace," at the end of which is a loop.

The kommatic, or sled, is made by placing two boards on edge, the fore-ends being turned up, somewhat like the runners of a child's coasting-sled. These form the runners, and on them are "sewed," not nailed, strips of wood called bars. These bars are generally cut in some fancy form at the ends, and are sometimes very beautifully inlaid with differently colored woods and white whalebone. The bars are placed "close together," and are sewed or lashed to the runners, because nails are apt either to start out or to split the wood when the kommatic leaps from a height upon hard ice, as sometimes happens. The string or lashing gives a little, and so prevents this danger.

The runners are shod with whalebone: not the black material used by corset-makers, but the real white bone of the whale. It is scraped and polished until it is as smooth as ivory, and makes splendid shoeing for the kommatics. No shafts are used. The part of the runner turned up is called the nose. From runner to runner, through the noses, is fastened a piece of oxnoe, so tied as to leave two ends in the middle. On one of these ends is a large whalebone button, and on the other is a loop.

When the dogs are to be attached to the kommatic, the several loops on their back-straps

are threaded on this piece of oxnoe, then the looped end is slipped over the button at the other end, and the harnessing is complete.

Kommatiks have nothing to support the arms or back. They are simply long flat sleds, varying in length from twelve to fifteen feet. A buffalo-robe or bear-skin, to sit and kneel on, is lashed to the sled with a long piece of oxnoe, which is much stronger and lighter than thick rope. The dogs are driven entirely by voice and whip; there are no reins. A good head-dog, or leader, will turn at once, when ordered, in ordinary circumstances. When the driver wishes to go to the right, he calls, "Ouk! ouk! ouk!"—when to the left, "Rarrah! rarrah!"

Very quickly did our friends prepare for their journey. The dogs were harnessed and fastened to a strong post to prevent their running away.

The whip was a curious one. It had a very short wooden handle, to which were fastened layers upon layers of oxnoe. These were gradually tapered down to a lash of one thickness of oxnoe. The whip was sufficiently long to reach the head-dog, whose trace was fully thirty feet in length.

"We are all right now, I believe," said Lizzie, "so let us go and see if the Gaspards are ready to start."

They found that Mrs. Gaspard was just about to be packed into her kommatic in the usual fashion of the Labrador women. On her sled a bottomless box, shaped something like the body of a sleigh, was securely lashed. In this was placed a feather-bed, and then she got in, and, half lying down and half supported by pillows, she was ready for the journey. Her children were stowed about her, and then blankets and comforts were tucked around them to keep them warm.

The girls packed the children in, and then, patting Master Joe on the head, and bidding him be good and not tease his little brothers and sisters, they went back to their own conveyance.

"Oh, the drags!" cried Alice. "We are going without the drags, and we can't stop the dogs suddenly without them."

"I'm very glad you remembered them," said Mr. Wayne, as he brought two large rings of thick rope and tied them to the kommatic. "Now you are all right, I think."

All this time the dogs had been keeping up a series of screams, barks, yells and whines, almost deafening. At last the word was given to start; the dogs were loosed; and away dashed the kommatic down the bank to the river as fast as the animals could gallop.

"Hold on tightly until we are clear of the ridges of ice on the edge of the river, or you will be thrown off," cried Lizzie, who was foremost of the girls.

"All right!" they cried. "We are enjoying the bouncing famously."

The other team had started a few minutes before, and was about half a mile ahead.

"These dogs are nearly crazy, I think," said Alice. "They race as if possessed. I wonder whether we shall overtake the Gaspards before they get to the Pocashoe River?"

"Indeed we shall; we are fast gaining on them now. I don't want our dogs to get mixed with theirs, or we shall have a fight to quell. All the dogs are so fresh that it would be hard work to separate them," said Lizzie.

"Well, let us try to get ahead, out of their way," said Mary.

"Is not the air delightful—so fresh, clear and still?" said Alice.

"Yes, indeed; and see how the sun throws a crimson glow over the snow, and how the little particles of ice glitter and sparkle!"

"Who would imagine that it was the sixth of June?" said Lizzie. "Does n't it seem strange, when we think of sleigh-riding in June? They are eating peas and strawberries in New York, and are probably complaining already of the hot weather. Dear, dear! It seems so strange!" and Lizzie fell into a deep reverie over warmer climes. She was aroused by the dogs uttering quick, short yelps as they found they were overtaking the other team.

"Haw! haw! ha—aw!" cried the girls, endeavoring to stop them.

"Quick! The drags!" cried Lizzie. "Oh dear, I do believe that we must let them fight. It is too bad."

"I can't untie the drags!" cried Mary. "There, I've got them off at last; there they are."

"It's no use," said Lizzie. "They can't be stopped now."

"Don't attempt to get off, or they may throw you down, and kill you in the fight. They don't care who or what is bitten, so long as they bite something!" cried Mr. Gaspard, as he jumped from his kommatic.

"All right!" said the girls. "Be careful about yourself!" they screamed, as the bold fisherman went into the thick of the fight and dealt vigorous blows with the thick butt-end of his whip, so forcibly as to send several of the dogs howling away as far as their traces would allow them. The girls kept these dogs apart by means of their long whip. At last the fight was over, and sore and howling the teams started again.

The Waynes now took the lead at a good quick dog-trot.

Their way lay along the Pocashoe River. It was only a few hundred yards wide, and was shaded by

trees of spruce and fir, so it looked more like a magnificent carriage-way than a river.

All went along peacefully; the two kommatiks kept within hailing distance, and a stream of merry jest and banter flowed freely.

"When we get to the portage, I want you to go first, Mr. Gaspard," said Lizzie. "You know the way better than we. We will drive a little way up the river, past the entrance of the portage, so that

remarked. "Me 'n' George drove Spot and Leo, t'other day, and they turned when we wanted 'em to. I just called 'Ouk! ouk!' and they went to the right side, and I called 'Rarrah! rarrah!' and they went to the left side."

"That was because they were well trained, Joe," said Lizzie. "They did what was told them, and did n't stop to ask why, as boys do sometimes. They obeyed at once and asked no questions."



CAPSIZED IN THE SNOW.

you can enter without having to pass our dogs. When you're safely in, we'll turn and follow you."

"Very well. I guess we won't have much trouble, the going is so good," returned Mr. Gaspard. "Here you, Joe!" he exclaimed, "where are you going?" and, catching that young man by the back of his coat-collar, he hauled him off the edge of the sled.

"I want to ride like Miss Lizzie and Miss Mary," said Joe. "They can jump off and run when they want to," he added, wistfully.

"Joe!" cried Miss Mary, "would you like to ride with us through the portage?"

Joe readily accepted the invitation, and in a few moments was snugly seated among the girls.

"Miss Mary, I can drive dogs," he gravely

"How do they drive horses, Miss Mary?" asked Joe, anxious to change the subject. "Do they drive 'em like dogs?"

"They put an iron bit into the horse's mouth, and fasten to it lines called reins. When they pull on these lines, to either the left or right, the horse goes in the direction of the pull."

"How funny!" said Joe. "Is a horse very much larger than a dog? I've seen pictures of horses, but they are all little sizes."

Here Mary gave Joe a full and minute description of the horse—an animal almost unknown in Labrador—and the method of driving it.

According to the plan laid down, Mr. Gaspard entered the portage first; and as the dogs had lost their first freshness and settled into their ordinary

trot, no more fights were feared. The portage was simply a way through the woods, saving a long journey around. Except that some trees had been cut down in this road, there was no difference between it and the forest.

The snow was deep enough to cover the stumps of the felled trees, and as the portage had been used all winter and the snow crust was still hard, the party had no difficulty in following it.

"Is it not lovely in the woods?" said Mary. "Let the dogs walk through, Lizzie, so that we can enjoy it as long as possible."

So they traveled more slowly, talking and laughing and delighting themselves in the free air, and fell back quite a distance behind the others.

At the end of the portage, leading to the bay, was a long, steep hill. So steep was it that Mr. Gaspard decided to take the dogs from his kommatic, and, letting them scramble down as best they could, himself guide the sled down, coasting fashion. This he did, and then, calling his dogs together, he proceeded to hitch them up again.

But the dogs were loath to leave their rolling upon the snow. Therefore, by the time Mr. Gaspard had secured them all, and was fastening them to the kommatic, the girls had nearly reached the top of the hill.

The young people were so engrossed in pleasant chatter that they did not notice how near they were to the end of the portage.

The first intimation they had of it was a wild howl of delight from their dogs, who descried their late foes and rushed frantically toward them.

"Oh, Mary, hand the drags over!" cried Lizzie. "The dogs will be past the top of the hill before we can check them, and we certainly shall be thrown off!"

Mary passed the drags, and Lizzie quickly slipped them over the noses of the kommatic; but it was of no use.

"Hold on as tightly as you can, but have yourselves quite free from everything, so as to be able to jump if the kommatic should be overturned," said Mary. "Joe, hold on to my dress, and I will put an arm around you," she continued.

The sled now began the descent. Fast and faster it went, and Lizzie saw that it was overtaking the dogs, and, of course, would be overturned.

"Jump!" she cried, and, suiting the action to the word, she sprang from her seat into the deep snow.

The others followed, and, rolling and tumbling, they slid down as far as some bushes and felled trees. Here they stopped, panting and breathless, and reviewed the situation.

As soon as they had recovered breath sufficiently, they laughed heartily at their ridiculous appear-

ance. Lizzie still firmly grasped the whip with one hand. With the other she had caught at a branch of a spruce-tree which had broken off, leaving in her grasp a green trophy of the leap. Mary had one arm around little Joe, who was kicking vigorously to get loose and help himself. And Alice, who had rolled farther, was looking ruefully at a rent caused by Master Joe's feet.

Mr. Gaspard saw the accident, and came running up the hill at a great rate, to assure himself that they were unhurt.

"We are all right, Mr. Gaspard," cried the girls when they saw him; "not hurt a bit."

"How are we to get down the rest of the hill?" asked Alice.

"Slide down, to be sure," said Lizzie. "The snow is too slippery to walk on, the dogs and sled are at the foot of the hill, so we can't ride; therefore nothing remains but to slide."

So they bestrode some loose branches, and down they went, laughing and enjoying the fun, and in a few moments had reached the sled.

After more laughing and joking, they regained their seats, put Joe back with his mother, and bidding one another good-bye, the teams separated.

The Waynes now became very quiet, for "good-bye," even if said for only a short time, has a depressing effect upon the spirits. However, as they neared the island on which stood the cabin of the Tuckers, they became chatty again, and were all right when, after giving their dogs in charge of a boy, they sat around a hot stove asking and answering questions.

Mrs. Tucker piled the already nearly red-hot stove full of wood, and set about getting breakfast.

"I'm sorry not to have anything nice to give you; but all our salt pork is gone, and we've nothing now but some fresh trout caught t'other day."

"Don't apologize at all, Mrs. Tucker. We're as hungry as bears, and can eat almost anything," said Alice.

The fish was fried in seal-oil, and the tea was made from spruce-boughs. Still they managed to satisfy their hunger, even although butter was wanting and the bread was sour, having been made with old leaven instead of yeast.

After breakfast, Alice, who had been told by the children that "down the bay there were lots of clams uncovered by snow," and knowing her father to be particularly fond of these shell-fish, determined to get a few for him; so, accompanied by the children, she set out, leaving her older sisters to be entertained by the other members of the family.

"Don't stay long," said Mary. "We must start very soon, or the crust will be soft."

"I will be very quick," said Alice.

"We will call you in half an hour, and you must return at once, clams or no clams," said Lizzie.

"All right!" said Alice.

Half an hour soon passed, and Lizzie went to the door to call the clam-pickers, but not one was in sight. She called, but there was no answer.

"Oh dear, it is too bad!" she said. "Mary, come and help me call them."

So both girls united their voices, and called over

any quantity of clams, and picked a whole bucketful. "I'm sure papa will enjoy them very much."

"Yes, if we are able to get home to give them to him," said Lizzie. "Good-bye, friends! we must start at once."

So our heroines whipped up their dogs and began their journey in right good earnest.

The going was much more difficult now than before. The crust was already beginning to melt, and the dogs had all they could do to get along.



"THE DOGS BECAME FRANTIC AT SIGHT OF THE DEER."

and over again until they were almost hoarse, but to no purpose.

"I would leave her here until to-morrow, if it were really safe; but the river may be open by that time," said Mary.

"Well, we'll put the dogs into harness, so as not to have to wait when they do come," said Lizzie. This was done, and both girls were ready to start; but still there was no sign of the wanderers.

Another quarter of an hour went by, and just as Lizzie had determined to go in search of them, they made their appearance, quite unconscious that they had been giving their friends such anxiety.

"I'm very sorry," said Alice, penitently, when all had been hastily explained to her. "We found

Just as they were nearly across the bay, and the girls were comforting themselves with the thought of a nice ride through the portage, where the sun had not yet been able to soften the crust, their dogs began to whine impatiently. Raising their noses in the air, and sniffing eagerly, the animals with one consent suddenly veered around, and almost flew over the snow.

"Oh dear! they have scented something. We must try to get them turned around," said Mary; and she applied her whip vigorously, and all cried, "Ha, ha, ha, dogs!" to try to stop the excited animals.

"Now, how provoking!" said Lizzie. "I wonder what they have scented—probably a partridge."

"No, it is a deer," said Alice, pointing to a beautiful stag bounding across the bay before them.

The dogs became frantic at sight of the deer, and the girls, knowing they could not stop them now, did not even try to put on the drags.

All held on as if for dear life. On, on went the deer, and on, on went the dogs!

"Where shall we be taken to?" cried Alice, in dismay.

"The deer is going toward the woods," said Lizzie, re-assuringly. "If the ice is good, and we can reach there safely, we shall be all right, for we can stop the dogs then."

The ice bore well, and the sled reached the edge of the bay in safety.

"Now, hold fast, while we go up the bank into the woods," cried Lizzie, "and then we are all right."

Up the bank they went, tumble and bump, and at last reached the woods. Lizzie then dexterously steered the kommatic in such a way that it ran with its front bars against a tree, the noses of the runners being one on either side of the trunk.

So the dogs were effectually stopped, for they could not pull the tree down; and, howling with rage and disappointment, they only tugged fruitlessly at their traces, while the deer bounded safely away into the woods. The girls waited until the dogs had quieted a little, and then turned the kommatic toward home.

It was a weary, weary journey. The sun had melted the snow so much that in many places it was only slush, and the girls were obliged to walk until they got to the bank of their own river, on the other side of which stood the mission-house.

Walked? Why, it hardly could be called walking; it was wading—wading up to the waist in snow slush!

Oh, how joyfully they caught sight of the familiar home buildings!

"I'm sure I can never walk across there," said Alice, gazing at the river. "It's nearly a mile, and I'm so tired I can hardly stand."

"We must none of us try to walk," said Mary, gravely. "Listen! The ice is breaking-up farther up the river; we must get across before it breaks-up here."

The three girls turned pale. This was more than they had reckoned on.

With a silent prayer in each heart, they seated

themselves once more in the kommatic, and started. The dogs, encouraged by the sight of home, quickened their pace and bounded forward.

"Hold on for dear life!" said Mary. "It is *really for life* this time."

Louder and louder grew the sound of the breaking ice, and more and more the girls urged on their dogs. The excitement was now very great, and two-thirds of the distance was already passed, when a loud crack behind caused them to turn their heads. To their dismay, they saw a line of blue water where the ice had parted. The struggle began to seem hopeless.

The people on shore now joined in calling the dogs. Faster and faster they went, but still hardly fast enough.

"Oh, my clams!" cried Alice. "The bucket has been jerked off, and they have been scattered and lost behind."

"Oh, bother the clams!" said Lizzie. "If it had n't been for them, we should be all right by this time."

"Yes," I know," said Alice, penitently. "But 't is too bad, nevertheless!"

And now, in spite of urging, the pace of the dogs begins to slacken. All hearts turn chill with fear. What can they do? The blue line is growing wider and wider. Can they get ashore in time?

Suddenly, the missionary starts forward, and, seizing an axe that lies near, he runs toward the scaffold where the dogs' food is kept. Hastily mounting the ladder, he chops up some meat and throws it to the ground; the dogs on shore gather around and eagerly devour it. Still the missionary chops and throws down great pieces of the whale-flesh, shouting to the kommatic dogs all the time.

The panting creatures see him, and see also the dogs on shore eating as fast as possible; and, fearful of being too late for their share, they make a last desperate effort, and reach the shore safe and sound with their precious freight!

It was a joyful meeting, and everybody felt as if death had been almost in their midst.

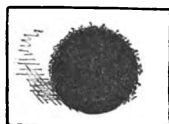
Within ten minutes of the girls' arrival, the river was a mass of floating ice.

But, in spite of their grave thoughts, they all teased Alice about the lost clams.

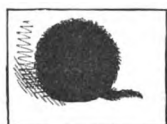
"Well," said she, "if I had not got the clams, we would all have missed an adventure. So there!"

LITTLE PEERY; OR, WHAT IT CAME TO.

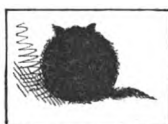
It was very funny, and I'll tell you how it happened. While busy at work, I heard a wee little noise, and went to see what it was. After looking a long while, I saw something like picture No. 1. What could it be? A period? No, for after getting closer, a little tail peeped out, as you



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



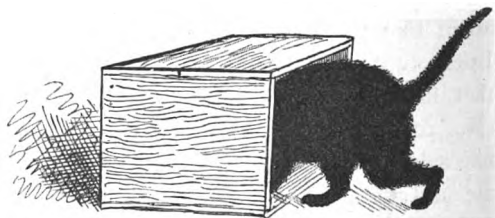
No. 4.

see in No. 2. I thought it must be a comma; but, looking again, it was like No. 3—one long tail and two short ones. What do you suppose it was? I looked once more, and—mercy! One long tail, and one, two, three, four, five, six short ones. “Perhaps it’s alive,” said little Johnny, and, sure enough, the next minute out it popped. What! A cat? Yes, here is its picture (No. 5), true to life, and, oh! *so* black it might have been



No. 5.

in mourning for a whole family. Ethel named it “Peery,” because it looked so much like a period when she first saw it; so we all called it Peery. Is n’t that a queer name?



No. 6.

Well, Peery had n’t been here long before he crawled into a box like the one you see here (No. 6). Did you ever hear of such a very funny kitty? But when he fell into the pail (picture No. 7), Johnny burst a button off with laughing. You will see in No. 8 how Peery looked in getting out of the pail, all wet.



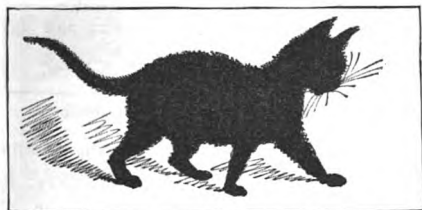
No. 7.

Well, this strange specimen of a cat stayed with us all day, and cut up the oddest little tricks—rolling on its back, getting under foot, playing with Johnny’s ball, and running off with mamma’s handkerchief. Once it was lost

in the work-box ; but when grandma thought it was a ball of black yarn, and tried to pick it up, she soon found that the ball had claws, and dropped it very quickly. And then Peery picked up the real ball of yarn, which had rolled on the floor, and scampered off into a corner, where he tangled the thread so much with his sharp claws, that Johnny had to wind it all up again. When it was all wound, Johnny

began to scold and tease him, but Peery ran

away and hid under the book-shelves. And he would not come out till Johnny tied a string to a little chip of wood, and dragged it before the shelves. Then Peery suddenly



No. 9.

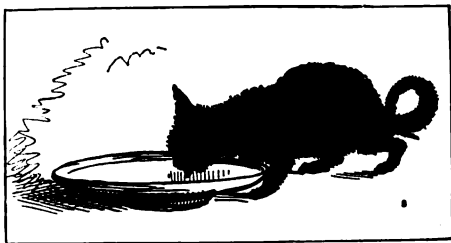
jumped out at it, as if it were a mouse.

When night came, little Peery looked so much like the dark that we thought him lost this time, sure enough, until he began meou-meou-meouing (No. 9), and walking about like the Black Prince, when Ethel got it some milk ; and here's that funny black Peery eating it (No. 10). See his tail curled up like a letter O. Poor Peery ! he ate and ate and ate, growing fatter and fatter, until he could hardly see out of his eyes. But you never could guess where he went to sleep. Why, right in the saucer ! See him !

But Peery had an end, and so must my story. He looks so nice and comfortable in the saucer, that we will leave him there sound asleep.



No. 8.



No. 10.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WARM day? Yes, indeed,—quite warm; and so I'll give you a nice cool word to look at:

ICE

As soon as you have looked at it long enough, and begin to feel chilly, run to the fire, my chicks, and take all the comfort you can. Then, when you've taken all the comfort you can, and begin to feel lazy, prick yourself briskly with the freezing-point of a thermometer, and rejoice that your Jack did n't ask you to name the kingdom to which ice belongs,—mineral, vegetable, or animal.

Why, in my opinion, the Jack who would ask his chicks such a thing as that during the dog-days, deserves to be dragged out of his pulpit.

PRESSING FLOWERS.

THE Little Schoolma'am, a few days ago, was showing the children how to press flowers; and she passed around two specimens, in perfect condition, which were pressed last summer in her fashion. Perhaps your Jack may as well give you a hint of it.

Her plan is to take a sheet of thin cotton-batting and lay the flowers carefully on it, covering them with another sheet, and then putting the whole under slight pressure. Sometimes, when the flowers are thick, and contain a good deal of moisture, she puts them in fresh cotton the next day, and after that does not disturb them. But in pressing nearly all the small flowers, the cotton

need not be changed at all, and not even opened until the flowers are preserved.

I noticed that the Little Schoolma'am's pressed flowers had a soft, bright look. She groups the long-stemmed ones prettily in vases, or lays them between sheets of thin glass, and hangs them in her windows in the winter, she says. They have n't at all the poor, pinched, faded, flattened look of flowers prepared in other ways.

The Little Schoolma'am presses green leaves and ribbon-grass in the same way, keeping their color perfectly; and she told the children that when they wanted to pile a number of these double cotton layers together, it was better to lay a sheet of blotting-paper in between the sets. Sometimes she lays tissue paper between the flowers and the cotton; but it is of the thinnest kind.

DISCONTENT.

"DISCONTENT is not always a bad quality. It is well to be contented with some things, but better to be discontented with others,—contented with the good things around you, and discontented with the bad things within you. If there is any hope of your being able to improve yourself in any way, or better any course of action, by all means be discontented with your present plan."

That is what I heard the Deacon saying to the old and young folks the other day. And I could n't help nodding when he added:

"Some of the greatest improvements in civilization, and the noblest advances in human intercourse, have been brought about by a spirit of active discontent."

But be careful, my youngsters, how you handle this bit of advice. If you take hold of it at the right end, and don't swing it too far, it will be useful to you.

ROBIN HOOD CLUBS.

WHAT do you think Jack saw the other day? What but a row of little birds perched on the top of a target? They seemed to be holding a consultation over it. After a while, one of them flew down and began to peck at the bright red and blue rings with which it was painted. At length, he poked his bill into a round hole which had been made by an arrow; he seemed to suspect something, for he instantly flew back to the top and joined his companions. And then such a clatter as there was! Finally, they all flew off with a business-like air, as if something must be attended to at once.

But they need not have been frightened; the boys and girls of the red school-house are nearly all Bird-defenders. Never a little wing shall stop fluttering on account of their arrows.

The youngsters have a Robin Hood Club to which girls as well as boys are admitted, and every Saturday they bring their bows and arrows and shoot at the target in a great prize match,—the prize generally being an orange, or something of that sort,—and nearly every afternoon they practice for an hour or so. It is a great delight to the girls, and no little enjoyment to the boys, although

I find that the latter often prefer a good race or a game of ball, to archery practice.

Jack is glad to see that this beautiful sport is nowadays being revived, and so long as the Robin Hoods are careful and do not put out one another's eyes, there is no reason why they should not have any amount of fun in the sport.

The boys of the red school-house club wear green tunics for uniform, with little green caps. Each girl also wears a green cap, with the addition of a sash of the same color passed over the left shoulder.

A BOY WITH HIS EYES OPEN.

DEAR JACK: I wish some of your little folks could take walks with a boy of my acquaintance, named Frank. They would find more going on around them than they had ever dreamed of.

A while ago we were out walking, and heard some blue-jays making an unusual noise. I thought it was only bird-talk; but Frank said something was wrong with them, and we soon found four blue-jays fighting an enormous owl.

Frank is a bit of a naturalist, and naturalists notice what other people would never see or hear. One evening when it was quite dark, Frank and I were returning from a walk, when he stopped and I listened intently. I did the same, only he heard something and I did not. Presently, I went and threw his hat up into a tree, and when it came down we found that the tree was swarming with beetles. Frank had heard them fifty or sixty feet off!

I wish you could have seen us at another time. We were lying at full length in the long grass, and three fine night-hawks (whip-poor-wills) were sailing over us. Every little while they would swoop down quite near to us, like arrows, their fall making a noise at one time like the rust of a wing, and then quick and clear like the hiss of a bullet; and then they would rise up again with a loud, sharp cry. They were after insects. We found one that had been shot. It was no larger in body than a robin. Its wings, when closed, were longer than its tail, its legs were small, its eyes were large and flat, and its mouth opened wide enough to take in several beetles at once. These signs show that the bird lived on insects, catching them in the air, and seeing very well and very far.

Frank carries with him a bottle filled with alcohol, and he may be talking to some one, when off he will rush after an insect of some kind to put into his bottle as a specimen. He will tear around the bedroom at night for beetles that have flown in.

I do not want to convey the idea that Frank is either odd or a lazy book-worm; no, he is a tall, athletic fellow, with a love for study, and exercise, and sport very equally balanced. He is good at all manly sports, besides being quite a society chap. Above all, he is a keen observer of nature; and so he enjoys himself, and learns something new every day. Tell your boys about him, Mr. Jack, and induce all to follow his example, who are not already in the ranks of young naturalists.—Yours truly, T. S.

THE FIERY TEARS OF ST. LAWRENCE.

BEFORE vacation, I heard Deacon Green tell some of the big girls and boys that he hoped they would take voyages about the sky during some of the warm summer evenings; for Mr. Proctor's charts and descriptions made it easy work to get acquainted with the queer people and grim monsters the professor finds among the stars.

Then the Deacon got talking about meteors.—I remember telling you something about them myself in October, 1874,—but here is what the Deacon said:

"Showers of meteors fall at certain seasons of the year: about the 9th to the 14th of August, and the 12th to the 14th of November. At one time, the August shower was supposed to have some reference to the martyrdom of brave old St. Lawrence, for that good man's death took place on the 10th of the month, and so these meteors were called 'the fiery tears of St. Lawrence.' But the latest news about them is —"

Your Jack did n't catch the end of the explanation, my chicks, and, as the Deacon is on his holiday tour, I'd be obliged if some of you would inquire into the matter, and let me know what you have found out, before this month's shower actually falls. For, when I have learned the "latest news" about these meteors, perhaps it won't be so unnerving to lean back in my lonely pulpit and watch them darting about the sky.

WHICH ARE THE SWIMMERS?

LAST month, I am told, Dr. Hunt gave lessons in swimming to all the ST. NICHOLAS readers who are not swimmers already. I wonder how many of you know of the great numbers of swimmers there are in the world besides fishes and human beings?

Of course you all are aware that most dogs can swim; but how about other animals? Have you ever looked into this matter?

Once the Deacon, in his travels, saw a tiger swimming magnificently. (So you may set this quadruped down among the first on your list.) The creature, says the Deacon, put one paw first into the stream, as if to ascertain the direction of the current, and then plunged in as though water were his native element.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

Montclair, N. J., July 14, 1877.

DEAR JACK: The locusts have made their appearance in our neighborhood, but I have not yet heard what extent of country they cover. They are the "seventeen-year locusts," and, correct in their calculations as to the time promised for another visit, here they are. We have been very much interested in watching them emerge from their shells or cases, in which they come up out of the ground, where they have been all these years.

After the larva has attached itself to a tree, or something to which it can cling securely, the locust splits the case part way down the back, and draws out first its head and fore-legs; these parts it throws backward almost at a right angle to the grub. Remaining in this position several minutes (we thought it must certainly lose its balance and fall to the ground), the locust moves its legs, stretching them, and strengthening them by exposure to the air, until it is able to draw itself up. Then it clings to the almost empty case, and, with a strong pull, extricates the rest of its body. When it hangs limp, and apparently tired out with the exertion. The wings gradually unfold to their full size, and in a little while the locust is strong enough to crawl away from its deserted shell.

Locusts are very light in color when they first come out, but they rapidly change, and become quite dark. The woods are noisy with their whirring, but we do not expect any damage from them.



Indeed, some old farmers declare that locusts do not injure the trees upon which they take refuge, beyond killing a few twigs; and it is a common saying that, after a locust year, we have next year an unusually large apple crop, and other fruit-trees seem to profit by the visit.

I wish I could draw the locusts in their various positions. They come out at night, as, in their weak state at first, they certainly would fall a prey to the birds if they should come out in the day-time.

Those that we saw, had been brought into the house by my brother in the afternoon, and we looked at them during the evening, holding a candle near them, that we might see all the chances. I can't resist sending you this rough drawing, since you may see how straight out from its case the locust was for a while. The part marked A is the wing as it first appeared.—Yours truly, H. M. D.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Yung Cho, North China, April 4, 1877.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in China, fifteen miles from Peking. One of our aunts sends us the ST. NICHOLAS. We think it is splendid, and mamma says she does not know how she amused us before it came. We read it every evening. I have just read Susie's letter of July, '74. Will you tell her the Chinese are very nice. I have some very dear friends among them. I shall be very sorry to leave them when I go to America to go to school.

I can use chop-sticks very well. I am eleven years old, my sister Abbie is nine, my brother Eddie seven, my sister May is five, and my little brother Todie is one year old. My oldest brother and youngest sister have gone to live with Jesus.

Abbie, Eddie and May wish to join the army of Bird-defenders. We will not let our cats catch birds; we took away five from them last summer. We feed a large flock of sparrows every day; they have staid with us all winter. The poor Chinese women think it a waste, but mamma says we are taught lessons of trust by the way they come every day for their food.

I send you a picture which one of my friends gave me. The Chinese put them up at New Year to make their homes bright.

We study with mamma every forenoon, and in the afternoon study a little Chinese. I send you a little book which I am learning to read. I help teach the little girls who come to Sunday-school.

I can ride a horse, and have ridden to Peking on a donkey many times.

I went to America when I was four years old. I hope when I go next time I shall see you.—Your loving little friend.

LULU E. CHAPIN.

We thank Lulu for her pleasant letter, and the Chinese paper and book. We wish all our young readers could see this Chinese "Reader" from which Lulu studies, and we shall be glad when she can send us a translation of one of its pages.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR PROCTOR ON THE SEA-SERPENT.

DEAR MRS. DODGE: I see in your "Letter-Box" a paragraph about the sea-serpent, inserted at the request of one of your young correspondents. The paragraph does not quite correctly represent what I actually said; but that does not much matter. I think it may interest your readers, however, to jot down a few facts, some of which are not commonly known, I believe, while others are commonly overlooked or forgotten. In passing let me remark that the circumstances mentioned in the paragraph were quoted from an essay by Dr. Andrew Wilson, the well-known Scottish naturalist.

1. A great number of foolish stories have been told about the sea-serpent by anonymous hoaxers, so that—

2. Persons of known name are apt to be ashamed, rather than otherwise, to describe any sea-creature (or appearance) which they supposed to be the sea-serpent. Yet—

3. In 1817, eleven Massachusetts witnesses of good repute gave evidence on oath before magistrates (one of whom corroborated the evidence from his own observation) about a serpentine sea-creature seventy or eighty feet long, seen in some cases within a few yards. It presented all the features afterward described by the officers of the "Dædalus."

4. In 1833 five British officers record a similar experience.

5. In 1848 the captain of a British frigate sent to the Admiralty an official description of such a creature, seen (by himself and his officers) traveling past his ship, close by, so that he "could have recognized the features" of a human person at the distance "with the naked eye."

6. Captain Harrington and his officers saw such a creature in 1858 under such circumstances that he says: "I could no more be deceived than (as a seaman) I could mistake a porpoise for a whale."

7. The story last related, marvelous though it is (is rejected by myself on that account, when first received, as a probable hoax), has been deplored to on oath by all who were on board the "Pauline" at the time. The captain of the "Pauline" writes to me that, instead of being anxious to tell the story, he, and his officers and crew, were in twenty minds to keep it to themselves, knowing that they would be exposed to ridicule, and worse.

8. It is certain that creatures of the kind—i. e., not sea-serpents, which few believe in, but sea-saurians—were formerly numerous. (See Lyell's "Students' Geology,"—*Lias, Plesiosaurs, Dolichodactylus*.)

9. Of other creatures, numerous at the same time, occasional living specimens are still found. (See Lyell—*Lias Chinensis*.)

10. Agassiz ("Zoologist," p. 2395) states that it would be in precise conformity with analogy that such an animal as the Enaliosaurus

(which, see Professor Winchell's "Sketches of Creation," p. 178, would precisely resemble the sea-serpent as described) should exist still in the American seas.

11. Of several existent sea creatures only very few specimens have ever been seen (in some cases only one).

With these, and many like facts before us, we may believe that the above-mentioned observers were deceived, and doubt whether any Enaliosaurus continue to exist. But there is no scientific reason for denying the possibility of their existing, and being occasionally seen. The foolish stories told by hoaxers have no bearing on the case one way or the other; at least, they *should* have no bearing with those who can reason aright.

Yours truly,

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Indianapolis, Indiana, June 4, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Speaking of a sentence containing a number of that's as a "that sentence," as "Stanley" did, I send you one that excels Lida B. Graves's.

John said in speaking of that "that," that that "that" that that "that sentence" contained was a conjunction. Thus I put eight "that's" together.—Yours truly,

ALBERT PORTER.

Washington, D. C., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy only thirteen years of age, and live in Washington, D. C., right across the street from the Capitol Park. The day that Governor Hayes was inaugurated there were at least 1,000,000 people over to the Capitol to see him. It was a glorious sight to see the great building all decorated with flags and to see the people there. During the day, the procession passing along in front of the building, left Governor Hayes at the Capitol. They went down Capitol Hill after his speech to take him down to the White House. When he was going to the White House I was in a great crowd, and I managed to get clear up in the front; when the crowd pressed, so as to get a peep at him, they pushed me right up to him so close that the hack he was in ran over my toes almost. In the night-time they had a torch-light procession which was a great deal over a mile long,—say, about one mile and three-quarters long,—and about six men each. It was the most glorious sight I ever witnessed. I guess that a lot of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would have liked to see it.—Very respectfully,

WALTER DODGE.

ALICE R.—Your fraud has been discovered in many quarters. The story was stolen from Mace's "Fairy Tales." You will oblige us by never again sending anything to ST. NICHOLAS, as we cannot depend upon your honesty.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me by whom homœopathic medicine was invented and when?—Yours respectfully, A. E.

The system of medicine known as homœopathy came from the experiments and discoveries of Samuel Christian Frederick Hahnemann. It had long been known that certain substances, if administered to persons in health, produced certain symptoms of disease, and many medical men had experimented in the matter long before Hahnemann was born, so that it cannot be said that any one invented homœopathy. Hahnemann was the first to make thorough examination of this matter, and the first to publish a full account of the discoveries that led to the system of medicine called the homœopathic treatment. Hahnemann was born in Meissen, Saxony, April 10, 1755, and died in Paris July 2, 1843. His first publications on homœopathy were issued in 1796.

The following are the answers to the French riddles sent by Julia H. George, and printed in our last "Letter-Box":

First: Mon premier est le premier de son espèce; mon second est le seul de son espèce, et mon tout est ce que je ne veux pas vous dire. (Adieu.)

Second: Mon premier est un animal domestique; mon second est le quel des lames n'aient pas découvrir en elles-mêmes, et mon tout est une union. (Mariage.)

Third: Pourquoi l'Impératrice a-t-elle quitté Paris avec un dentiste? (A cause de ses dents.—*Séduan*.)

Carondelet (or South St. Louis), Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother has a young setter—he is a Gordon setter. He will bring me a stick, haul a wagon or sled, hold a piece of bread or meat on his nose until we tell him to take it, or when we count five, and then he will catch it in his mouth. He will jump over a stick, through a hoop, and play hide-and-seek with us. He goes down the street every evening to get my brother's lunch-basket, and brings it into the house; and he brings in the paper every morning. We also have two cats and five chickens. My cousin and I play Indians; we have wooden guns, pistols, daggers, tomahawks, and we have bags for blankets; we paint them. We each have a chamois leather cap with fur, feathers, and beads on; we also have bows and arrows. We dug a hole in the ground about two feet deep and built a house over it. We cook eggs, onions, potatoes, batter-cakes, and meat in it. We made buckets out of tin cans, and put wire handles in them; we made a gridiron out of wire, and plates out of the bottoms of tin cans. May be some other fellows and their sisters would like to know about it.—Yours truly,

P. D. NOEL.

The Ridge, Dover Plains, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a picture of a horse and a scare-crow which I have drawn with my pen from memory of what I saw last summer. I suppose city children hardly know what a scare-crow is. I will tell them. It is old clothes stuffed with straw or hay to resemble a man, and stuck upon a stick in a corn-field to keep the crows away from the corn when searching for grubs.

One day last summer I saw one of our horses go through open bars into our corn-field to examine a scare-crow. You know a horse when he sees anything strange will walk slowly toward it, going nearer and



THE HORSE AND THE SCARE-CROW. (DRAWN BY H. M. R. L.)

nearer, putting out his head to smell it, and when he is satisfied walk away. Our horse did so, and I have tried to draw the scene with my pen for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. Excuse all imperfections. I am a little girl not yet twelve years of age.—Your young correspondent,

H. M. R. L.

Compton, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for some time, and we are always glad to see you. I think it is nicer to make butter in a bottle than in one of those little tub churns. I have made it several times, and I do not think it takes an hour to churn it. I will tell you how to do it. Put some cream (it is not necessary that it should be sour) into a bottle with a large opening, and after tightly corking it, shake well until the butter comes. If you have not too large a bottle, and do not make too hard work of it, it is not so very tiresome. You must shake it until the butter is pretty well gathered together, and after washing it, etc., as B. H. W. describes in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, I think you will have some nice butter. I am thirteen years old.—Your friend,

LILY M. COCHRANE.

Cincinnati, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Has the new language reached you yet? I mean the one that is used only by the boys and girls. I have met very few "grown-ups" who attempt to speak it at all; but it is astonishing how quickly the younger people take it up. Now I will give a sample or two of the new "lingo." By analyzing the specimens you

can readily get at its principle of construction. Instead of Will saying: "Jack, give me a bite of your apple," as Wills sometimes do, he now says: "Ookja, ivega em a tetaa of oorya oopplea." "Broadway" is "Oodwaybraw." Of course every new language must have its poetry, and this one has shown its poetic side. The following verse I know you will admit is quite touching:

"OOKJA AND ILIJA.

"Ookja and Ilija went oopwa the illha
To etiga a ailla of oorya oopplea.
Ookja fell oowda and ookbra his onera,
And Ilija came umblingta artera."

Mark Twain says the Italians spell a great deal better than they pronounce. Unlike the Italians these,—"Ookja's" and "Ilija's" pronounce a great deal better than they spell.

The only rule I can give you for pronouncing the words in this new jargon is to give the final A a prolonged sound, like the A in after. In fact, the language seems to be made up of "oo's" and "ah's." Now that the boys have a secret language I suppose secret meetings will be in order; and, dear me, I don't know what will come next. What with their initials, slang, and now this new nigger-morale, why their own fathers and mothers cannot talk to them, it keeps on.

J. B. D.

Brooklyn, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell the Little Schoolma'am as I was wandering in the cemetery at Riverhead last summer, I came across the following history written on a tombstone, which I copied, thinking it might interest her:

"CAPT. JAMES FANNING,

"Died 1776, in the 98th year of his age.

"He was the great-grandson of Dominicus Fanning, who was mayor of a city in Ireland (under Charles I.); was taken prisoner at the battle of Drogheda, 1649; all the garrison, except himself, put to the sword. He was beheaded by Cromwell; his head stuck upon a pole at the principal gate of the city; his property confiscated, because when Charles I. made proclamation of peace, as member of the Irish Council, he advised not to accept unless the British Government would secure to the Irish their religion, their property, and their lives."—*O'Connor's History.*

"His son, Edmund, was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, married Catherine, daughter of Hugh Hays, Earl of Connaught, and emigrated to this country with his family, consisting of his wife Catherine, two sons, Thomas and William, and two servants, Labadie and Orna. Settled in Stonington, Ct. William, in a battle with the Indians, was killed by King William, who split his head open with a tomahawk. Thomas had a daughter, Catherine Page, and one son, James; this Capt. James Fanning served under Great Britain, when government was at war with France; married Hannah Smith, of Smithtown; had five sons and four daughters, viz., Phineas, Thomas, Gilbert, Edmund, and Nancy, Catherine, Bertha, Sally and Nancy.

Phineas had a son, Phineas, who graduated at Yale College, 1768, two of whose sons are now living, 1850, viz.: William Fanning in New York City, and P. W. Fanning in Wilmington, N. C. His wife Hannah, son Thomas, and daughter Catherine, buried beside their father. Gilbert settled in Stonington, Ct. Edmund became Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, where he held large estate. James settled on Long Island, had two sons, John and James; the latter was a merchant of years, residing three miles east of Riverhead, had five sons, four of whom are now living; the elder, James, died at Moriches in his seventy-second year, 1848. Nathaniel resides in town of South Hampton; two—Moses and Israel—reside in Riverhead town; and the fifth son, Joshua Fanning, physician in Greenport, Southold town. Sally Fanning married Captain Josiah Lupton, Catherine married a Mumford, Bertha married a Terry, and Nancy married Major John Wickham."

Now, dear Little Schoolma'am, is n't that a long inscription for a tombstone? It is said by the old folks of the town that Edmund Fanning brought over the first summer pear-tree that ever was in this country, and that he brought it over in a wash-tub. The tree is now living and bears fruit.—Your friend,

GUSSE C. DE VINNE.

Schenectady, March 12, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter, and tell you about a paper we have in school. I go to a private school with about five other children. And I thought that perhaps some of

your readers who go to a private school, or whose mothers teach them, might like to do the same thing. Our teacher told us (my school-mates and myself) that she was going to have a paper, and we were to write for it. The next morning she told us to vote for an editor and a name. The name chosen was "The Shooting Star." Our best poet is a little girl ten years old.

My teacher says that the object of the paper is to make us improve in writing, spelling, and punctuation. I forgot to say that the editor writes the compositions with pen and ink. The scholars write notes with their compositions to the editor. The editor reads the notes, and looks over the compositions, and if they are written nicely, and she thinks they are good, she (excusing a few mispelled words) accepts them. I am afraid I have written too long a letter to be printed, but hope not. I will now close.—Your faithful reader, CLYDE FITCH.

P. S.—I hope and think that Jacob will marry Florie. I have taken you for about four years from our news-agent here. CLYDE.

Newark, N. J.

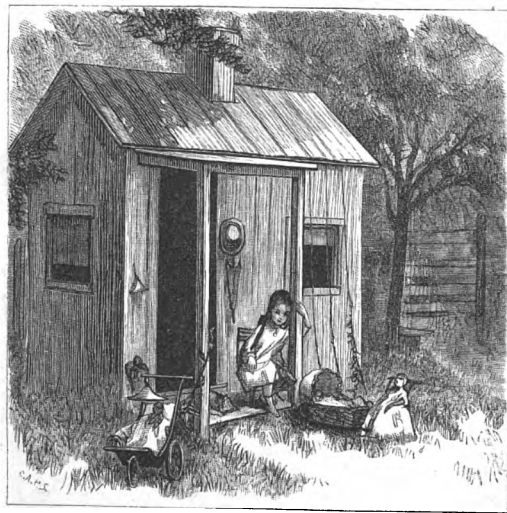
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our pussy was buried yesterday. We were sorry she died, but we did not cry.—Your little reader, ROB.

P. S.—I forgot to say that I am eight years old. The pussy's name was St. Nicholas, after you. She was gray, with a white tail.

ROB.

Camillus, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Feb. 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read a great many letters from the little folks in your good magazine, and in the March number I saw one from a little girl in Maryland, with a picture of her play-house, and as I have a play-house of my own, I thought I would write another letter to you telling about it, and perhaps my papa would send it for me. My play-house is in the front yard of our place, and is five feet wide, eight feet long, and six feet high. It is divided into two rooms by curtains, it is all papered and carpeted, and has a large door with a porch over it, and two windows in it. My grandpa built it for me.



MYRA'S PLAY-HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

I have such splendid times in it during the summer. This is the third year I have taken St. NICHOLAS. I like it ever so much. The stories are very nice, especially the "Eight Cousins" and "Pattikin's House." I will be nine years old in March. I go to school every day and like it very much. I send you a photograph of my play-house, which you may use if you think it is nice enough to put in the magazine.

From your little friend and well-wisher. MYRA E. SAFFORD.

H. STARKWEATHER'S PROBLEM.—Since our July number went to press, the following boys and girls have been heard from in regard to Starkweather's problem: "H," Mary H. Buckingham, A. L. Manierre; "B," "John and others" send correct solutions. M. T. F. sends a very confused and unsatisfactory "explanation," and Mary

G. is quite at sea in the matter, as she will discover by noting the solution given in our June number. Mary A. Buckingham's communication is worth printing in full:

Newton, Mass., May 30, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I have found a solution which will satisfy H. Starkweather concerning the problem in algebra which he sent to the June "Letter-Box." I give it below:

Now $49 - 63 = -14$, and $4 - 18 = -14$, then $49 - 63 = 4 - 18$, or $9(7) = 4 - 9(2)$, adding $\frac{81}{4}$ to each member of the equation, we have $49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4} = 4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4}$.

The square root of $49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4} = \pm(7 - \frac{9}{2})$.

The square root of $4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4} = \pm(2 - \frac{9}{2})$.

We must take either the positive roots of both members, or the negative roots of both members.

Now $7 - \frac{9}{2} = 7 - 4\frac{1}{2} = 2\frac{1}{2}$, which is a positive quantity. Therefore, $7 - \frac{9}{2}$ is the positive root of $49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4}$. $2 - \frac{9}{2} = 2 - 4\frac{1}{2} = -2\frac{1}{2}$, which is a negative quantity. Therefore, $2 - \frac{9}{2}$ is the negative root of $4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4}$. If $2 - \frac{9}{2}$ is the negative root, the positive root must be $\frac{9}{2} - 2$. Then the equation reads: $7 - \frac{9}{2} = \frac{9}{2} - 2$, or $2\frac{1}{2} = 2\frac{1}{2}$, which is correct.

Yours respectfully, MARY H. BUCKINGHAM (aged 15 years).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your Christmas number I saw a letter about a doll which was one hundred and forty-three years old. I understood that it was supposed to be the oldest in America. We have one that is one hundred and fifty-eight years of age, and is consequently fifteen years older. This doll of ours is wooden. Time has thought fit to deprive it of its arms and legs, but its owner kindly substituted cloth ones. The last time it was dressed was about forty years ago. It wears a black silk petticoat, black satin dress, white kerchief, and carries in one hand a large blue silk handkerchief dotted with white. Its painted wooden head is covered by a muslin turban. Her complexion is sallow, although she still has considerable color in her cheeks. Her eyes are large, black, and bulging; her nose is worn flat and shiny. Altogether, she is so handsome that her one compliment is, "She looks like a mummy!" This little old lady is a model, for she is as straight as though glued to a board. When placed beside her waven grand-children we fail to discover any family resemblance. It came formerly from Paris. If she could speak, what would she tell? Perhaps she could give the true version of George and his little hatchet.—Yours truly,

ROSA B. DICKINSON.

New York, May 15, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little sick girl, and you are such a pleasure to me, I read you over and over again. I am making "Christmas City." It has a hotel called the Katydidd House, after myself, and a church called the church of St. Mudclage, a butcher's shop, a candy store, a grocer's store, and a dry-goods store, private houses, and other buildings, and a paper railway train made by myself. No two houses are alike. I send you some names for the Pird-defenders. When are you going to have another list? My sister, who is in Halifax, takes you, too, and we both like you so much. And now I must say good-bye, from your constant reader,

KATY UNICAKE.

P. S.—Give my love to Jack and the Little Schoolma'am.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a tea-song sung by a Chinese woman to Queen Victoria and copied from papers and books. As there are three of us, we can't all read the same thing at once very well, and it is better to read to ourselves. We agree to let each one read a certain paper first. I let to read you first, though my two brothers like you very much indeed. I want to surprise my brothers with this letter if you will be so kind as to print it.

Ohc ometo the ete asho pwit hme
Andp uya po undo f thebe st
Twillpr ovcam ostex cellent ea
Itsqua lit yal lwi lla tte st
Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und
Soc omet othei eama rian dty
Nob etterc anel sewh erebefou nd
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy.

MAMIE C. RAINEY.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1874.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



The central picture represents the main word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

THE whole is the name of a very popular author.
 Upper diamond: 1. A consonant 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A part of a plant. 4. A boy's name. 5. A girl's name. 6. A word often used by Scotchmen. 7. A consonant.
 Lower diamond: 1. A consonant 2. A deep hole. 3. Used in medicine. 4. A writer. 5. To step. 6. A conjunction. 7. A consonant.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPE a float, and leave a small animal. 2. Syncope chilliness, and leave a fish. 3. Syncope a metal, and leave conducted. 4. Syncope a bowk, and leave a part of the foot. 5. Syncope to call, and leave a boy's nickname. 6. Syncope solitary, and leave a tropical plant. 7. Syncope a boat, and leave naked. 8. Syncope a plank, and leave a pet.
 The syncope letters, read downward, give the name of a long-legged bird of the Tropics.

EASY CHARADE.

My first of the garden snacks:
 My second of woodland whacks.
 Sturdy and true are these two
 Homely, old-fashioned facts.
 And my whole would appear
 To be sincere,
 But is not, for truth it lacks.

M. O'B. D.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A PLACE of exhibition. 2. A memorial. 3. Older. 4. A relative. 5. Measures of land.

JACKIE D. W.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

LEFT slope, downward: A flower. Right slope, downward: Fruits of a certain kind. Center: An instrument used for boring. Across: 1. A consonant; 2. a constellation; 3. a simple person; 4. a kind of triangle; 5. animals one year old.

RIDDLE.

I'M a word of four letters, no more and no less,
 And what that word is I leave you to guess.
 Wherever my first and second you see,
 It will surely embrace you, as it always does me.
 My first, second, and third, though it well may apply
 To the smallest of things that appear to your eye,
 Yet, curiously enough, it is so compounded
 That with my first and second it might be confounded.
 Strange, that what pictures an object so small
 Should be big enough to embrace us all.
 On hearing my whole, you might think it was meant
 To be spoken of one whose vigor is spent:
 But while vigor sustains us, and life is our stay,
 My whole will keep coming and passing away. L. C. A.

HIDDEN FRENCH SENTENCE.

FIND in the following sentences an apt remark made by Napoleon to a French lady in time of great political danger:
 Nervous people like Maud, Eve, Zoe and Harriet out-weary me, and prevent my paying them any devoirs; they are enough to utterly waken ten dreamers of matrimonial felicity, and cause them, beset with fear, to utter words of contempt. How old Baron Stoub (lier in wit, like Foote, for oddities to mimic) would hit off their peculiarities!

B.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM-ENIGMA.



Ans. A proverb of five words. Each of the figures underneath the pictures represents a letter in the word indicated by the figure (thus, 5 denotes a letter in the fifth word, 2 a letter in the second word, etc.),—and each collection of figures represents a word which describes the picture above it. From the seven words thus formed, select and group together all those belonging to the same word of the proverb (according to the numbering beneath the pictures). Then transpose these letters to form the word of the proverb indicated by the figure which the letters bear. (Thus, from the seven words, group together all the letters designated by the figure 3 beneath the different pictures, and transpose them to form the *third* word of the proverb.) Now, puzzle-solvers, find this familiar proverb!

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. All started —, but — to the end of the race long before the rest —. 2. The — was poorly rhymed, and yet it was not —. 3. He stood for a —, — dismay. 4. Before I engaged in this business — comparatively an — life. 5. Why is it — abroad, as soon as a good deed —? 6. How much do you get, girls, for a weekly —? —, —, —! B.

METAGRAM.

WHOLE. I am a poison. Change my head, and I am a grass; again, and I am a native of one of Europe's smallest kingdoms; again, and I am a girl's name; again, and I am a small road; again, and I am found on horses and lions; again, and I am of glass; again, and I am not mad; again, and I show which way the wind blows; once more, and I decrease. SEDGWICK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—1. Hogg. 2. Horse-tail. 3. "The Hub." 4. Nave, or Knave. 5. Fellow (Felle). 6. "Right wheel." 7. Fate. 8. A shaft. 9. "Boots." 10. Choler. 11. Box. 12. Pause (paws). 13. Ruins. 14. Tire. 15. Spoke. 16. Mouse-ear. 17. One hoghead. 18. Lash. 19. Chops. 20. Ho!

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Be just, and fear not."

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

F
A R E
A G E N T
F R E E D O M
E N D O W
T O W
M

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Canto, ant. 2. Crumb, rum. 3. Crape, rap. 4. Court, our. 5. Clown, low. 6. Shame, ham. 7. Stripe, trip. 8. Tramp, ram. 9. Swine, win. 10. Stare, tar. 11. Flour, Lou. 12. Ledger, edge.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—1. Concur. 2. Condor. 3. Confirm. 4. Console. 5. Contract. 6. Contrite. 7. Converge. 8. Content. 9. Contest.

EASY RIDDLE.—Carpet.

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.—"Les murailles ont des oreilles."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

L - ea - D
I - ag - O
T - ho - R
T - ige - R
L - ev - I
E - ag - T

CHARADE.—Morning Glory.

OMNIBUS WORD.—Spear.

I.—Sap, Are, Pen.

II.—Asp, Sea, Par.

III.—S, Ape, Spear, Ear, R.

IV.—Spar, Raps.

V.—Pear, Pare, Reap, Sear, Spare, Rase, Parse, Era, Par, Rasp.

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T O W
M

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DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—
L — ca — D
I — ar — O
T — ho — R
T — ige — R
L — ev — I
E — agle — T

CHARADE.—Morning Glory.

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"HURRAH FOR THE COACH!"

(See page 710.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

NO. 11.

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YOUNG FOLKS' FUN IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

Boys and girls who live in the country sometimes tell of the rare good times they have in the fields, by the brook, in the barn among the mounds of hay, and in the woods. There are the lanes bordered with berries, the orchard with prizes of dropped apples under the trees, the spring violets in the meadows, the nuts dropping down in the woods, the glorious swims in the pond in the summer, the more glorious skating in the winter. All the poets and story-tellers have told and sung of these things many times over, till the city boy and girl have learned the story by heart.

Now, really, this is n't fair. Country children do not have all the sport in the world. There is sure to be fun wherever boys and girls live, even if it is a city. New York is not all paved streets, stone sidewalks and brick houses, and the children who live there have their good times after their own fashion. There are no big barns and piles of hay; berry-bushes are not very thick on the Fifth avenue, and boys never go nutting on the sidewalks, but there are wide and grassy play-grounds, donkeys to ride, goat-carriages with fiery steeds, and swings and boats, and swans and monkeys, lions and bears and sheep-dogs, wooden horses that speed around and around as if they were alive, and—and—why, there is no end to the jolly things in New York. It is very good of the poets to sing about the sports of the country. They should come to town and see how city boys and girls play, and then they might sing a new song of the gay goat-carriage, the amiable wooden horse, the lively owls in the deep,

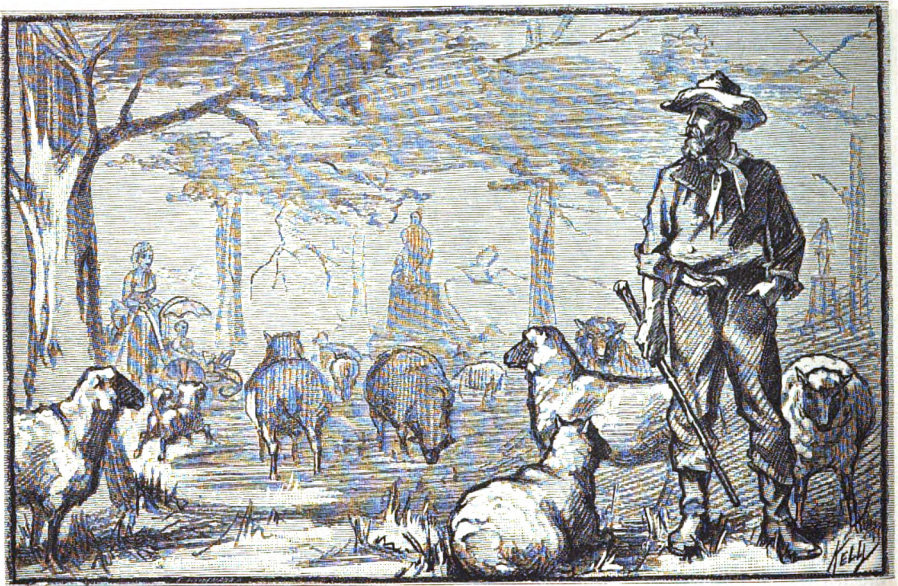
dark cave, and the affectionate donkeys that live in Central Park.

Come, boys and girls! Let us go to the Park. Come, Tommy and Ned, Master Charles and Fred. Come Kitty and Jane,—and baby shall go, too. The Park is the place for fun. This is the entrance, at the corner of the Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. The wide street called the Fifth avenue spreads out into an open space, planted with trees, and looking as if the city came to a sudden end in the country. There is a broad graveled walk, a wide road, and a little summer-house and a two-horse carriage drawn up before it. "Will you have a ride? Only twenty-five cents." Shall we ride, boys and girls? No. Let us walk—it will be more fun. Thank you, sir, for the nice carriage, but we'll walk at present. But baby must ride! Ah! how very nice! A baby-carriage to let. Tuck her in warm, nurse, and then we will start. Think of that!—a baby-carriage all ready at the gate, and only ten cents an hour.

Now, we will go up the broad path by the roads. Look at the horses! How they come prancing along, with flashing eyes and arching necks! They seem to be proud to drag the handsome carriages, and they canter along in splendid style. After a short walk we come to a place where the roads divide. Oh! look there! See the sheep! A whole flock of them in a field. And a shepherd, too—a queer old fellow—and—see! There he goes! That's the shepherd's dog. Some of the sheep try

to cross the road, and the dog scuds after them, barking loudly, and they all scamper back again. That's a sight you do not often see, even in the country.

in, Kitty and Jane, Tommy and Ned. No, Master Charles, you're too old for that fun. How you would look with your legs all doubled — Hallo!



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

Hallo! Ponies! "Have a ride, young master?" The ponies stand, all saddled and bridled, by the road-side, ready for a run. There is a boy in uniform standing beside each pony, ready to help the rider to mount, and to keep the pony from running away. Our boys think they really must have a ride. Baby can sit in her carriage till they come back, and the girls can sit down under the trees to rest.

What a pretty place this is! The sheep have free range over a wide and sunny pasture. There are broad walks along the road-side, with plenty of seats where we can wait till the boys come back. They have a jolly canter, and then we cross the road and come to a broad, straight walk, with wide lawns on either side, and four long rows of trees. There are here a fine sculptured group of an Indian hunter and his dog, and statues of Sir Walter Scott and Shakspeare.

Oh! what's this? A pair of goats harnessed to a little carriage. The driver runs beside the fiery steeds as they come trotting gayly along. They wave their horns and wheel around in a circle and away they go up the broad path. Now, this is fun! See! Here's an empty carriage coming. How much for a ride, mister? "Ten cents." Jump

They're off! How fast they go! The driver runs beside the goats to keep them steady, and Tommy holds the reins. We will follow them.

Hah! What's that? Music? Yes—no. Master Fred is all excitement. It is the lions. Hear them roar. Let us go and see them. No, you may have heard the band playing. It is both. We can hear the animals roaring, and the sound of the band. Really, here is too much fun at once. We must follow the goat-carriage now, and can visit Mr. and Mrs. Lion afterward. What a great company of people! The path is full of boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, some looking about, and some sitting down in the shade of the trees. The children finish their ride, and we may sit down awhile and listen to the music.

This does not look like the city. Instead of houses there are sunny fields, a rocky bank covered with shrubs and surmounted by an arbor overgrown with vines, and all about us are trees making a pleasant shade from the sun. It is certainly a pretty place, but there are so many more things to be seen we must go on very soon. See! There are parrots in cages, calling to each other, and biting the bars of their prisons as if they would like to get out. We might stop to look at them, and to

admire the curious fountains flashing in the sun, but there are greater wonders just over the road.

There! Is n't that pretty? A great fountain showering down sparkling sheets of water, a broad walk, and a lake and wooded hills beyond, with a stone tower, looking like a castle, in the distance. And there are swans and row-boats on the water. The boys are all eagerness for a sail on the lake, and are ready to run down the long flights of stone steps that lead to the lake. Stop a moment. Look at this stone-work by the stairs. See! It is covered with birds and flowers, carved in stone in the wall. Do look at the duck with a fish in his mouth, these quails and snipes! It is wonderful, but the boys have seen a boat, and they can't stop for stone birds and flowers.

"Can we hire a boat, sir?" "Yes, indeed."

A young man in a sailor suit brings up a boat, and we all get in. Baby must go, too, and we can leave her carriage here till we return. Now, this is

comes another boat, and in it are two children and a nurse who is holding a baby aloft. They sweep past us quickly, laughing and talking as they go. See! There's a swan, with its wings spread out like a sail before the wind, and the baby in the other boat is shaking his rattle at it, and crowing with delight. There are more swans on the banks,—and ducks, too. How tame they seem! They do not pay the slightest attention to the crowds of people. Here we go under a bridge, and into a wider part of the lake, where we can see a number of boats and a whole flock of beautiful white swans.

Hallo! What is that? It is a pelican standing in the water by the beach. Oh! That is too bad. That silly boy is troubling him. Ha! ha! Mr. Pelican could n't stand it any longer, and he opened his great mouth as if he meant to swallow the boy, and the boy runs away dreadfully frightened and frantically chased by the pelican.



TAKING A DRIVE.

fun. The boat glides swiftly away, and the children on the shore stand looking at us. Here

So we go around the lake, pushing into little bays where the trees overhang the water, rowing past

the beeches where children are playing on the shore, past rustic arbors on the water-side, and under a stone bridge that echoes to our voices. Here is an island, with flocks of ducks on the grass. See that water-fall leaping with a splash into the lake. Boats pass every minute, and after a delightful trip we come back to the landing and get out.

Baby takes her carriage again, and we look about to see what can be done next. Perhaps nothing more to-day, for the sun is getting low in the west, and it is really time we started for home. This is quite enough fun for one day, and to see more we would better come another time. The boys have had a pony-ride, the younger people had a drive in the goat-carriage, we have seen the sheep and the shepherd's dog, heard the band play and seen the parrots, baby had a ride in her carriage, and we all had a row on the lake. Fun enough for one day.

As we walk back to the gate we pass the goat-carriages again. One is standing empty waiting for riders, and beside it is a company of poor children gazing wistfully on the empty seats. Poor things! They cannot muster ten cents among them all, and the little carriage seems a very im-

Central Park. There are the lions, and the jolly monkeys, the ball-ground, the swings, the croquet-field, the woods and meadows at the upper end of the Park, the tower, the Ramble, and many another charming play-ground free to all, rich and poor. Another day we will come again and see more.

Well, Kitty, what are you thinking about? Give these poor children a ride? That's a happy thought. How much will it cost? There are six of them in all. What's your name, little girl? "Gretchen, sir, please." And yours, sir? "Mikey Duffy." Well, Mikey and Gretchen, you may have a ride. Kitty says she has twenty cents, and Jane has ten, and Tommy fifteen, and Charles offers fifteen. Sixty cents. Just enough. Jump in, Master Duffy and Miss Gretchen, and the others shall go, too. Now, really, we must go home. We've had a good time ourselves, and, perhaps, made the gay party in the goat-carriage happy also. At any rate, they drive away in great glee, as if they were having a royal good time. At the gate we give up baby's carriage, and then go soberly home, well satisfied with our expedition in search of fun.

A day or two after this we start again for the Park, take the baby-carriage at the gate, and go at



ON THE LAKE.

possible heaven. It is a trifle hard for them, but there are plenty of things they can do without paying for them—plenty of fun for poor children in

once to the lake. Come! Let us visit the cave and the Ramble. We cross a bridge over the lake, and come to a path through shady woods.

Donkeys! A whole row of them standing by the path. What queer fellows they are, with their big ears and shaggy hair! Here is fun! Every one, save baby, must be mounted for a ride. The donkeys are saddled and bridled, and a boy stands

end. A boy runs beside each donkey to look after the young rider, and thus we gayly amble along under the trees, with baby and nurse to bring up the rear of the procession. Look out! We are coming to a hill. The procession goes slowly down



RIDING DOWN THE STEPS.

by each ready to assist the young rider to a seat. Kitty shall have the white donkey, and Jane the black fellow. Get a good seat, and sit perfectly steady. Why! Master Charles, your too lengthy legs nearly touch the ground. You are making a queer spectacle of yourself. There! We are off in a stately procession, the girls in front and the boys next, and Master Charles in the rear, on account of his excessive legs, that threaten to trip his donkey up and bring the ride to a melancholy

a little slope, and then crosses a rustic bridge, where a tiny brook foams over the stones into the lake. There is also a view of the lake, and the boats and swans. Surely, now, we can't go upstairs on donkeys? The path leads to a short flight of stone steps just where the bronze bust of Schiller stands embowered in shrubbery. Ah! Here's another donkey party coming down. Perhaps if Master Donkey can come down-stairs, he may be induced to go up. It will be easier for

us to go up on donkey-back than to come down in that way. Don't you think so?

Then on, past great rocks covered with moss, past rustic seats and bowers, through shady paths and wooded lanes, till we come to a path leading down into a quiet dell among wild, rough rocks. Here we dismount and leave our amiable donkeys to find their way back again with their drivers.

What a queer place! See that stone bridge half hid by flowering vines. And this place? What's here? A cave! The boys go into the black hole in the rock and the girls timidly follow. How dark it is! Stand still a moment and let us see what we can find. Is n't that very queer? A pair of solemn owls blinking and winking in the gloom. They sit on a perch behind a netting and stare and stare, and never say a word. The boys find another door to the cave leading out to the lake, and a long flight of steep stone steps leading to the top of the high bank above the cave. The boys may go up that way and we others will go back, and then they can join us again by another path.

The place is full of winding paths and lanes, up hill and down, twisting and turning in every direction, and the boys soon come back to our party, and then we go on through the woods and over the rocks to the stone castle on the hill. Here we stop a moment to view the wide prospect over the Park; the city, the Hudson River, and the beautiful country round about. Now for a walk through the Ramble. The paths wind in, the paths wind out, now through fields, now past great rocks and through deep thickets. Come, follow my leader through this beautiful garden. Ah! see him run! A white rabbit springs across the path and darts away over the sunny grass. Look! See the bee-hives! And there is a flock of Guinea-hens stepping over the grass with the utmost dignity. Keep

close together, lest we lose — Why! where is Kitty? Kitty! Kitty! Really we must find her. Boys, each of you take a different path and see if you can find her, and then all come back to this

magnolia-tree by the little bridge over the brook!

The boys searched here and searched there, and all through the tangled paths, till at last they found her where four paths met, undecided which way to turn, and crying bitterly to think she had lost her party. She had followed the rabbit and lost her way, and it was really so dreadful that she had to cry. A peacock sat on a low tree and spread his plumes, and the Guinea-hens offered her their sympathy, and even the rabbit paused in wonder; but not one of them had courage enough to show her the way out of her troubles. What a picture,—poor Kitty lost in the Ramble! The rabbit and the peacock and the Guinea-hens might well have a sympathetic expression, to make up for their



IN THE SWINGS.

intense stupidity in declining to help the harmless little girl. Poor things! Perhaps they did not know the way themselves, for, it is said, they never leave the place, summer or winter.

Now we are all together again, let us take a drive. Baby can go back to the fountain with nurse, and the others can go down the hill to the road. Presently a park carriage comes along, and we get in, and away we go in fine style. See the horses and carriages! How they sweep along in endless procession! It is a grand sight, certainly. Hark! What is that? A horn playing merrily. Oh! it's the coach. The "guard" winds his horn, and all the carriages draw up at the sides of the road to let it pass. Here it comes! Four horses running at full speed.* The handsome driver holds the reins with a grand manner, and the great yellow coach sweeps past in glorious style. The top is full of ladies and gentlemen, and the footmen sit behind.

* See frontispiece.

One raises the long copper horn to his lips, and the lively notes spring up in merry music. Hurrah! That was a sight! They're gone, and the sound of the mellow horn grows fainter and fainter.

Then we drive on along the winding road watching the long lines of carriages, and the pretty ladies and children, till we come to a great house on a high bank. Here we get out and go into the house, for it is a kind of hotel. We find a pretty room, with open windows looking out on a beautiful garden and over the city to the river, where the ships and steamers are passing to and fro on the blue water. Here we have lunch, and after that we visit the greenhouse and the gallery of statues, and then take a walk in the woods,—real woods,—deep and shady, and just like the country. There is a brook in the woods, besides water-falls, and rustic bridges, and shady pools under the trees. We might spend a whole day here, but the boys are anxious to go back and call on Mr. and Mrs. Lion. So we take another park carriage, and drive back to the terrace, and there we find baby and nurse by the great fountain. Baby has had a milk lunch, and she, too, is ready to visit the amiable bear and the frisky monkeys. On the way, we meet a little miss just returned from a ride on her pet donkey. She comes out every day with her mamma for a ride, and I dare say, by this time, she has grown quite in love with Mr. Donkey. She puts her arms around his shaggy neck, and the pretty lady gives the old fellow a friendly scratch between the ears. Alas for donkey love! The ungrateful fellow never so much as says "thank you," and he stands there, the central figure of a pretty picture, indifferent as—as a donkey. The keeper of the donkeys told me as much as this, and on the next page you will see the donkey, the little girl, and the pretty lady.

We follow a winding path through lawns and gardens, and soon come to the menagerie. Here both boys and girls are wild with delight over the lions, tigers, bears, and other fierce animals, in watching the festive monkeys, the solemn eagles, and all the other strange beasts and birds. Then the girls go into the museum and see the stuffed birds, the cases of butterflies, and many more queer and beautiful things than could be described in a week. Were we to tell all of it, and give pictures of all the strangest curiosities, there would be no room for anything else in St. NICHOLAS for months and months to come.

Leaving the museum, we walked through the Park until we came to the dairy, and here we all sat down and each had a glass of fresh milk and a cake.

When we had rested for a few moments, the girls climbed a steep, rocky bank, and found some swings, and a great arbor overgrown with vines and set out with rustic seats and tables, a cool and charming place where one could spend a whole day in watching the children at play in this great play-house. The boys found something else—some fiery wooden horses that went around and around in a circle. There were also little carriages for the girls and others who might not care to trust themselves to such skittish steeds. Kitty and Jane chose the carriage, and the boys, like brave knights, mounted their noble chargers. The horses shook their wooden heads and champed their wooden bits, and around and around they all raced in a mad gallop. A queer waltz it was, in a great circle, every horse doing his best and yet not one out-running the other. Even the girls in their carriage seemed to be swinging swiftly after them, and never able to catch them. Then the whirling race came to an end, and everybody found himself just



A BRAVE AND SKILLFUL KNIGHT.

where he started, which was certainly a singular performance. Then the boys each took a sword in his right hand, and once more the noble wooden steeds pricked up their pasteboard ears and started again, with every leg high in the air. A most remarkable kind of horse,—but, then, this is Central Park, and here everything is a trifle uncommon. There was a post near the race-track, and from it

hung an arm with an iron ring at the end; and as the horses went around and around in furious haste, the boys deftly thrust their swords into the rings and carried them off in triumph. Sometimes they missed the rings, and then the other knights laughed merrily, as well they might. In the picture of Master Fred mounted on his fiery steed

then they went back to the great arbor to recount their adventures to the girls, who rewarded their prowess with smiles, and invited them to a promenade along the side of the arbor. But by this time our company felt they really ought to go home. Baby, too, was tired and sleepy, so we all marched in procession to the Sixth avenue gate.



A GOOD-MORNING TO THE PET DONKEY.

and charging fiercely at the ring before him, you will notice the tremendous energy of the furious wooden horse, and Master Fred's valiant expression as, with steady aim, he fixes his eagle eye on the prize.

The boys captured the rings several times, and proved themselves brave and skillful horsemen and

The baby's carriage was returned, and we took a horse-car and rode gayly home.

Let the poets sing about the fun and sports of the country. City children have also their good times in their own fashion. There is not much fun to be found in the streets, but in the Park are sports without end.

GONE ASTRAY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

In some parts of Scotland there are a great many high hills or mountains, crowded together, only divided from each other by deep valleys. They all grow out of one root—that is, the earth. The tops of these hills are high up and lonely, with the stars above them; and the wind roaring and raving among them makes such a noise against the hard rocks, running into the holes in them and out again, that their steep sides are sometimes very awful places. But in the sunshine, although they do look lonely, they are so bright and beautiful, that all the boys and girls fancy the way to heaven lies up those hills.

And doesn't it?

No.

Where is it, then?

Ah! that's just what you come to this world to find out. But you must let me go on with my story now.

In the winter, on the other hand, they are such wild, howling places, with the hard hailstones beating upon them, and the soft, smothering snow-flakes heaping up dreadful wastes of whiteness upon them, that if ever there was a child out on them he would die with fear, if he did not die with cold. But there are only sheep there, and as soon as the winter comes over the tops of the hills the sheep come down their sides, because it is warmer the lower down you come; even a foot thick of wool on their backs and sides could not keep out the terrible cold up there.

But the sheep are not very knowing creatures, so they are something better instead. They are wise—that is, they are obedient—creatures, obedience often being the very best wisdom. Because they are not very knowing, they have a man to take care of them, who knows where to take them, especially when a storm comes on. Not that the sheep are so very silly as not to know where to go to get out of the wind, but they don't and can't think that some ways of getting out of danger are more dangerous still. They would lie down in a quiet place, and stay there till the snow settled down over them and smothered them. Or they would tumble down steep places and be killed, or carried away by the stream at the bottom. So, though they know a little, they don't know enough, and therefore need a shepherd to take care of them.

Now the shepherd, though he is wise, is not quite clever enough for all that is wanted of him

up in those strange, terrible hills, and he needs his dog to help him.

Well, the shepherd tells the dog what he wants done, and off the dog runs to do it; for he can run three times as fast as the shepherd, and can get up and down places much better. I am not sure that he can see better than the shepherd, but I know he can smell better. So that he is just four legs and a long nose to the shepherd, besides the love he gives him, which would comfort any good man, even if it were offered him by a hedge-hog or a hen.

One evening, in the beginning of April, the weakly sun of the season had gone down with a pale face behind the shoulder of a hill in the background of my story. And because he was gone down, the peat-fires upon the hearths of the cottages all began to glow more brightly, as if they were glad he was gone at last and had left them their work to do,—or, rather, as if they wanted to do all they could to make up for his absence. And on one hearth in particular the peat-fire glowed very brightly. There was a pot hanging over it, with supper in it; and there was a little girl sitting by it, with a sweet, thoughtful face. Her hair was done up in a silken net, for it was the custom with Scotch girls to have their hair so arranged, many years before it became a fashion in other lands. She was busy with a blue ribbed stocking, which she was knitting for her father.

He was out on the hills. He had that morning taken his sheep higher up than before, and Ellen knew this; but it could not be long now before she would hear his footsteps, and measure the long stride between which brought him and happiness home together.

But had n't she any mother?

Oh! yes, she had. If you had been in the cottage that night you would have heard a cough every now and then, and would have found that Ellen's mother was lying in a bed in the room,—not a bed with curtains, but a bed with doors like a press. This does not seem a nice way of having a bed; but we should all be glad of the wooden curtains about us at night, if we lived in such a cottage, on the side of a hill along which the wind swept like a wild river, only ten times faster than any river would run, even down a hill-side. Through the cottage it would be spouting, and streaming, and eddying, and fighting, all night

long; and a poor woman with a cough, or a man who has been out in the cold all day, is very glad to lie in a sheltered place and leave the rest of the house to the wind and the fairies.

Ellen's mother was ill, and there was little hope of her getting well again. What she could have done without Ellen I can't think. It was so much easier to be ill with Ellen sitting there. For she was a good girl.

After a while, Ellen rose and put some peats on the fire, and hung the pot a link or two higher on the chain; for she was a wise creature, though she was only twelve, and could cook very well. Then she sat down to her knitting again, which was a very frugal amusement.

"I wonder what's keeping your father, Ellen," said her mother from the bed.

"I don't know, mother. It's not very late yet. He'll be home by and by. You know he was going over the shoulder of the hill to-day."

Ellen knew that he ought, by rights, to have been home at least half an hour ago. But at length she heard the distant sound of a heavy shoe upon the point of a great rock that grew up from the depths of the earth and just came through the surface in the path leading across the furze and brake to their cottage. She always watched for that sound—the sound of her father's shoe, studded thick with broad-headed nails, upon the top of that rock. She started up; but instead of rushing out to meet him, went to the fire and lowered the pot. Then, taking up a wooden bowl, half-full of oatmeal neatly pressed down into it, with a little salt on the top, she proceeded to make a certain dish for her father's supper, of which strong Scotchmen are very fond. By the time her father reached the door, it was ready, and set down with a plate over it to keep it hot, though it had a great deal more need, I think, to be let cool a little.

When he entered, he looked troubled. He was a tall man, dressed in rough gray cloth, with a broad, round, blue bonnet, as he called his head-gear.

His face was weather-beaten and quiet, with large, grand features, in which the docility of his dogs and the gentleness of his sheep were mingled with the strength and wisdom of a man.

"Well, Ellen," he said, laying his hand on her forehead as she looked up into his face, "how's your mother?"

And, without waiting for an answer, he went to the bed, where the pale face of his wife lay upon the pillow. She held out her thin, white hand to him, and he took it so gently in his strong, brown hand! But, before he had spoken, she saw the gleam on his face, and said:

"What has made you so late to-night, John?"

"I was nearly at the fold," said the shepherd, "before I saw that one of the lambs was missing. So, after I got them all in, I went back with the dogs to look for him."

"Where's Jumper, then?" asked Ellen, who had been patting the neck and stroking the ears of the one dog which had followed at the shepherd's heels, and was now lying before the fire, enjoying the warmth none the less that he had braved the cold all day without minding it a bit.

"When we could n't see anything of the lamb," replied her father, "I told Jumper to go after him and bring him to the house; and Blackfoot and I came home together. I doubt he'll have a job of it, poor dog! for it's going to be a rough night; but if dog can bring him, he will."

As the shepherd stopped speaking, he seated himself by the fire and drew the wooden bowl toward him. Then he lifted his blue bonnet, or Scotch cap, from his head, and said grace, half aloud, half murmured to himself. Then he put his bonnet on again, for his head was rather bald, and, as I told you, the cottage was a draughty place. And just as he put it on, a blast of wind struck the cottage and roared in the wide chimney. The next moment the rain dashed against the little window of four panes, and fell hissing into the peat-fire.

"There it comes," said the shepherd.

"Poor Jumper!" said Ellen.

"And poor little lamb!" said the shepherd.

"It's the lamb's own fault," said Ellen; "he should n't have run away."

"Ah! yes," returned her father; "but then the lamb did n't know what he was about, exactly."

When the shepherd had finished his supper, he rose and went out to see whether Jumper and the lamb were coming; but the dark night would have made the blackest dog and the whitest lamb both of one color, and he soon came in again. Then he took the Bible and read a chapter to his wife and daughter, which did them all good, even though Ellen did not understand very much of it. And then he prayed a prayer, and was very near praying for Jumper and the lamb, only he could not quite. And there he was wrong. He should have prayed about whatever troubled him, or could be done good to. But he was such a good man, that I am almost ashamed of saying he was wrong.

And just as he came to the "Amen" in his prayer, there came a whine at the door. And he rose from his knees and went and opened the door. And there was the lamb, with Jumper behind him. And Jumper looked dreadfully wet, and draggled, and tired, and the curls had all

come out of his long hair. And yet he seemed as happy as dog could be, and looked up in the face of the shepherd triumphantly, as much as to say, "Here he is, master!" And the lamb looked scarcely anything the worse; for his thick, oily wool had kept away the wet; and he had n't been running about everywhere looking for Jumper, as Jumper had been for him.

And Jumper, after Ellen had given him his supper, lay down by the fire beside the other dog, which made room for him to go next the glowing peats; and the lamb, which had been eating all day and did n't want any supper, lay down beside them. And then Ellen bade her father and mother and the dogs good-night, and went away to bed likewise, thinking the wind might blow as it pleased now, for sheep and dogs, and father and all, were safe for the whole of the dark, windy hours between that and the morning. It is so nice to know that there is a long *nothing to do!*—but only after everything is done.

Ellen lay down in her warm bed, feeling as safe and snug as ever child felt in a large, rich house in a great city. For there was the wind howling outside to make it all the quieter inside; and there was the great, bare, cold hill before the window, which, although she could not see it, and only knew that it was there, made the bed in which she lay feel soft, and woolly, and warm. Now, this bed was separated from her father and mother's by a thin partition only, and she heard them talking.

"It was n't the loss of the lamb, John, that made you look so troubled when you came home to-night," said her mother.

"No, it was n't, Jane, I must confess," returned her father.

"You've heard something about Willie?"

"I can't deny it."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you in the morning."

"I sha'n't sleep a wink for thinking whatever it can be, John. You would better tell me now. If the Lord would only bring that stray lamb back to his fold, I should die happy,—sorry as I should be to leave Ellen and you, my own John."

"Don't talk about dying, Jane; it breaks my heart."

"We won't talk about it, then. But what's this about Willie? And how came you to hear it?"

"I was close to the hill-road, when I saw James Jamieson, the carrier, coming up the hill with his cart. I ran and met him."

"And he told you? What did he tell you?"

"Nothing very particular. He only hinted that he had heard, from Wauchope, the merchant, that a certain honest man's son—he meant me,

Jane—was going the wrong road. And I said to James Jamieson, 'What road could the man mean?' And James said to me, 'He meant the broad road, of course.' And I sat down on a stone, and I heard no more; at least, I could not make sense of what James went on to say; and when I lifted my head, James and his cart were just out of sight over the top of the hill. I dare say that was how I lost the lamb."

A deep silence followed, and Ellen understood that her mother could not speak. At length, a sob and a low weeping came through the boards to her keen mountain ear. But not another word was spoken; and, although Ellen's heart was sad, she soon fell fast asleep.

Now, Willie had gone to college, and had been a very good boy for the first winter. They go to college only in winter in Scotland. And he had come home in the end of March, and had helped his father to work their little farm, doing his duty well to the sheep, and to everything and everybody; for learning had not made him the least unfit for work. Indeed, work that learning does really make a man unfit for, cannot be fit work for that man,—perhaps is not fit work for anybody. When winter came, he had gone back to Edinburgh, and he ought to have been home a week ago, and he had not come. He had written to say that he had to finish some lessons he had begun to give, and could not be home till the end of the month. Now, this was so far true that it was not a lie. But there was more in it; he did not want to go home to the lonely hill-side,—so lonely, that there were only a father and a mother and a sister there. He had made acquaintance with some students who were fonder of drinking whisky than of getting up in the morning to study, and he did n't want to leave them.

Ellen was, as I have said, too young to be kept awake by brooding over troubles, and so, before half an hour was over, was fast asleep and dreaming. And the wind outside, tearing at the thatch of the cottage, mingled with her dream.

I will tell you what her dream was. She thought they were out in the dark and the storm,—she and her father. But she was no longer Ellen; she was Jumper. And her father said to her, "Jumper, go after the black lamb and bring him home." And away she galloped over the stones, and through the furze, and across the streams, and up the rocks, and jumped the stone fences, and swam the pools of water, to find the little black lamb. And all the time, somehow or other, the little black lamb was her brother Willie. And nothing could turn the dog Jumper, though the wind blew as if it would blow him off all his four

legs, and off the hill, as one blows a fly off a book. And the hail beat in Jumper's face, as if it would put out his eyes or knock holes in his forehead, and yet Jumper went on.

But it was n't Jumper; it was Ellen, you know.

Well, Jumper went on and on, and over the top of the cold, wet hill, and was beginning to grow hopeless about finding the black lamb, when, just a little way down the other side, he came upon him behind a rock. He was standing in a miry pool, all wet with the rain. Jumper would never have found him, the night was so dark and the lamb was so black, but that he gave a bleat; whereupon Jumper tried to say Willie, but could not, and only gave a gobbling kind of bark. So he jumped upon the lamb, and taking a good hold of his wool, gave him a shake that made him pull his feet out of the mire, and then drove him off before him, trotting all the way home. When they came into the cottage, the black lamb ran up to Ellen's mother, and jumped into her bed, and Jumper jumped in after him; and then Ellen was Ellen and Willie was Willie, as they used to be, when Ellen would creep into Willie's bed in the morning and kiss him awake. Then Ellen woke, and was sorry that it was a dream. For Willie was still away, far off on the broad road, and how ever was he to be got home? Poor black lamb!

She soon made up her mind. Only how to carry out her mind was the difficulty. All day long she thought about it. And she wrote a letter to her father, telling him what she was going to do; and when she went to her room the next night, she laid the letter on her bed, and, putting on her Sunday bonnet and cloak, waited till her parents should be asleep.

The shepherd had gone to bed very sad. He, too, had been writing a letter. It had taken him all the evening to write, and Ellen had watched his face while he wrote it, and seen how the muscles of it worked with sorrow and pain as he slowly put word after word down on the paper. When he had finished it, and folded it up, and put a wafer on it, and addressed it, he left it on the table, and, as I said, went to bed, where he soon fell asleep; for even sorrow does not often keep people awake who have worked hard through the day in the open air. And Ellen was watching.

When she thought he was asleep, she took a pair of stockings out of a chest and put them in her pocket. Then, taking her Sunday shoes in her hand, she stepped gently from her room to the cottage door, which she opened easily, for it was never locked. She then found that the night was pitch dark; but she could keep the path well enough, for her bare feet told her at once when she was going off it.

So, dark as it was, she soon reached the road. There was no wind that night, and the clouds hid the stars. She would turn in the direction of Edinburgh, and let the carrier overtake her. For she felt rather guilty, and was anxious to get on.

After she had walked a good while, she began to wonder that the carrier had not come up with her. The fact was that the carrier never left till the early morning. She was not a bit afraid, though, reasoning that, as she was walking in the same direction, it would take him so much the longer to get up with her.

At length, after walking a long way,—longer far than she thought, for she walked a great part of it half asleep,—she began to feel a little tired, and sat down upon a stone by the road-side. There was a stone behind her, too. She could just see its gray face. She leaned her back against it, and fell fast asleep.

When she awoke she could not think where she was, or how she had got there. It was a dark, drizzly morning, and her feet were cold. But she was quite dry. For the rock against which she fell asleep in the night projected so far over her head that it had kept all the rain off her. She could not have chosen a better place, if she had been able to choose. But the sight around her was very dreary. In front lay a swampy ground, creeping away, dismal and wretched, to the horizon, where a long, low hill closed it. Behind her rose a mountain, bare and rocky, on which neither sheep nor shepherd was to be seen. Her home seemed to have vanished in the night, and left her either in a dream or in another world. And as she came to herself, the fear grew upon her that either she had missed the way in the dark or the carrier had gone past while she slept,—either of which was dreadful to contemplate. She began to feel hungry, too, and she had not had the foresight to bring even a piece of oat-cake with her.

It was only dusky dawn yet. There was plenty of time. She would sit down again for a little while; for the rock had a homely look to her. It had been her refuge all night, and she was not willing to leave it. So she leaned her arms on her knees, and gazed out upon the dreary, gray, misty flat before her.

Then she rose, and, turning her back on the waste, kneeled down, and prayed God that, as he taught Jumper to find lambs, he would teach her to find her brother. And thus she fell fast asleep again.

When she awoke once more and turned toward the road, whom should she see standing there but the carrier, staring at her. And his big strong horses stood in the road too, with their carts behind them. They were not in the least sur-

prised. She could not help crying, just a little, for joy.

"Why, Ellen, what on earth are you doing here?" said the carrier.

"Waiting for you," answered Ellen.

"Where are you going, child?"

"To Edinburgh."

"What on earth are you going to do in Edinburgh?"

"He thought I was asleep in my bed," returned Ellen, trying to smile. But the thought that the carrier had actually seen her father since she left home was too much for her, and she cried again.

"I can't go back with you now," said the carrier, "so you must go on with me."

"That's just what I want," said Ellen.

"Well, put on your shoes and stockings, my



"WHOM SHOULD SHE SEE STANDING THERE BUT THE CARRIER, STARING AT HER."

"I am going to my brother Willie, at the college."

"But the college is over now."

"I know that," said Ellen.

"What's his address?" the carrier went on.

"I don't know," answered Ellen.

"It's a lucky thing that I know, then. But you have no business to leave home this way."

"Oh yes, I have."

"I am sure your father did not know of it, for when he gave me a letter this morning to take to Willie, he did not say a word about you."

dear. Bare feet and this bleak morning air go poorly together. We'll see what we can do."

Then he heaped in a corner of the cart some of the straw with which it was packed, threw a tarpaulin on top, lifted the little girl upon it, and covered her with a few empty sacks.

"Is n't this near Edinburgh?" she asked, wistfully, for it seemed to her they were very, very far from home.

The carrier shook his head, looked puzzled, chirruped thoughtfully to his horses, and off they started.

(To be continued.)

A BUTTERCUP.

By K. C.

A LITTLE yellow buttercup
 Stood laughing in the sun;
 The grass all green around it,
 The summer just begun;
 Its saucy little head abrim
 With happiness and fun.

Near by—grown old, and gone to seed,
 A dandelion grew;
 To right and left with every breeze
 His snowy tresses flew.
 He shook his hoary head, and said:
 "I've some advice for you.

"Don't think, because you're yellow now,
 That golden days will last;
 I was as gay as you are, once,
 But now my youth is past.
 This day will be my last to bloom;
 The hours are going fast.

"Perhaps your fun may last a week,
 But then you'll have to die."
 The dandelion ceased to speak,—
 A breeze that capered by
 Snatched all the white hairs from his head,
 And wafted them on high.

His yellow neighbor first looked sad,
 Then, cheering up, he said:
 "If one's to live in fear of death,
 One might as well be dead."
 The little buttercup laughed on,
 And waved his golden head.

DRUMMER FRITZ AND HIS EXPLOITS.

By HOWARD PYLE.

ALL these events happened in the reign of good old King Stephanus of Stultzburg.

That worthy monarch had but one child, and that child was a daughter. He thanked Heaven duly for the blessing of any offspring whatsoever, but would rather have had a son. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, he would have considered himself happy, but for one insupportable nuisance that, like a peg in the shoe of a rich man, made his existence miserable.

Just outside the walls of Stultzburg, the capital of his kingdom, there dwelt in a castle, perched high upon the summit of a cliff, a robber baron of the name of Todwelt, whose frequent depredations upon the worthy citizens became in course of time rather annoying; and, finally, when a royal convoy from the court of France—bearing in charge a dress of the very latest fashion for the Princess Rosetta of Stultzburg—was attacked, dispersed,

and the dress captured, the princess stirred up her father, who stirred up the prime minister, who stirred up the parliament, who bestirred themselves in the matter; and a law outlawing the baron was enacted.

Upon the whole this did not seem to greatly trouble the baron, who continued the evil tenor of his ways in spite of the strong disapproval of good King Stephanus and his parliament; so at length the monarch, losing all patience, issued a proclamation in which it was set forth that whoever would bring him the head of Baron Todwelt should have his daughter, the Princess Rosetta, to wife, and one-half of the kingdom to boot.

This was, of course, a great temptation to the numerous needy barons, counts, and other nobles, who infested Stultzburg, as well as other similar kingdoms, like so many hungry rats; but when it was recollected that Baron Todwelt, besides

being extremely irritable, not to say savage, in his temper, stood seven feet three inches high in his jack-boots, they all felt a delicacy in annoying him about such a matter.

Soon after this time a little drummer, named Fritz, came trudging across the heath toward Stultzburg, seeking his fortune. His possessions consisted of a drum, a knapsack, his clothes, two farthings, and a hearty appetite, the latter of which he would willingly have dispensed with had he enjoyed the opportunity.

Upon reaching Stultzburg he bought him a piece of bread and a sausage, whilst eating which and sitting upon the head of his drum, his eyes fell upon the royal proclamation. This he read over carefully, and with a great deal of interest; then finishing his repast with some mysterious purpose stirring within him, he hurried away toward the royal palace.

The king was engaged in a game of piquet with his prime minister, Count Sigismund von Dollendorff, taking relaxation thereby from the cares of state. The drummer, with a military salute, immediately, and without more preface, stated his willingness to undertake to bring His Majesty Baron Todwelt's head.

The king and the prime minister looked at the little chap for a moment with unconcealed astonishment, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"What is your position?" said the king, as soon as he was able.

"A military leader, your majesty."

"Ah! and of what rank?"

"A drummer, if it please your majesty."

"O Saint Sigismund!" gasped the count, and immediately roared again.

"Well, my bold little fellow," said the king, condescendingly, "you may attempt it to-morrow if you wish, or to-night for that matter,—my deal, I believe, Count." And so the drummer was dismissed.

II.

BRIGHT and early the next morning the drummer started on his mission in search of Baron Todwelt's head.

On his way toward the robber's castle he sat down to rest beside an old ruin overgrown with vines and briars. In one place a few stones fallen out of the wall opened an aperture into a dark, gloomy dungeon, the passage being just large enough for the body of a middle-sized man.

An idea in conjunction with the ruin seemed to strike Fritz. He carefully inspected the hole, and then hurried away toward the baron's castle.

At first when he presented himself the attendants were of half a mind to throw him over the cliff into the Rhine, but upon his reiterating his demand to

see the baron, they at length thought better of it, and conducted him into their lord's presence.

"Hilloa! what do you want here, manikin?" growled the gigantic baron in a deep and terrible voice, at the same time scowling down on little Fritz as a toad might on a cricket.

"O my noble lord!" answered the drummer, trembling with an only half-assumed dread, "I come to seek employment of your lordship."

"Where did you come from, sand-flea!"

"Stultzburg, my lord."

"Hah!"

"O sir, King Stephanus has dismissed me from court, and all because I was supposed to know about a secret treasure."

"Hah!" ejaculated the baron again—this time with a milder accent than before, for the word "treasure" struck his ears very soothingly; "and do you know where King Stephanus's secret treasure is now?"

"Oh yes, noble sir."

"Now observe me, wood-louse!" said the baron. "If you are telling me the truth and will conduct me to this treasure, I'll make your fortune. If you are deceiving me—by the great Todwelt that ate a whole pig! I'll have you sewed into a sack and thrown into the river like a kitten! Do you mark me, pigmy?"

The drummer nodded.

"And now will you guide me to that place?"

The drummer nodded again.

Upon this the baron took down a huge two-handed sword from the wall, threw a sack over his shoulder for the supposed gold, and motioned the drummer to lead while he followed close behind. Thus they proceeded to the noble old ruin that the drummer had noticed.

"My gracious lord," said Fritz, when they had reached this place, "this is the spot I spoke of. Follow me." With that he dropped on his hands and knees, and scrambled through the hole in the wall. The baron hesitated for a moment, for the hole was very small, but finally he proceeded with some difficulty to follow his guide. Now Baron Todwelt, beside being a very tall man, had, by the use of much beer and sauerkraut, grown to be decidedly stout. Accordingly, when about half-way through the aperture, he found himself plugged in as tightly as a cork in a bottle. It was in vain that he kicked and swore; the kicks tore his clothes, and the oaths mended nothing. He roared to the drummer, as he paused for a moment in his struggles, that as soon as he had extricated himself he would chop him up into small pieces and eat him raw, for guiding him into such a tight place.

"My noble lord," said the drummer, "I did n't

know that the hole was so absurdly small. Let me hold your sword for you while you try again."



THE KING AND HIS PRIME MINISTER.

The baron readily complied, for the sword was very much in his way; but no sooner had the drummer gained possession of it than, seizing the baron by the hair, in spite of his wrathful bellows, he chopped off his head. Then tumbling it into the sack which the baron had so conveniently brought, and, leaving the body where it was, for it was wedged very tightly in, he made his way out of a hole in the ceiling, and so back to Stultzburg.

The king was very much surprised to see the drummer, whom he supposed to be by this time utterly demolished; but he was still more astonished when, with the words, "Your majesty, your commands and the princess's beauty accomplish wonders. I have brought you the baron's head"—the drummer tumbled it upon the floor without more ado.

At first his majesty was delighted to see the head of his old enemy, but then, upon second thoughts, felt very badly about it indeed; for monarchs,

as a general rule, disapprove of their daughters marrying drummers. Accordingly, he desired Fritz to go to the buttery, where he should be well fed, while he stayed to consult his prime minister upon the matter.

III.

THE next morning, when the drummer presented himself in the royal presence, the king addressed him thus: "Brave sir, I have ceded to you the princess and the half of my king-

dom. Of course, you are aware that the crown represents the kingdom, and without that a man is no king. Very unfortunately, your crown is at present in charge of the civil and military authorities of Stultzburg. Now," continued the king further, "these civil and military authorities are very jealous of the crown, and should you inadvertently show yourself to them while endeavoring to obtain it, they may accidentally shoot you on the spot, or clap you into prison for the rest of your natural existence, which would be very uncomfortable indeed. If, to-morrow morning, you bring me the crown, the princess is yours. If you do not bring it, and after that time you are discovered in my dominions, I cannot answer for your safety. Good-morning."

Now, the truth was, the unprincipled king had caused his crown to be locked in a strong box, the key of which he intrusted to the mayor, and in



"I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE BARON'S HEAD."

charge of these same civil and military authorities, with strict orders to arrest any one who should appear in the council-room where the box was to be kept, and convey him instantly to prison.

Now Stultzburg was a great sausage manufacturing town. Every week whole droves of pigs were driven in, and every week whole miles of sausage were carried out of it. Everybody owned pigs, and the more any one owned, of the more consequence he was held in Stultzburg. The Princess Rosetta herself possessed a drove of the prettiest little pink pigs in the kingdom, with blue ribbons on their tails; and the government owned very extensive sties, the pigs from which, by some mysterious means, were apt to find their way into the private pens of the councilors and financiers. All the little school-boys of Stultzburg were taught to write as a motto in their double-lined copy books: "The pen is mightier than the sword;"

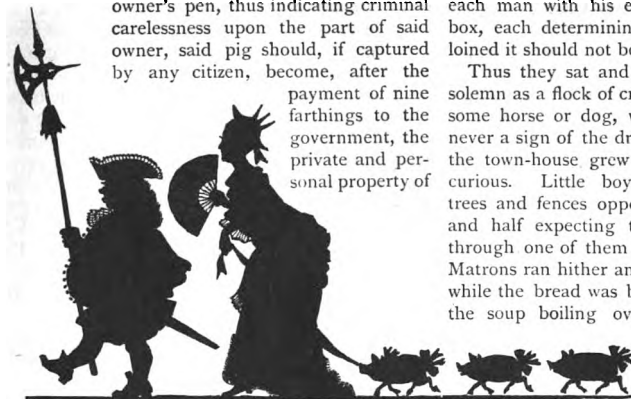


FRITZ GUIDES THE BARON.

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and instead of candies, it was customary to give them sausages, or, if a boy was very good indeed, a nicely browned tail of a little roast pig.

In one clause of the constitution of Stultzburg, it was set forth that whenever a pig strayed from its owner's pen, thus indicating criminal carelessness upon the part of said owner, said pig should, if captured by any citizen, become, after the payment of nine farthings to the government, the private and personal property of



THE PRINCESS AND HER PIGS.

said citizen, taxable according to Clause XXVI. It is unnecessary to say that this was one of the most strictly enforced laws of Stultzburg, and one that was not likely to be rebelled against, except by the unfortunate owners of stray pigs, who, after all, always had the consolation of hoping to make good their loss at an early day. The Stultzburg pigs, you see, finding themselves so highly prized, felt that they were no ordinary creatures, and every day grew more impatient of restraint.

The civil and military authorities who had charge of the crown of King Stephanus were composed, the one of the mayor and syndics of the city, the other of a squad of a dozen soldiers, commanded by a corporal and sergeant-at-arms. The crown, securely locked in a strong box, the key of which

carved oaken chair, from which dangled his legs, not nearly reaching the floor. Beside him, on a lower seat, sat his secretary, a tall, big-jointed, hungry-looking man, with a huge queue like an Indian war-club, and around the table the council, each man with his eyes intently fixed upon the box, each determining that were the crown purloined it should not be his fault.

Thus they sat and stood all that livelong day, solemn as a flock of crows mourning the decease of some horse or dog, while all the time there was never a sign of the drummer. The crowd outside the town-house grew constantly more dense and curious. Little boys perched and sat on the trees and fences opposite, watching the windows, and half expecting to see the drummer fly out through one of them with the crown in his hands. Matrons ran hither and thither through the crowd, while the bread was burning in the oven at home, the soup boiling over on the stove, the baby

tumbling into the fire, or, scarcely worse, upsetting the crock of sauerkraut.

At length night drew on apace, and yet never a

sign of the drummer. The crowd thinned from around the town-house, and by the time the great clock in the assembly-room pointed to nine, the hour at which every good burgher commonly sought repose, the good men winked and blinked in the candle-light like so many owls.

But a sound suddenly broke on the ear!

The mayor was almost in a doze, but at that sound a glitter of life awoke in his leaden eye. He started and clutched the arm of his chair convulsively, as did each and every one of the town council clutch his.

The sound was heard again: It was—yes, it was the squealing of a pig—A STRAY PIG.

The mayor, than whom none ever loved a pig better, writhed in his chair, as did all the council-



"POOR PIGGY LED THE WAY."

the mayor held clutched tightly in his fat, puffy little hand, stood in the center of a table, at the head of which the mayor was perched upon a high,

men, squirming in an agony, their duty calling them to watch the crown, their inclination drawing them to the stray pig.

Again the pig squealed; this time a continuous, long drawn-out squeal, as though some one were endeavoring to capture him by means of the handle which nature has so kindly provided. The mayor's face turned cherry red with excitement, while great drops of perspiration rolled bead-like down his pink forehead.

One more squeal and he would stand it no longer.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried he, sliding off his chair to his feet, "I am taken suddenly sick—deathly sick. Guard the crown, gentlemen, while I am gone, like loyal subjects. There is the key." And without further ado he threw the key down upon the table and rushed out of the council-chamber.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried the secretary, rising hastily,—for he, too, wished to capture the stray pig,—“Gentlemen, I am bound in duty to go and look after my poor master.” Thereupon he, too, bolted out.

"Here!"—"Hi!"—"Stop!"—"Stop him, somebody!"—"I'll go!"—"No, I will!" Such were the cries that rose upon every side, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion. Each one of the council called upon his fellows to remain behind while he went to bring back the town clerk, and as the noise grew louder each shouted and screamed at the top of his voice to make himself heard above his neighbors'; so, with much crowding, hustling, tearing of wigs and bruising of shins, each trying to thrust his neighbor back and be himself foremost, they all struggled toward the door. In the confusion, little Johann Blitz was smothered nearly to death, and stout Wilhelm Stuck almost punctured by the corner of a table against which he was crushed by the crowd. At last, each still bellowing to the others to stay back and mind the crown, they one and all rushed pell-mell after the pig, the mayor, and the town clerk, who were just disappearing in the distance. The soldiers also, being poor men with families, followed the steps of their superiors, and, headed by the corporal and sergeant-at-arms, rushed in a double-quick in the track of the others.

When the council-chamber was cleared in this manner, the drummer, who had turned loose a greased pig in the street, walked in, and, finding the key still lying upon the table, quietly unlocked the box, took out the crown, locked the box again, replaced the key, and then made off as fast as his legs would carry him.

Meanwhile, in the street was uproar and confusion, hubbub and scampering. This way and that, with shrill squeals, the poor piggy led the way, and the town council and soldiers rushed helter-skelter after. Never in the memory of the oldest

inhabitant had such a riot occurred in their usually quiet town. Windows were thrown up and night-capped heads thrust forth; some screamed "fire," some "murder," and some "thief;" some shouted for the night-watch, and vigorously sprung their night-rattles; others, seeing the town council and the soldiers apparently fleeing for their lives from some unseen foe, supposed an enemy had gained the town, and shouted lustily for mercy and quarter.

The mayor was a stout, barrel-shaped little man, with legs that seemed telescoped shortly by the weight of his ponderous paunch, yet he skimmed over the ground like a very greyhound, his great magisterial gown flapping behind him like gigantic wings, and his enormous wig pushed askew in the stress of his excitement. Close behind him bounded the town clerk, finding it impossible, long as his legs were, to overtake his superior, and immediately after him rushed the clamorous rout of councilmen and soldiers.

Three separate times did the mayor convulsively clutch the slippery tail of the pig, and three times did it glide through his fingers, until at last, in one abortive attempt, he stumped his toe upon the curb-stone, and fell heavily and at full length in the gutter. At the same moment, the town clerk, leaping forward, fairly clutched the struggling pig in his arms, and bore it away in triumph to his own private pen.

The rest of the crest-fallen dignitaries turned their steps toward the town-house, when, for the first time, they recollected the crown, and began to feel frightened at their neglect of duty; and in direct ratio as they drew nearer, their emotions grew stronger, until, fairly breaking into a run, they dashed into the town-hall with a confusion only exceeded by that with which they had rushed out.

Great was their relief when the first thing that met their eyes was the strong box, standing upon identically the same spot where they had left it, with the key also lying as before upon the table. They never thought of examining whether the crown was there or not. In the first moments of relief, they took immediate measures for discharging the town clerk from office on account of exaggerated neglect of duty, and these were carried into execution by the unanimous vote of the assembly. After this act of duty, they sat with redoubled vigilance around the strong box, which they supposed to contain the crown.

At the earliest peep of the following day, the drummer presented himself at court with the crown securely tied up in a red bandanna pocket-handkerchief.

"Your majesty," observed he, as he untied the handkerchief with his teeth, "I have accomplished

the task you set me. Here is the crown." And, with these words, he laid it gracefully at his majesty's feet.

"Potztausend!" cried the king, starting up. "Am I not rid of you yet? Out of my presence and kingdom! Ho, there! My guards!"

The royal body-guard entered.

"But, your majesty," said the drummer, "I have your own royal promise of the hand of the princess, made in this palace yesterday morning."

"Humph!" said the king, in a calmer voice. "Well, I will not arrest you. Retire to the buttery for the present. As for you, guards, go and arrest the town council, and throw them into prison."

The drummer, with much unwillingness, caused by his anxiety to see the princess, retired to the

The princess was exceedingly annoyed at the affair, as one may well suppose, for she was by no means inclined to enter the matrimonial state with a mere drummer. She rated her poor papa right soundly, but that did not in any way mend matters; so they presently all three set about cudgeling their brains for some expedient by which to escape from their dilemma. At length, thanks to the princess's ingenuity, one was hit upon which they proceeded to put into execution.

According to the princess's plan, the drummer was called to the royal presence, and loaded with distinctions and honors. He was created commander-in-chief of the armies of Stultzburg, and Baron of Dumblebug. The armies consisted of one hundred and twenty-three men, officers and privates, and the baronage, of nothing at all. Moreover, he was created grand equerry, in place of old Count Wilhelm von Guzzle, who, besides having the gout severely, was sand-blind; and he was decorated with the star and ribbon of St. Stephanus.

Drummer Fritz was at first intoxicated with delight, but as this emotion somewhat cooled his wits warmed, and he shrewdly suspected that some mischief was afoot. He requested to be presented to his intended bride, but King Stephanus politely refused his request, telling him that he would meet her first at the church on the morrow. He was then informed, moreover, that, in compliment to himself, the bride-maids were to be selected from the most beautiful burgher-maidens of the city.

The next morning arrived, and the hour for the marriage. The king proceeded to the church with his daughter, the princess. The prime minister, in company with three lords of the court, appeared at the apartments of the newly made baron, and escorted him to the coach in waiting. The drummer was attired in a suit of blue velvet lined with pink satin, which became him exceedingly, and in which he was handsome enough to win the heart of the most fastidious maiden in Stultzburg at first sight.

The king met the bridegroom at the church-door, and himself assisted him to alight.

"Baron," said his majesty, in a playful tone, "what should be done to you, do you think, if you should choose one of the burghers' daughters rather than the princess at the last moment?"

"I should deserve to be stripped of all my honors and whipped out of Stultzburg at the tail of a cart," said Fritz, boldly.

"Very well. Recollect, gentlemen, in case he fails to take the princess herself, he has pronounced his own sentence," said the king.

By this time they had entered the church.



THE ROYAL BODY-GUARD.

buttery, while the body-guard marched off to fulfill the king's orders.

Just as the poor mayor and council were beginning to congratulate themselves upon the excellent manner in which they had performed their allotted task, in marched the body-guard and took them all prisoners. Then for the first time they learned that they had been carefully watching an empty box all night. They were immediately clapped into prison. However, the locks being out of order, and the keeper falling asleep over his newspaper in the afternoon, they all walked out again, and joined their bereaved families once more.

IV.

POOR King Stephanus was more annoyed than ever at the pertinacity of the persistent drummer. Twice had he sent him to accomplish the most difficult tasks, and yet here he was again, safe and sound. His majesty now concluded to take his daughter into council on the subject, as well as the prime minister.

"Behold your bride!" said the king.

One hundred and twenty-seven maidens, dressed precisely alike, stood in a row,—the bride and her bride-maids.

The drummer was rather taken aback at this sight.

"Which is she, your majesty?" queried he.

"Recollect, I have never seen, and cannot know her."

"You should recognize inherent royalty whenever you see it," said the king. "Escort your bride to the altar; but should you take any one but the princess, your own sentence shall be surely performed upon you."

Fritz saw the drift of affairs now.

"Madam," said he, stepping forward and bowing,—*"Princess, I salute you."*

Here he looked up and down the line of one hundred and twenty-seven maidens, who one and all courtesied at the same moment. The drummer was bewildered.

Collecting himself, he advanced another step, remembering that the bride-maids were all burghers' daughters.

"Ladies," said he, "I thank you for the honor you have done me and my intended bride by your presence. Yesterday I was but a poor drummer. To-day honors have been heaped upon me. I have been created a noble, I have command of the armies of this great kingdom, and soon it will be but for me to stretch forth my hand and wealth will be within my grasp. I am a soldier, ladies, and have a soldier's heart; but never in the wildest dreams of my fancy did I imagine such beauty could be found in the world as that I now see."

The one hundred and twenty-seven maidens cast down their eyes and blushed; and even the princess began to say to herself:

"He certainly is a very agreeable man, and quite handsome, too."

"When I came here this morning," continued the drummer, clearing his throat, "I came with the intention of taking the princess for my wife; but when I see her standing beside beauty that so very far surpasses her own, I feel ashamed of the base motives that then actuated me. Royalty! What is royalty? Royalty is great, but beauty is greater; and one lady here, whom I now have my eye upon,"—here one hundred and twenty-six maiden hearts went into quite a flutter,—*"has so far surpassed the princess in beauty, that all my base intentions I cast aside as worthless dirt, and ask that one peerless beauty who has so suddenly yet so completely conquered my love, will she accept honor, glory, and a soldier's heart?"*

Here he stopped abruptly, and again looked up and down the line of one hundred and twenty-seven maidens.

One hundred and twenty-six maidens, each taking his words to herself, blushed, trembled, fluttered, and looked down. *One* looked straight before her, and was very angry.

Fritz stepped quickly forward to the one, and bowed so low that the curls of his great periwig touched the floor.

"Madam," said he, "forgive your slave for the means he used to single you out. It was my only chance."

It was the princess.



THE FAIR-MINDED MEN WHO WALKED TO DONAHAN.

—
BY JOEL STACY.
—



Two wise men walked to Donahan
Upon a rainy day,—
 Heigho!
With one umbrell' between them.
They hit upon an honest plan
For both to have fair play,—
 Heigho!
I wish you could have seen them.

Says one: "I'll hold it half the way,
And you the other half,—
 Heigho!
And safely we'll go skipping."
But soon his neighbor said: "Nay, nay,
You're dry, and have your laugh,—
 Heigho!
While I catch all the dripping.

"Now *this* we'll try: Your head poke through
And I will do the same,—
 Heigho!
There! nothing could be better.
Now one umbrell'a'll serve for two,
And neither'll be to blame,—
 Heigho!
If t' other gets the wetter."

And so they walked to Donahan,
Nor found the journey long,—
 Heigho!
Until they fell a-wheezing;
"The bargain's honest, man to man,"
They said; "but something's wrong,—
 Heigho!
As on they went—a-sneezing.

ROBBIE TALKS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

MAMMA was very busy that morning. So she gave Robbie a paper of tacks, and the small hammer, and stationed him away off in the other corner of the room. Driving nails was his favorite amusement, and kept his tongue more quiet than anything else. So, as soon as he was busily at work, nailing away on a piece of board, mamma took her work, hoping to have a quiet hour. But Robbie was especially sociable that morning.

"Mamma," he began, after he had driven a grove of tacks into the board, "I know how to make a wheel." Mamma said nothing, and he went on: "Take a hoop just the size you want your wheel; then have an axle turned, of course, an' holes bored in for the spokes; an' then take sticks, an' stick all 'round, an' tack it on to the hoop. Don't you think that's the best way?"

"I guess so," said mamma, absently.

"Mamma," said he again, coming up toward her, "I can turn a summerset. Do you want to see me turn one over?"

"No," said mamma. "Go and play."

"What shall I play?" he asked. "I've driven all the tacks I want to. It's mis'ble driving tacks all the time."

"Well, then, take your blocks," said mamma.

Robbie ran and pulled out the box where they were, but then said: "What shall I build?"

"Oh, whatever you like!" said mamma.

"Would you build—a—street-car?" said Robbie.

"Yes," said mamma.

"Well, how do you build a street-car?"

"Why, you know how, Robbie!"

"Not 'thout any horse, an' my Christmas horse has got his leg broke off."

"Dear me! Well, build an engine," said mamma, "and *don't* talk!"

"Well!" said Robbie, meekly.

For a few minutes he was still, and mamma became very much absorbed in her work. Pretty soon he began talking, in a low tone, to himself.

"Oh dear! This engine's so loaded it can't go."

Mamma took no notice, and he went on, singing softly to himself, mixing scraps of songs he had heard in a droll medley, to the tune of "Lord Lochinvar," which was a great favorite of his.

"Mamma," said he, suddenly, forgetting that he was not to talk, "don't you s'pose I know how to build a house? You just take some boards, an' nail 'em up all 'round, an' then get on to the roof an' nail on the roof."

"Well, never mind now!" said poor mamma.

"I've got my engine all done," was the next piece of information that greeted mamma's ears, "'cept the smoke-stack an' the break. Oh! an' I have n't got any front or boiler."

"Have you got steam-chests?" asked mamma, knowing that when that engine was done she would be called on to plan a new play.

"Oh! I forgot the steam-chests," he said, meditating rather soberly for a minute, but suddenly brightening up. "This is 'nother kind o' engine; it does n't have any steam-chests at all. Mamma, what shall I do now?"

"Look at some pictures?" asked mamma.

"Yes; the rat-tail book," said Robbie.

"The *what*?" asked mamma.

"The one 'at's got rat-tails an' fishes," said Robbie, earnestly.

"Oh!" said mamma, laughing, "the reptile book! Well, here it is," and she handed down to him one volume of "Woods' Natural History." He laid it open on the carpet, threw himself down before it, and for a short time there was peace. But soon he began again: "Mamma, what's that?"

"A frog," said mamma, glancing at the picture.

"Oh! Don't you wish you could see a frog?"

"No. I know how a frog looks," said she.

"Well, how big would he be?"

"Oh dear!" said mamma, looking up. "Bigger than a flea, and not so big as a horse."

She hoped that would be a settler, and it did quiet him for a minute. But his curiosity soon got the better of him, and he said, "Is he big as a dog?"

"Depends on the size of the dog."

"As big as Tige?" "No."

"Big as half of Tige—the head half?" "No."

"Well, what is a flea?"

"A flea!" said mamma, thinking how to describe that interesting object. "If you see a black speck, and then don't see it—that is, probably, a flea."

That was a poser, and for some time Robbie stood by the window and pondered this mystery. Pretty soon he came up to mamma, and whispered softly in her ear:

"Mamma, there's something funny over the other side of the room ought to be looked at."

"What does it look like?" asked mamma.

"I don't know! Do you think it is a flu?"

"A *what*? What is a flu?" asked mamma.

"I don't know. You said so."

"Oh, you mean a flea!" said mamma, laughing.

"I think not. Now, Robbie, you *must* run away." Robbie slowly walked over to the window and

looked out at the trees, which were tossing about in the wind. There he broke out, eagerly: "Oh, mamma! just see the trees wiggle! An' your g'ranium has all laid down; I guess it's tired."

"Well, I *know* I'm tired," said mamma, laughing, "and I wish you would run out in the yard."

Robbie started; but at the door he met papa, who was just coming in.

"Robbie, what is that?" asked papa, pointing to the block structure on the carpet.

"Why, that's an engine!" said Robbie, amazed that one could ask such a question.

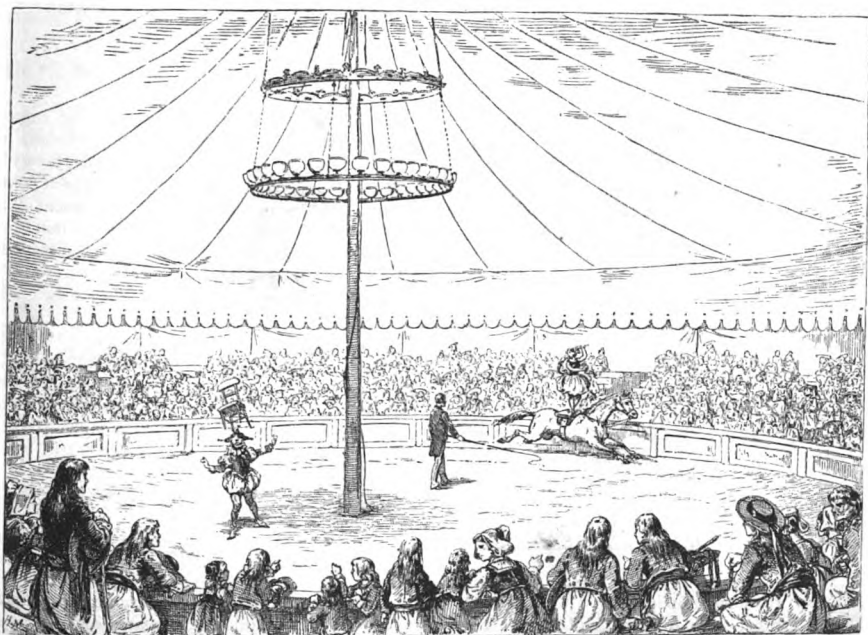
"Oh, is it? I never suspected it," said papa.

"It's a new kind. It is n't like the engines in this world," said Robbie.

"Nor in any other, I think," said papa.

AN AMERICAN CIRCUS IN BRITTANY.

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.



LOOK on the map of France and you will see a broad peninsula, rugged and mountainous, jutting out into the sea between the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel. It is the country of the Bretons, a people whose history is full of incident, whose lives are picturesque and wild, and who have an old-fashioned way of being guided by the ways of their fathers. In every part of France the word Breton stands for all that is quaint and uncouth in French life. It is there somewhat as it would be

here if the little band of Puritans who came to our country had kept themselves separated from the rest of America, holding to their traditions and superstitions, and had brought the surroundings of the gallant Miles Standish down to our nineteenth century unchanged. How they would be studied, and what an interesting study they would be!

To-day the Bretons are very much what they were a century ago,—yes, more than that,—perhaps two or three centuries ago. They are superstitious,

bigoted and picturesque. They come to the markets clad in skins in winter and in sackcloth in summer. They cultivate the soil in the rudest manner with wooden plows, and are content in all the ways of life to live as their fathers lived.

We often hear of the son standing in the shoes of the father, and this may be said literally of the

public square, a tremendous yellow-and-red poster has been displayed for a week past, and crowds of admiring peasants, more picturesque than tidy, have stood before it in admiring wonder from morning till night. Its long trains of mottled horses, its hump-backed camels and bulky elephants, have been commented upon until their



THE PEASANTS BEFORE THE POSTER.

Bretons. It often happens that a pair of leather shoes is handed down from father to son. These shoes last a long time, for they are only used on rare occasions, rude wooden shoes, or *sabots*, being commonly worn. Not one in ten of the grown people can read and write, and newspapers are a luxury enjoyed only by the rich. The people are simple-minded and credulous, but in money matters they are not too simple to make exceedingly shrewd bargains.

Now, in a country like this, in a town like this quaint, old-fogyish Quimperlé, just fancy an American circus making its appearance. Here, in the

minutest points are known to every peasant within ten miles. A commotion was created one day by a cynical old one-eyed beggar declaring that the proprietors of the circus were emissaries of the Prussian government, and from that suspicion it came to be pretty generally understood that the man who drove the triumphal car in the painted cavalcade was Prince Bismarck, although the bill announced, in plain English, that it was the Anglo-American circus that was coming. The people did n't quite take in the word Anglo; but American was plain to such of them as could read French, on account of its similarity to the same word in that language.

As the writer was known to be an American, he was called on many times to give explanations of the figures on the bill; and any ignorance regarding them would have thrown doubt at once on his nationality. Was that like an American elephant? Does the President of the United States ride in a coach like that?—pointing to the musicians' car. How many ostriches could a good sportsman shoot in a day in America? Do all the people in America wear feathers like that red Indian on the bill?

All these questions, and many more, were continually put and faithfully answered.

At last the circus came. Bright and early on that wonderful morning all Quimperlé was up and dressed in its best clothes to see the grand entry of the circus. Tramp, tramp, tramp into the town, from all quarters, the people came. All the *sabots* clattered in one direction toward the great square, where busy hands were putting up the tent. Every town in Brittany has its distinctive *coif*, or women's head-dress, and every variety was here represented. The men came with their huge pockets stuffed with great buckwheat cakes, and women brought loaves as big as the top of a pail, by way of slight refreshment at midday. Every man and woman who had children brought them all, from the carefully

They peered into windows, followed carriages, and stuck to every stranger until he was forced to empty his pocket of coppers to be rid of them.

And the boys! Some of them had saved their sous till the necessary franc had been reached, and they were happy. Some of them had n't a sou to their name, and they were plunged into the depths of misery. In an unlucky moment, remembering that some half a century back I was a boy myself, I gave a franc to a bright-eyed little Breton to go to the circus. In front of my window is a low wall, about fifteen inches high. It is about one hundred feet long, and is a good place to sit; nobody can go in or out of the hotel without being seen by persons sitting on that wall. I gave the franc at three o'clock; at half-past three that wall was covered with boys from end to end. You could n't have wedged in one anywhere without shoving one off at one end or the other. What were they there for? I found out when I left the house. Each one had done me some service—or imagined he had—and came to ask for a franc in consequence. It's astonishing what memories these boys had—upon what pretenses they dared to ask me for a franc. One had handed me a chair in church, another had asked to go rowing with me, and having volun-



"THE WALL WAS COVERED WITH BOYS FROM END TO END."

wrapped-up infant to the gawky boys and girls who are always tumbling over their own or somebody else's *sabots*.

And the beggars! It was "corn in Egypt" for them. They came like bees round a cask. There were blind beggars—at least they said they were blind. There were lame beggars, and sick beggars, and palsied beggars,—in fact, every kind of beggars but clean beggars. They beset one at the doors.

teered to pull an oar for a while, had just thought to ask pay for it; another had brought me a daily plate of strawberries, for which his mother had already charged me twice their market price. Those boys were too much for me. I fled.

At last the hour of performance came, and such a scene as I witnessed within that tent—which, by the way, was a remarkably handsome tent—I never expect to see again. On tiers of seats, one above

the other, were rows of the broad, velvet-banded hats, and snowy coifs, and underneath them flushed healthy faces of old men and children, young men and maidens, who waited anxiously for the entrance of the ring-master. It was to us, Americans, simply a very good circus—to them it was fairy-land. We saw only spangles and bullion-lace—they saw gold and gems. We saw only painted clowns—they saw mysterious and wonderful beings. They were a lot of grown-up children. They screamed with delight at the antics of the clown, and they yelled with admiration when Mlle. Bell rode around the ring on her

fery charger. They would have enjoyed themselves a great deal more but for one drawback. They could n't understand the clown's jokes. Such a thing as a French clown is all but an impossibility; and it seems almost equally impossible for an English clown to learn French. So we few Americans and English gathered there were obliged to explain the jokes over and over again for the benefit of our Quimperlé friends, who laughed, but did not understand. But we did it all very willingly, for we were patriotic enough to wish the best impression should be left by the American circus in Brittany.

THE STARS IN SEPTEMBER.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE DIPPER.

I PROPOSE now, in accordance with my promise last month, to give a brief account of the seven bright stars of the Dipper, as they really are, not merely as they appear in the sky. I take them as the most convenient, and in several respects also as the best, illustration of what applies in reality (with changes in matters of detail) to all the thousands of stars we see, and to thousands of times as many stars, which only the telescope reveals to us.

When you look during the evenings of this month at the stars of the Dipper, seen low down toward the north, in the position shown in Map I. for the month, you see seven small points of brilliant light,—each of them seems like the “little star” in the familiar nursery rhyme. If the eye were a perfect optical instrument, and the air were perfectly transparent and still, and if, also, light,

yonder in space, even the seven little stars we see would be very much reduced in seeming size. They would appear as mere points. The most powerful

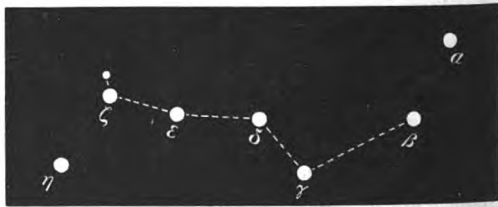


FIG. 2.

telescope men have yet made, and probably the most powerful men ever will make, would not show these seven stars larger than points, such that the human eye could perceive no breadth in those minute disks. Such are the stars, even the leading ones, to the natural eye. In the mind's eye, however, these seven stars are very different objects. I am not going to draw on my imagination in what I am about to tell you. I am not going to show what these stars *may* be, but to describe what science assures us that they *are*.

SIZES OF THE STARS OF THE DIPPER.

In the first place, then, every one of these seven points of light is an enormous globe, not only larger than the earth on which we live, but thousands or rather hundreds of thousands of times larger. How large they really are we do

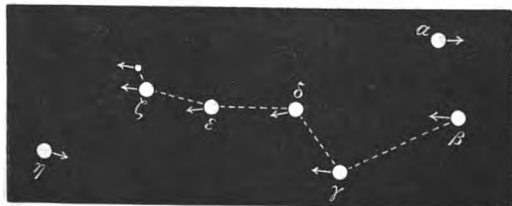


FIG. 1.

instead of traveling to us in waves of many lengths, gave us an exactly truthful account of what is out

not know; we do not even know how far away they are; but we *do* know, they are so far away that our sun removed to where the nearest of them is would not look so bright as the faintest of the seven. They *may* be so far away that our sun

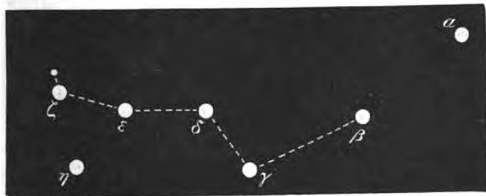


FIG. 3.

removed to their distance would scarce be seen at all, or would even require a powerful telescope to show him; but that he would not be so bright as Delta, the middle one, and the faintest of the seven, is certain. In considering what this means, you should remember that the sun himself looks only a small body. We might well believe, so far as appearances are concerned, that he is no larger than the moon, and the moon no larger than yonder hill that hides her front our view as she sets. But the sun is in reality a globe exceeding our earth one million and a quarter times in volume. If such a globe as our earth, only, were set aglow with a brightness so great that every part of her surface shone more resplendently than the piece of lime used in the calcium lantern (and one cannot easily *look* at that piece of lime so glowing), and this enormous mass of white-hot fire were set traveling away toward the nearest star of the Dipper, it would be utterly lost to view before it had traversed a fiftieth part of the distance. Think of this when you look at the Charles' Wain!

THEIR COMPOSITION.

Secondly, every one of the seven stars consists of matter like that in our sun, glowing with intense luster. You will remember, perhaps, how last October I described the method by which the watery vapor in the atmosphere of Venus makes its presence known to us when we use the instrument called the spectro-scope. I then showed that distance does not prevent us from recognizing vapors of various kinds in the atmosphere of a luminous body, so long as

the light reaches us in sufficient amount. In the case of the stars, distant though they are, we get the same sort of information. And thus we learn that iron, sodium, magnesium, calcium, hydrogen, and others of our familiar elements exist in the atmospheres of the stars, just as we have found that they exist in the atmosphere of our own sun. These seven stars, like our sun and their fellow-suns, are great masses of intensely hot matter, all around which there lies a deep atmosphere of glowing gases, including in the vaporous form many of those elements, such as our metals, which the greatest heat we can use serves only to melt, not to burn, into vapor.* You know that at a certain low degree of heat water

is solid, at ordinary heat it becomes fluid, and at a great heat—much hotter than the greatest the hand can bear—water turns into steam or vapor. Iron only becomes fluid at a heat far greater than that at which water boils. You can imagine, then, how intense the heat must be at which molten iron turns into iron-steam. But in the sun and in his fellow-suns the stars, iron, and substances still more stubborn in their resistance to heat, are turned into the form of vapor. The *air* of every star is a mixture of iron-steam, zinc-steam, calcium-steam, and many other such fiery vapors, besides hydrogen; and all these vapors are so hot that they shine with their own inherent luster. Imagine an atmosphere such as this, where the clouds which form are metallic drops, and the rains which fall are sheets of molten metals!

THEIR MOTION.

But thirdly,—and this is the point to which I want chiefly to direct your attention,—every one of

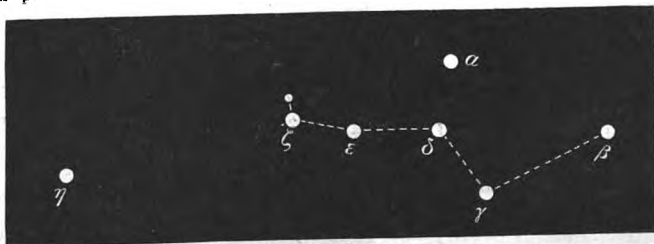


FIG. 4.

these seven suns is in swift motion. It was formerly supposed that the fixed stars really were at rest, because year after year, and century after century, passed without showing any change in their position. But gradually—even before the telescope was much used in observing the places of stars—it

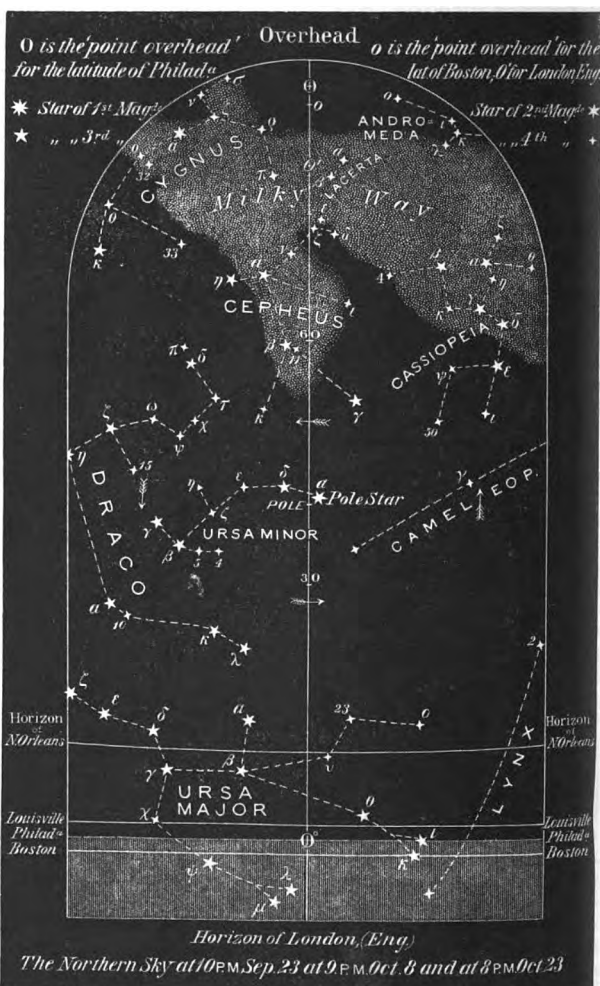
* I must mention—without explaining, however—that by means of electricity, the most stubborn metals can be vaporized in small quantities, and for a brief space of time. But I am speaking above of such heat as we obtain in furnaces.

began to be suspected that they are slowly shifting in position on the vault of heaven. Later, very close attention was paid to the point, the telescope being used to determine the exact positions of a great number of stars, and now about 2,000 have had their slow motions on the star-vaults measured, and set down in tables for the use of astronomers employed in observatories. It occurred to me, seven or eight years ago, that it would be interesting to picture these star-motions in maps; for tables, after all, though very pleasant in their way, are not very clear in their teachings. I made, therefore, two charts, one of all the northern stars, the other of all the southern stars, whose motions have been ascertained. These charts are given in a book of mine called "The Universe;" but a sufficient idea of the method I employed may be derived from Fig. 1 on page 730, showing the movements of the seven stars of the Dipper. The little arrows attached to the seven stars show the courses along which these stars are moving. But the length of each arrow has a meaning, too, for it is made proportional to the rate at which the star is changing its place. I have said above that the stars are in *swift* motion; and I have also spoken of the stars as *slowly* shifting in position. I think you will presently admit that both these descriptions are correct. For, first, each arrow in the figure has a length corresponding to the distance its star travels during *thirty-six thousand years*. After this enormous period, the stars will have moved from their present positions to the points of their respective arrows, so that the shape of the Dipper will then be as in Fig. 2.

It will be easy for the young student now to find the shape of the Dipper at any time, past or to the usual way of reckoning, less than a fifth of this interval has elapsed since the very beginning

come. Fig. 3 shows the shape it will have 100,000 years hence; Fig. 4 shows the shape it had 100,000 years ago.*

Comparing Fig. 2 with Fig. 1, it cannot but be admitted that the change is small for an interval so long as 36,000 years. Consider that, according



* It may be well for me, perhaps, to explain that my charts of the motions of stars in the Great Bear, etc., were published *before* M. Flammarion wrote a paper called "The Past and Future of a Constellation," in which he made use of my charts, as I have myself done above. I do not in the least mind any one's borrowing from me without acknowledging the obligation,—an omission which can easily result from carelessness,—but I do not wish it to be thought that I have myself borrowed without acknowledgment where, in reality, I am only using my own material, gathered at the cost of some labor by the way.

of our history, and that all the time these slow stars have been creeping over only a sixth part of the short arc on the heavens which measures their motion during 36,000 years, as shown in Fig. 1.

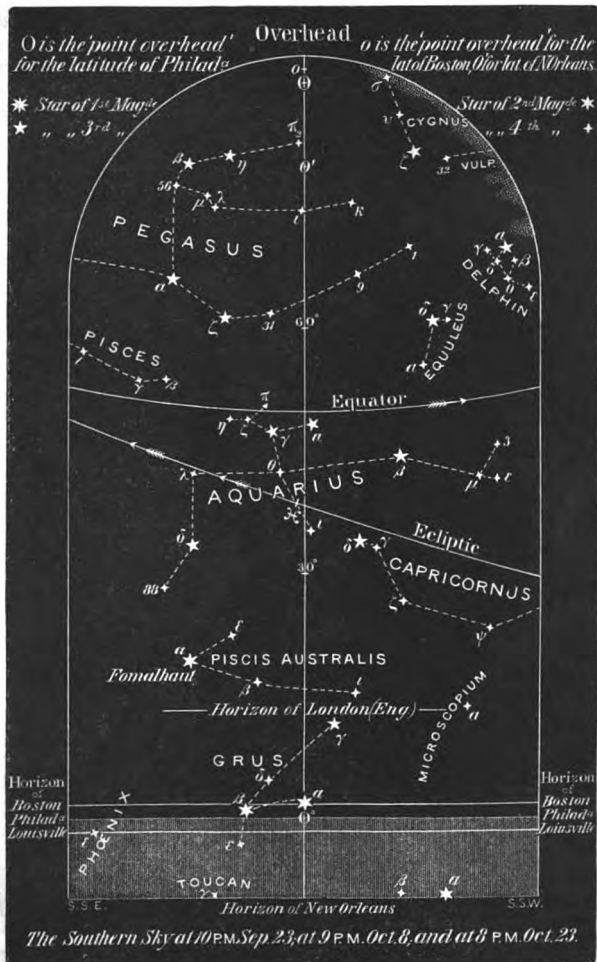
Yet a very easy calculation will show that the same motion which is so slow when thus measured

occupy much the same position. The breaking of the Dipper is caused by the motions of α and γ , not by those of the other five stars, which move as though they were all connected together and formed a single system. Noticing this, and finding that in other parts of the stellar heavens a similar

is, in reality, enormously swift. If you notice the arrows in Fig. 1, you see that the length of each differs very little from the distance between ζ and the companion star, Jack-by-the-Middle-Horse. Now, this distance is equal to about half the apparent diameter of the sun. Thus, if any of these stars were at the sun's distance from us, its arrow would be equal in real length to about half the sun's diameter, or considerably more than 400,000 miles. But the nearest of all the stars is more than 200,000 times farther away than the sun; and there is every reason to believe that each one of the seven stars of the Dipper is at least five times farther away than the nearest star, and probably farther away still. Thus the arrow attached to each of the seven stars represents a thwart distance of a million times 400,000 miles, or 400,000,000,000 miles at least. So that, as this distance is traversed in 36,000 years, the distance traversed each year is more than 11,000,000 miles. As there are about $31\frac{1}{2}$ million seconds in a year, it follows that the thwart motion of each of these stars amounts to at least one-third of a mile per second. This is about five times the swiftness of a cannon-ball, and for a giant mass like a sun, doubtless with an attendant family of planets, represents a truly tremendous energy of motion. But probably the real distance of these seven stars is so great that their thwart motion is very much greater. We come now, however, to the most wonderful point of all.

THE FAMILY OF FIVE.

In all four figures, it will be noticed, the five stars, β , γ , δ , ϵ , ζ , besides the companion star of ζ ,



The Southern Sky at 10 P.M. Sep. 23, at 9 P.M. Oct. 8, and at 8 P.M. Oct. 23.

phenomenon could be recognized, I was led to believe that these are really cases of drifting motions among the stars,—in other words, that there are sets or systems of stars traveling together, each as a single family, through space, and that the five stars β , γ , δ , ϵ , and ζ , form one of these families.

Now, it so chanced that a method had recently been indicated for measuring the motions of stars from or toward us,—not the thwart motions by which they change their apparent position in the sky, but the motions by which they change their

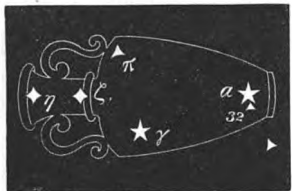


FIG. 5.

distance from us. I do not now enter into an explanation of this method, simply mentioning that the light waves as they come in from a star show by their nature whether the star is moving from or toward us, and at what rate. Here, then, was a means of testing my theory that five stars of the Dipper form a single family; for if they do, then all five are, of course, receding from us, or approaching us, at the same rate. The matter was put to the test two or three years after I had suggested the trial; and it was found (by Mr. Higgins, the present president of the Astronomical Society) that the five stars are all receding at the same common rate of seventeen miles per second.

Thus, when you look at the Dipper, the seven points, which you see seemingly at rest, are, in reality, seven splendid suns, certainly much larger, and probably very much larger, than our own; they are all raging with fiery heat and glowing with the most intense luster; they are all rushing with inconceivable swiftness through the depths of space; and, lastly, five of them, though separated from each other by millions of millions of miles, form, nevertheless, a single family (of which the companion of ζ is a subordinate member), and rush as one system through space, each attended by its own family of dependent worlds!

THE STARS FOR SEPTEMBER.

And now let us turn to the stars for the month. You will note that the northern map requires no explanation this month, all the constellations shown in it having already been described. The map is necessary, like the northern map for the next two months, to complete the series. For the observer should be able, from his set of monthly maps, to begin the work of studying the stars, at any part of the year. But for the description of the various constellations shown in the northern map for this month, he can refer to the account given for other months, when these constellations were visible, but differently placed.

The case is different with the southern stars. These change all the year round,—not like the northern stars by merely circling round the pole,

changing in position only as the hand of a clock does,—but new constellations coming constantly into view until the circuit of the year has been completed.

Yet we shall not have occasion this month for any lengthened descriptions, even of the southern stars. It has been for this reason that I selected this month for the account I have given of the real nature of the stars in the Dipper. It seems to me, indeed, that merely to learn the stars is little, unless we know what they are. Then only have the glories of the starlit heavens their real meaning for us.

THE WATER-BEARER.

The chief ecliptical sign this month is Aquarius, the Water-bearer, though the tail of the Sea-goat has not yet passed very far toward the west of the southern or central line of our monthly map. Although many say they can see nothing in this constellation to suggest the idea of a man carrying a water-jar, I think that no very lively imagination is required to portray such a figure among the stars. The man himself, indeed, is wanting; but that is a detail,—the water-can and the streams are there. The jar is formed by the stars η, ζ, π, γ and α, as shown in Fig. 5. I am not quite sure whether originally the mouth of the jar may not have been fancied at α, and the handle at η. At present the jar, as you see in the southern map, comes horizontally to the south, and it matters little which end of the jar we suppose to be the mouth. But some four thousand years ago (and the constellation is at least six thousand years old), it came to the south with the end η considerably higher than the end α; and as the idea was always that of a man pouring out water, I think the lower end of the jar was probably regarded as the mouth. You can easily see that the set of stars would serve either way—

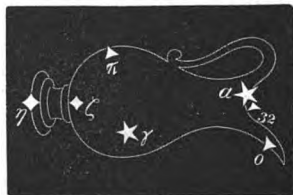


FIG. 6.

perhaps rather better the old way (as I suppose) than as in Fig. 5, for η and ζ mark rather a stem than an opening, whereas the two stars α and β (if not also as in Fig. 6, would serve to represent the open mouth of a jar. Both ways the stars π and γ would correspond to the body of the jar. The streams are not shown in the map because formed of small stars. Nor could they easily be presented, except in a large picture. But if you look attentively, you will see in the sky itself two streams, extending from below the star (rather from below α

than from below η , by the way), one passing windingly toward the star Fomalhaut,—the mouth of the Southern Fish,—the other flowing windingly over the Sea-goat, and thence along what is now called the Crane (Grus), a set of stars unquestionably belonging to the old water-streams of Aquarius.

The sun in his annual motion passes the point of the ecliptic marked κ , or, in technical terms, enters the sign Pisces on or about February 18.

Little need be said about the remaining constellations visible toward the south. Piscis Australis, or the Southern Fish, is chiefly remarkable for the bright star Fomalhaut in the fish's mouth. It may interest you to learn that the Arabs, before they learned the Greek constellations, called the Southern Fish the First Frog; a part of Cetus (the Whale), who figures toward the south next month, being called the Second Frog.*

THISTLE-PUFFS.

BY INA CAROL.

I HAVE a lovely bouquet. The flowers, as I call them, are large, white and beautiful; the petals, "feathers," wings, or whatever they may be,—you see I am no botanist,—are soft as down, and are just such little things as I often have seen floating in the air on bright summer days, each one carrying, as the legend runs, a message up to the angels. Now thousands of these fairy wings are folded quietly, though I suppose they really are bound also on the earthly errand of distributing seeds,—just looking beautiful while they await their time of flight. Intermingled with these flowers are long, delicate sprays of a kind of pampas grass, whose flowers seem the prettiest things that ever grew upon grass blades, for their beauty is enhanced by being surrounded by white, feathery shafts, which look like a silvery veil, through which the delicate flowers look out with a softened beauty. Such is my bouquet, arranged in graceful form. The white, downy flowers are beautiful enough to have been gathered in fairy-land, yet a little girl discovered them by the country road-side, and I will tell you how it happened.

Katie Gilman was Dr. Pierre's little patient; she had been sick for a long time, and the kind-hearted doctor could not endure to see her die just for the want of pure country air; so he took her from the close, stifled atmosphere of her poor home to a quiet place in the country, where a kind, motherly woman would tenderly care for her. By the doctor's orders, Katie lived in the air and sunshine. At first, her bed was rolled close to the windows, where she could breathe the fresh air and feel the warm sunshine rest upon her. By and by, they carried her out to the veranda, and on warm days they often made a cot for her underneath the trees, where she would lie and watch the blue sky and

the beautiful earth, and listen to the voices of the trees as they whispered to her in their soft, sweet, leafy way, and to the humming of the bees, and the singing of the birds, and all those sweet sounds in nature that come so clearly to an invalid's ears.

All these things did Katie a world of good. They stole away her pain and weakness; she grew strong enough to sit up, and slowly she learned to walk again.

Among the many beautiful things that came to Katie during that happy summer was the discovery of thistle-puffs. Just across the road was a hill, and everything grew on it just as it liked. In the spring, there were sunny spots that were blue with violets, and there were plenty of dandelions and buttercups and daisies. In the summer, there were purple flowers near the road-side that looked so pretty to Katie's eyes that she begged Johnny (the kind lady's little boy) to get some for her. He said, "Pooh! they are only thistles, and horrid things to prick." Yet, to please Katie, he filled a little basket full of the purple flowers, and she took so much comfort in looking at them, that when they wilted she did not like to throw them away. So she tied them in bunches, and Johnny hung them up in a corner of the veranda, and many times more he brought her pretty thistle-flowers, and they were always hung up when they had lost their beauty.

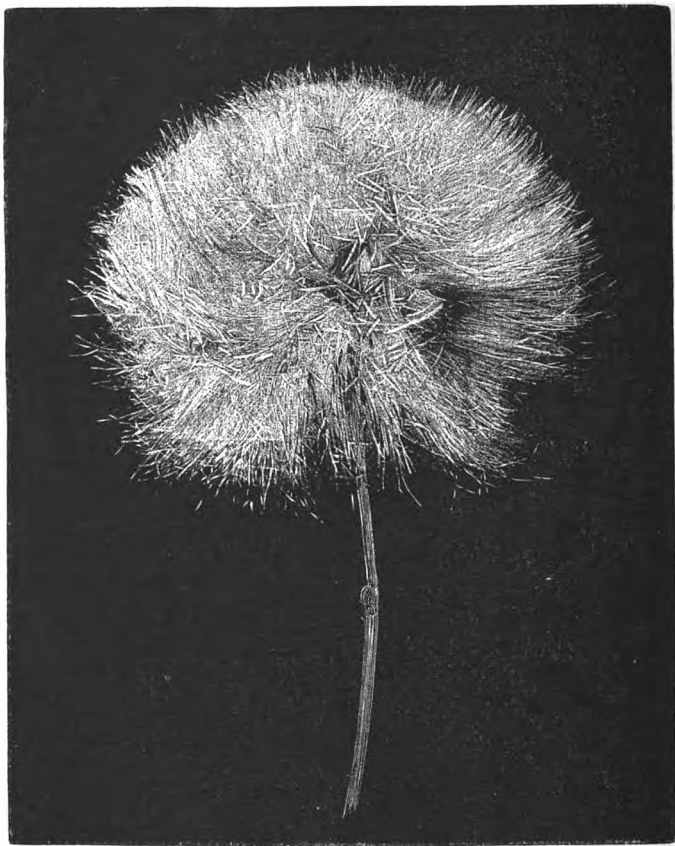
At last, there was such a long row of them that everybody laughed, and they wondered how Katie could love the despised thistle—"the very flower," they said, "with which the ground was cursed when Adam sinned." Only the old Scotch gardener blessed Katie in his heart, and told her he loved the thistle too, for in his native land they proudly wore it as their national emblem—because

* See "Letter-Box."

it once had been the means of saving dear old Scotland from the Danes.

But Katie did not like to be laughed at. So she determined to throw away all of the wilted flowers. But, first, she must say good-bye to the poor little things. As she petted one of the dead flowers, and smoothed over its faded purple petals, she began to pull them out, and discovering there was

delighted with them, and told her she might make beautiful winter bouquets by arranging with them some pretty grasses which he would bring her. So when the promised grasses came, she made a great many of the pretty bouquets, and the gardener sold them in a city store, and gave her more money for them than Katie had ever dreamed of possessing. She was glad, for she thought now they



A THISTLE-PUFF.

something within, she picked off the prickly outer coat. And what do you think she found? A beautiful white "flower," that trembled and fluttered as it burst forth. Mrs. Allen (the kind lady) called it the "resurrection flower," and seemed glad that it had bloomed so beautifully after death.

So none of the thistles were thrown away, and from every one there came a fairy flower. Katie showed them to the Scotch gardener. He was

could pay the doctor for a little of his kind care. But he would not touch a penny of the money Katie had earned in such a happy way.

Thus many comforts were added to Katie's home through the thistle bouquets, and in many city homes the pretty thistle flowers gladdened many hearts; for all winter long they whispered of summer sunshine and beauty, and promised to many a happier blooming in the second life.



BY MRS. FRANCES M. LATHROP.

PANCHY'S home was in a highly aristocratic suburb of New York City, called Orange Mountain. There is a delightful tone in that name to me.

Oranges, in my own young days, were not the every-day dessert of children, as now, when steamers run quickly from port to port, bringing the tropics to our very thresholds. In those days these rich golden globes were rare enough to be put into our Christmas stockings, and their very flavor was of a more ambrosial sweetness—their juice a nectar to be sparingly sipped, as something too rare and precious for common use. Another pleasant association with this name is in the famous Orange County butter and cream, which I cannot help believing always to be better, and of a more golden hue, by virtue of this name. But Panchy cared nothing for this suggestive and pleasant sound in the name of his home. He was a forester, and lived under the old roof-tree that had sheltered his ancestors for generations. You perceive in this last remark that Panchy was not destitute of the distinction of counting a long queue of grand and great-great-grandfathers, stretching far behind him out of sight and memory. However, his having had so many grandfathers did not make him either ashamed or too lazy to work, and he was happy and busy all day long, earning bread for himself and his little

ones. Indeed, nothing would have tempted him to exchange his greenwood home for a five-storied brown stone corner house on Fifth avenue; and as for any one of those white marble palaces, that look cold and as homeless as a monster tomb, I assure you that Panchy would n't have given a beech-nut for one. It is quite time to tell you that Panchy came into this beautiful world with a pair of bright black eyes that twinkled like jet in the sunshine, and found himself clad in a suit fitting like a glove, of warm and delicate gray fur, for it is also time to say that our friend Panchy was a pretty little gray squirrel. His house was the hollow of an old oak-tree, that had room enough for all Panchy's uncles, aunts and cousins, and here they led as merry a life as ever was known in squirrel-land.

When Panchy had fairly opened his bright eyes upon the green Gothic arches of his forest home a terrible fate befell him. A great giant lived near the old oak house. You and I would have called this giant a boy, for he was just ten years old, and his name was Bob; but to poor little Panchy he seemed half a mile high, as he crept close to the old oak one day, and while Panchy was shivering with terror, and trying to hide away under his own tail, Bob, the giant, stretched out a long arm and suddenly pounced upon the little

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fellow, and in an instant Panchy was a prisoner, sure and fast. He was a brave squirrel at heart, and instead of crying out or struggling to get free, he looked up into the boy-giant's face with a bright glance that quite won his captor's heart. Bob had really intended to strip off Panchy's beautiful fur suit and sell it for a little girl's muff, but he was, touched by the courageous way in which Panchy had met his capture, and while he was half resolving to set him free again in the old woods, the noise of wheels was heard. Bob looked into the road and saw an open carriage in which were seated two ladies, the younger of them driving.

As they came up with Bob, the elder lady gave him a quick look, and exclaimed: "Why, Fanny, there's the very thing we want—a lovely gray squirrel!" "Come here, my boy. Would you like to sell me that little squirrel?" This unlooked-for piece of good luck brought a bright smile to Bob's face. He could receive the full value of Panchy's soft coat, and yet save the little fellow's life. He hurried to transfer Panchy to the lady's hand, fearing that she would take back her proposal to buy him. But, no; she took from her portmonnaie a half dollar, which Bob grasped eagerly, with a sense of having come into a very comfortable fortune all in a moment. The ladies were on their way to town to visit an old friend who had often wished for a pet squirrel, and especially a gray one. This lady's name was Mrs. Hillar. She had neither husband nor children, and led rather a lonely and sad life in the great city of New York.

Her home was one of those great corner piles of brown stone which Panchy could not but despise. It had not even an inch-wide strip of green grass anywhere near it. The area was a solid stone floor, and the little space of ground in the back yard—which would have given a bit of grass, a few flowers, and some climbing vines to conceal, like a mantle of charity, the sin of ugly board fences—was buried under heavy granite slabs, like grave-stones.

But we must see how Panchy fared in the new home. Mrs. Hillar was perfectly delighted with him. She had a companion—Miss Dot—who was called up at once to see the pretty little Panchy. Little Miss Dot had the kindest heart in the world, and she was as happy in Panchy's arrival as if she, like Bob, had come into some sudden fortune. Mrs. Hillar at once promoted Panchy to a higher rank and title, more befitting his aristocratic origin and present state and dignity, and he was called Don Panchito. His own private apartment was a large wire house of two rooms. The largest of them was parlor, dining-room and sleeping-chamber. His bed was a fine silvered net-work basket, and it was swung high up on the wire wall of his cage. This pretty nest was furnished in winter

with soft scarlet wool-stuff for blankets. In this luxurious home, and in spite of his new grand title, our little friend was still only Panchy at heart. He hated his gorgeous prison, and devised a thousand plans of escape. The second room of his house was a very curious place. It was his promenade, his garden, his forest, and in time became his chief delight. There was a contrivance in this room which had the effect of a complete illusion in Panchy's mind. This was a hollow space inclosed by wires, called a wheel, which whirled rapidly around and around the moment that Panchy entered it and began to run. He used to dart like a flash into this wheel and run for miles and miles, all the while believing himself to be escaping to his dear old Orange Mountain. Each morning, as Panchy opened his eyes at the earliest light, his first thought was of freedom in his forest home, and he instantly sprang into the wheel and raced off like an express train, while the wheel only whirled round and round, never of course bringing him a step nearer his heaven.

In time, however, little Panchy began to perceive that he was leading a very easy life. Mrs. Hillar and good little Miss Dot were entirely devoted to his happiness, and left nothing untried for his comfort. Luxurious living soon spoils the best of us, whether boys, girls or squirrels. Panchy soon insisted upon a change in his bill of fare whenever he liked, and would refuse walnuts, filberts, almonds, or fruits, simply because he was bent on a dinner of chestnuts. He knew perfectly how to manage Mrs. Hillar and Miss Dot, for as soon as he began to refuse his usual food, these two good souls were in terror of his starving to death, and they went on trying him with every imaginable delicacy until the right thing was hit on. Then Panchy gloried in his victory, and set about inventing new wants.

Sometimes it was a feast of sweet potatoes, then a bunch of white grapes, and everything must be of the best quality,—fresh and sweet,—or Don Panchito went fasting for a whole day. At night another attendant, Alice, the house-maid, was called to make up the Don's bed freshly. In the midst of all this luxury, Panchy did not forget the native instincts of his race, but preserved a business-like thrift. However great his hunger, he always put aside for future use a nut or two before beginning his dinner. When a chestnut or walnut was given to him, he instantly set out on a journey in the wheel, and after running to what he evidently thought a safe distance, he darted into a corner of his parlor, or leaped into his bed, and hid the nut out of sight, returning instantly to the door of his cage for a new supply. Sometimes when a favorite kind of nut was presented to him, he stored it away for a future choice feast; and if no other

one of the same sort was given, he would eat a commoner kind of food. As years went on, he might have learned to trust the never-failing supply of dainties always ready; but no; this wise little manager never forgot the chances of a rainy day that beset this life, and continued to lay up his second meal before consuming the first one.

A full biography of Panchy's career would make up a little volume, while this is only a sketch of the main events that marked a life full of pleasures invented for him by Mrs. Hillar and her friend. His birthday (that is, the day on which he came into possession of his brown stone house) was a time of great feasting. At Christmas he had his share of holiday joys. Good Miss Dot said that Don Panchito should have a Christmas-tree! And such a tree! It was hung with nuts, grapes, red apples, and I know not what besides. The door of his house was set wide open, and in an instant he bounded toward the tree in an ecstasy of joy. How he skipped up to the topmost twig, and down again twenty times in half as many minutes! How he nibbled at the grapes, cracked the nuts as if each one was a capital joke! What holes he dug in the earth in which the tree was planted, and hid away treasures of nuts, and scampered into his cage and back again to the tree, and ate a few rose-leaves for a dessert! He was far happier than any king. At night his place was in the room of Mrs. Hillar. His cage was set on a table near her bed, and early morning greetings were always to be heard between them, and then his usual journey on the wheel began, and by the time Mrs. Hillar was ready to begin her toilette, Panchy was tired of racing, and had betaken himself to a late nap. Then the noise of Mrs. Hillar's brushes disturbed his delicate nerves, and he vented his displeasure in a sort of low grumble of complaint very funny

to hear. I am sorry to say that some people suspected him of a quick temper, but whenever a long red scratch appeared upon the face or hands of Mrs. Hillar, or Miss Dot, or Alice, these devoted friends always declared it to have been an accident on the part of Panchy's sharp claws.

When Panchy was eight years old—although squirrels seldom live over six years—he was as light of heart and foot as in the days of childhood. He dived as nimbly as ever into Mrs. Hillar's pocket every day in search of nuts, and no one thought the end was very near. But one day last spring Mrs. Hillar called out her early good morning, as usual, which Panchy did not answer. This alarmed Mrs. Hillar, and she rose to see what had happened.

The worst had happened! Poor Panchy lay in his wheel as if he had just started on the old, old journey to the oak-tree home, of which he had so long and vainly dreamed.

His days were over before any kind of evil had come upon them. The grief of Mrs. Hillar and her friend, Miss Dot, was very real and deep. They determined that Panchy should not rest in the dreary back yard, where the grass had been stoned to death. He was placed in a box, with some white flowers laid about him,—for he always loved flowers,—and conveyed to his beloved Orange Mountain, where he was laid among the trees and grasses.

Panchy had not lived in vain, for he brought sunshine into a lonely life. He had awakened feeling in some hearts that possessed few objects of love. He had given companionship where it was needed, and by his merry frolics and playful pranks charmed away many a care in the days of his mistress, returning thus four-fold for the care given to him in full measure. Will as much be said of each one of us?

HOW I WENT A-DRUMMING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WHEN I went "a-drumming" I did not take a drum with me. That would have been ridiculous, as you shall see. Nor did I go as a "drummer" for a mercantile or a manufacturing concern. Words sometimes mean so many different things that we have to be particular. What I did was to go fishing for "drums," which are certain large fish, found in Southern waters.

I was down at St. Augustine, in Florida,—that most ancient city in this country,—where there is an old fort or castle, built by the Spaniards more than three hundred years ago, and where the narrow streets, the curious stone houses with over-reaching balconies, the ruins of the old city-gates, and many other ancient and foreign-looking things, make it difficult to realize that it is really

an American city. And besides the antiquities, and the delightful climate, and the orange-trees and the roses that bloom out-of-doors all winter, there is capital fishing. Right in front of the town is the Matanzas River, and it is full of fish. You can catch them almost anywhere.

The drum-fish gets its name from its habit of making a drumming sound as it swims about, near the bottom of the river. Sometimes, as persons are rowing or sailing along the river, hundreds of these fish can be heard drumming away, down under the boat. But although there are so many of them, they are not very easy to catch; for they seem to be rather indifferent to food which they see dangling about on strings.

When I had heard about these fish, I determined, as soon as possible, to try to catch one; and one fine morning I went down to the wharf where a great many sail-boats and row-boats were lying,—most of them for hire to visitors,—and I asked an old fisherman, with whom I had become acquainted, if he could take me out after drums.

"Drums?" said he. "Do you want to go a-drummin'?"

I told him that I was very anxious to do so.

"Well," he said, "I can't go to-day, and it aint jist the tide for drums, nuther."

"But the tide will be right before long, wont it?" I asked.

"Oh yes. The tide will always be right if you wait long enough. But I've got other things to do this mornin'."

"Where is a good place to go? You can tell me that, if you can't go with me yourself."

"Well—there's several good places. I kin tell you of a very good place for you to git drums, this mornin'."

"Where's that?" I asked.

"Over there at the fish-market," he said. "You'll run a better chance there than any place I know of."

I saw the old fellow had not much faith in me as a fisherman, but I would not get angry with him. It's a poor business to get angry with people who may be of use to you. So I left him and hired a sail-boat, with a young man to manage it.

In a few minutes we started out, and we sailed away gayly. The young man had lines on board, and he had procured some bait before we started.

"Where is the best place for drums?" I asked, as we were sailing along by the northern point of Anastasia Island, which lies on the other side of Matanzas River, between St. Augustine and the ocean.

"The only certain place for drums is up the North River," the man answered. "That's the North River, over there. It branches off, like,

from the Matanzas. About nine miles up that river you can ketch 'em sure."

"But we can't go nine miles and back this mornin'," said I, "and I am not prepared to stay all day. I thought you could catch them about here."

"So you can," said he; "but you have to go down the river a long way, and with this wind and tide we would n't get there before night. You'd better fish for whittings; they bite a lot livelier than drums, and here 's just the place for 'em. I didn't know you were so particular about drums. I thought you just wanted to go a-fishin'."

As there was nothing else to do, we anchored and began to fish for whiting. I baited my line with some pieces of fish the man had brought, and threw it out. It was a long line with two hooks and a heavy sinker.

Very soon I had a bite. I gave a jerk, and felt a vigorous pull. Hauling in, I drew over the side of the boat a handsome white fish, about a foot long and quite plump and fat.

"Is that a whiting?" I asked.

"Yes," said the young man; "and they're just as good eating as drums, only they're not as big."

That might be very true, but as I did n't start out drumming to catch whittings, no amount of such fish-philosophy could make me entirely satisfied.

Directly, I got a gentle bite, and feeling that something was on the hook, I pulled up. There was very little resistance as I hauled in the line, and I was indeed astonished to see come to the surface a great, flat, wide, flopping creature, somewhat of the shape and size of a very large palm-leaf fan, with a long tail like a handle. It was of a dirty-green color above and white beneath, and when it came to the top of the water it flopped and struggled a good deal.

It was a skate, not a good fish to eat, nor a very pretty one to look at. You may see some of them in the New York Aquarium, and they swim about very gracefully there, using their long tails for rudders. But they are not very nice to catch. I unhooked this fellow without pulling him entirely on board, and let him go.

"He did n't pull hard for so large a fish," I remarked.

"No," said the young man. "They never pull. They sneak on you. You ought n't to have let that fellow go. He's just mean enough to bite at your bait again. They don't mind being hooked."

Sure enough, in a short time I caught this skate again, or his twin brother, I am not sure which. And he came up in the same gentle, Uriah Heep kind of way as when he came before. I wont say that he laughed when I got him to the top of the water, but he had a very unpleasant expression.

When I had caught about a bucketful of whittings

we set sail for home. On the wharf I met the old fisherman.

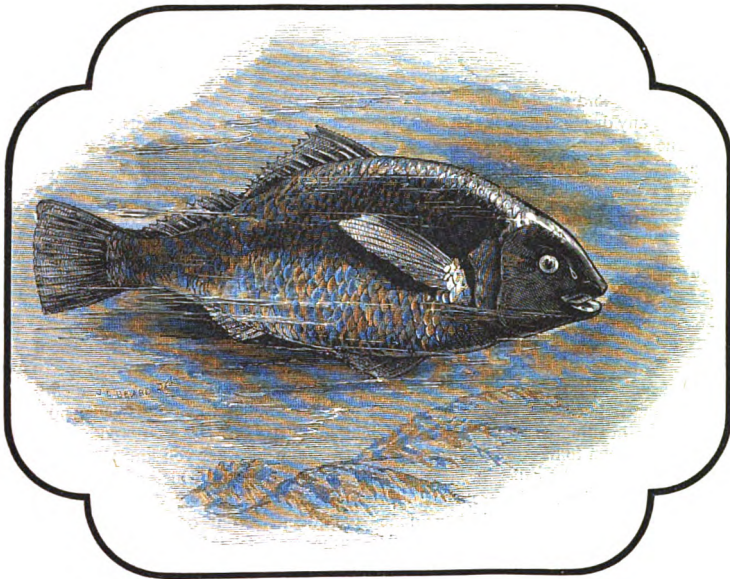
"Well," said he, "did you get a drum?"

"No," I replied; "we fished for whittings, and caught a good many of them."

"Whittings is good fish enough, but they aint drums," said he. "But we oughter be glad for what we can git. There's a row of fellers fishin' on that side of the wharf, that are satisfied with skip-jacks, which is a mean little fish as I take it."

Just then a man came down the wharf with a crab-net. This is a hoop, either of iron or of wood,

sight better eat your bait, and let the crabs alone. You had fish enough there to fry for supper, and beef enough to make a big pot of soup for the whole family, and you've spiled it all, fishin' for that one crab, which aint no good at all, by himself." "Yes," says he, "but I might 'a' caught a lot o' crabs." "That's so," says I, "and General Washington might have married Queen Victoria, if they'd lived at the same time, and the families had been willin'." I tell you what it is, sir," said the old fellow, as he walked away: "there's lots o' people in this world who'd a great sight better



THE DRUM-FISH.

weighted to make it sink, with a small net attached under the hoop. Some bait is fastened in the middle of the net, and the whole is lowered to the bottom by a rope. The net is occasionally hauled up, and sometimes there is a crab in it, and sometimes there is not.

"I knowed a boy once," said the old fisherman, "who came down here, one day, with two crab-nets and a basket of bait. In each of his nets he put a big piece of beef and two or three good-sized fish. He lowered his two nets and tied the ropes to the wharf, and he spent the afternoon first pullin' up one net and then the other. I was a-mending a sail, and I kept my eye on him. He caught one crab that whole afternoon. 'Now look here,' says I to him, 'another time you'd a great

eat their bait before they spile it and get nothin' for it."

A day or two after this, I was invited by two gentlemen to go with them to fish for drum. They had everything ready,—sail-boat, lines and bait,—and we started off soon after dinner. We sailed to a place, a few miles below the town, where one of the gentlemen, a short time before, had caught two splendid drums.

When we reached the spot, and had anchored, we began to bait our lines.

"Why," said I, when I saw the bait, "do you use clams when you fish for drums?"

"No," said one of the gentlemen, "we ought to have crabs, but I could n't get any crabs this morning, and so I thought I'd bring clams."

We baited with clams, but a clam did not half cover the great hook used for drums, and the little fish ate the bait off without pulling hard enough to give us decent notice. So we soon took smaller lines and hooks and fished for black-fish, baiting with bits of some small fish which were in the boat.

We caught black-fish pretty fast, sometimes hauling up two at a time. The fish were not very large, but they bit in a lively, earnest way, as if they were anxious to attend to their part of the business as well as they could.

As I went home, I was very glad that I did not meet the old fisherman, for I did not care to be questioned about this expedition.

The next morning, as I was sitting on a box at the end of the wharf, watching the unloading of a schooner which had just arrived from New York, the old fisherman came and sat down by me.

"Did you ketch any drums yesterday?" said he.

"No," I replied; "we did n't have the right kind of bait, and so we fished for black-fish."

"You ought n't to start out without the right kind of bait. That's no way to fish."

"Well," I replied, "it was n't my affair. I did n't provide the bait, and I supposed everything was all right."

"Yes," he said, "that's often the way. It don't do to trust people much. Them fellers took clams. I heard about it. There's some people who think they know lots. I knowed a boy once who thought he was dreadful smart. I used to take him out sailing every morning. He was a kind of sick, and he took sails for his health. He knew something about sailing, and he used to like to hold the tiller, and sail the boat himself, as he called it. He gave lots of orders; but as I always took care to tell him what to order, it was all right. It would have done you good to hear that feller sing out 'Hard-a-lee!' as if there was a whole shipful o' sailors in my little boat. He used to sit there and tell me lots of things that he thought I ought to know. He would call out to me in a loud, clear voice, which was pleasant to listen to, though there was n't often any sense in what he said: 'Look here, captain! It's a good idea to have your ballast well amidship, as you've got it. It don't do to have ballast too far for-rer. A boat is n't safe if the ballast is n't fixed right.' And he'd say lots of things of that kind, jest as if he was tellin' me somethin' he'd found out, and that nobody else did n't know. I don't remember all he used to say, but the sum and substance of it was pretty much as if he'd hollered out, 'Look here, captain! You always ought to put the mast of a sail-boat at the bow. If you was to put it at the stern, you could n't steer her very well, with the main-sel a-sticking away out behind,—specially if she was cat-rigged and

had no jib.' Well, one morning, this boy took a friend out with him, to give him a sail. This other boy was n't sick. My boy sat at the stern, and was very proud to sail the boat. He took it into his head that the other boy was a little skeered, and he kept a-tryin' to keep his courage up. He would say: 'Now, you see, when a puff of wind comes, and tips her over, I just bring her 'round a little into the wind, and she comes up all right. There is n't any danger, if the man at the helm knows his business.' And then he'd keep sayin': 'Now, don't you feel a little more confidence?' And the other boy, who was a-sittin' quiet, lookin' as if he was enjoyin' the breeze, and the views, and the sailin', would say: 'Oh! I'm confident enough. I'm all right.' And my boy would say to him: 'I'm glad of that. I don't want you to be afraid. It's perfectly safe.' Well, one day I took that other boy out sailin' by himself, and I tell you, sir, I was surprised. Why, that boy knowed ten times as much about sailin' as my feller. He'd been on sail-boats at the North ever since he was a little chap, he said, and I found he knowed nearly enough to sail a boat by himself. And says I to him: 'What on earth did you let that other boy talk to you that way, as if you did n't know nothin', and you sittin' there quiet, and knowin' lots more about sailin' a boat than he did, all the time?' 'Well,' says he, 'he took me out, and he is n't well, and I saw it pleased him to talk that way, and I did n't care.' 'But don't you care what other people think of you?' says I. And then he said he did n't suppose it mattered much, so that you knew yourself what you knew. Now, I could never make up my mind which of them two boys was the biggest fool. It don't do to blow your own horn too much, and it don't do to blow it too little, nuther. A feller's got to show what he is, for other people aint agoin' to take the trouble to find it out, and it aint always that things is found out by chance, like as when you hook a fish by the tail, accidental. It's all nonsense to make too little of yourself; and then, ag'in, it's just as bad to make too much of yourself."

"That's very true," I said. "It's hard to draw the line at the right place."

"Harder than it is to ketch a drum," said the old fellow, rising to go.

I now made up my mind that I would go about this business of drum-fishing in a business-like way. I first made another attempt to get the old fisherman to go with me, but he declined the proposition. He had sold his sail-boat, and now made a regular business of fishing, going out part of every day in a "dug-out," a long, narrow boat, cut out of a cypress log. As he did not want more than two persons in his boat, and had to have a man to help

him row, he did not wish to take an amateur with him on his expeditions.

Failing in this, I got some friends to join me, and we engaged a man, who knew all about the habits and whereabouts of drums, to take us in a sail-boat to the proper place for fishing, and to fix a day when we would reach said place at the time when the tide was exactly right. He was also to provide proper tackle and the right kind of bait.

The day before we started, I was passing the fish-market, when my old friend called to me.

"Hello!" said he. "Given up drum-fishing?"

"Oh, no!" I said, and then I told him of the arrangements I had made.

"That's right," said he. "There's nuthin like doin' things the right way. I know'd a boy once who always did everything the right way, and your tellin' me what you're goin' to do made me think of him. He was a smart feller, and no mistake. He could swim, and row, and run, and sail a boat, and do everything else that ever I see him do, better than any other boy in these parts, and better, too, than most men. He staid down here pretty nigh all winter, two years ago. I had my sail-boat then, and one day I took him and his uncle out sailin'." The old gentleman and this boy was a-sittin' talkin' and payin' no attention to me as I was a-sailin' the boat, and directly I heard the old gentleman say somethin' that kinder surprised me. Says he, 'Yes, you're a-gittin' along first-rate, but there's one thing I wish you was.' 'What's that?' says the boy. 'I wish you was more of a gentleman.' Well, that jest made me prick up my ears, and as to the boy, he turned as red as a biled crab. I always thought he was gentleman-like enough, and I reckon he thought so himself. I don't remember what he said, but his uncle, he went on and says to him, 'What I mean is this: You kin do most things better than any of your friends, and I'm glad of that; but the trouble with you is, that you keep a-doin' them things all the time, and a-makin' the other boys feel how much smarter you are than them. You don't never let 'em forget it. I've been a-noticin' this for some time, and I wanted to speak to you about it. Now, a gentleman don't do that way. When it's necessary for him to do a thing first-rate he does it, but at the same time he don't try to make other people feel that they could n't have done it. Sometimes, when another feller can do somethin' well enough, though p'rhaps not as well as he could himself, he holds back, and gives the other feller a chance. But you never do that. You always step to the front whether there's any need of your doin' it or not, and that's where you miss bein' as much of a gentleman as I'd like you to be.' I don't remember what the boy said to all this, be-

cause it was n't worth remembering as much as what the old gentleman said, and I don't fill my basket with skip-jacks when I kin get better fish. But I agreed with the old uncle. And I've know'd a lot of boys, and men too, who might 'a' been a good sight better off if they had been there and heard that lectur'."

"That's very true," said I; "but, by the way, did you ever keep school?"

"No; what made you ask that?"

"You seem to have known so many boys."

"Well," said he, "I have known a good many of them, but I generally went to school to them. I've learned a lot of things from boys,—more than I have time to tell you now. And among the things I've learned is not to neglect my reg'lar business to go out with gentlemen who want to see if they can't try to ketch a drum."

The day for our expedition arrived, and we started out early. The sun was bright, the wind was fresh and invigorating, and we had a splendid time. We sailed about nine miles down the Matanzas River, anchoring several times at some excellent places for drum. We fished and sailed all day, and enjoyed ourselves greatly. I don't think I ever spent a more pleasant day on the water. But we did n't get so much as a bite.

There were plenty of smaller fish who, no doubt, would have been very willing indeed to bite, but we had our hearts fixed on nobler game, and we kept our big drum-hooks out all the time.

I asked the captain what was the matter this time. He could say nothing about the tide, nor the bait, nor the tackle, so he considered the matter a minute, and then remarked that the wind was too strong. You could n't catch drum in such a wind. We ought to have gone last Thursday. That was a beautiful day for drum.

But as it was of no use, at that time, to think of last Thursday, we set sail and went home. I hurried up to the house, for I did not care to meet any one on the way. But it was of no use. I had to pass the fish-market, and there he stood.

"Did you git wet?" he inquired, kindly.

"Oh, no!" said I, "not at all."

"It blowed so this afternoon that I thought you'd 'a' been pretty well splashed with the spray," he said, as I passed on. His silence in regard to the main subject was more cutting than anything he could have said. He evidently considered the drum question settled, so far as I was concerned.

I felt a good deal disheartened myself. I was not at all sure that it paid to go "a-drumming." However, in a day or two, I hired a row-boat and a long-legged negro boy, and, with four crabs and a drum-line that I borrowed, I set off down the river for an afternoon's fishing on my own account.

We anchored a mile or so below the town, and I prepared my tackle and went to fishing. The boy had a small line, with which he angled for whiting, bass, sharks, or anything that might come along.

As for me, I sat for an hour and only got one bite. That was not a very hard one. It was a long, easy pull at my line, and when I gave a jerk and hauled in a little I found I had hooked it into something at the bottom. I did not immediately pull on the line, for I did not wish to break my hook, but, in a minute, the line gave a tremendous pull on me. It jerked me forward, and rapidly slipped between my fingers.

Then I knew that I had a drum! For a minute he fairly ran away with the line. I could not stop him. The line was a long one, and he ran out nearly the whole of it. I tugged at him bravely, but it was like holding a runaway mule. I gave the line a turn around a row-lock, for it was cutting my fingers, and then he began to come toward me, and I had to haul in rapidly to keep the line from getting slack. As soon as it was tight again I hauled on it, and tried to draw him slowly in.

When my long-legged negro boy saw that I had hooked a drum he was wild with excitement. He left his line and came tumbling over the seats to me.

"Gim me hold, sir! Gim me hold! I'll haul him in!" he cried. But I would not trust my drum to him; I let him hold the line for a minute or two, while I blew on my sore fingers.

"Laws ee, boss!" he exclaimed. "He pull like a steamboat! He'll hab dis yer anchor up, yit."

I took the line again, and gradually drew my fish toward the boat. Once he came up to the top, and flashed his tail and back in the air. He was as big as a boy!

How the darkey shouted when he saw him, and how he nearly fell overboard as the fish made a dash toward the bow of the boat, right over his line, I can't stop to tell now. I made him pull in his line, and I still struggled with my prize.

Once the drum dashed around to the stern and fouled the line on the rudder. Then I thought I should lose him, but long-legs stumbled aft and got the line clear.

I played the fish for nearly a quarter of an hour, or it might be better to say, I worked at him, and it was no easy job. At last my drum began to tire, and I pulled him close to the boat. Now came a critical moment. It would not be easy to get him on board. Some fishermen have a "gaff," or strong iron hook on a short handle, which they

slip under the gills of a big fish like this, and so draw him in; but I had nothing of the kind.

So I pulled him close to the side of the boat, not caring now for my smarting fingers, and told the boy to come and get down in the bottom of the boat, in front of me. Then I drew the head of the fish out of water, he flapping and splashing like a good fellow, and telling the boy to slip his hand under the gills on his side, I took a hold on the other side. Our weight, all one side, careened the boat over, so that we did not have far to lift, and then, as I gave the word, we both pulled together, and the great drum slipped beautifully into the boat.

The boy sprang on him, heedless of his flaps and his fins, and took the hook out of his mouth, and there he lay in the bottom of the boat, a magnificent prize.

I had caught a drum!

We did not fish any more. We pulled up the anchor, and the long-legged boy rowed back to the town as if he were working for a wager.

When we reached the wharf and landed the fish, my boy got a wheelbarrow and took him over to a provision store near by and had him weighed. He weighed forty-three pounds and a half. He was not one of the very largest drums, but he was big enough for me.

As I walked behind the boy, while he wheeled the fish to the house where I lived, I looked about for my friend, the old fisherman. I was now very much afraid that I would not meet him. However, everybody in this old town is out-of-doors in the evening, and I soon saw him standing at a corner. When I reached him we stopped.

"Hello!" said he, looking at my fish. "You did ketch a drum, at last, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, "I certainly caught one."

"Well," he said, "I know'd you was n't one of the lucky kind."

"Not lucky!" I exclaimed. "Don't you call that a good drum?"

"Yes," he answered, "that 's a good enough fish, but you 're not lucky, for all that. If you 'd 'a' been lucky, you 'd 'a' caught him the first time, or the second, anyway. You had to work hard for your fish, and that ain't luck. But I don't know but what it 's just as good in the long run. I knowed a boy once —"

"Excuse me," said I. "I must go home, now. It 's getting late. Some other time I 'll come and hear about your boy."

"All right," said he, "I 'll have him ready."

JINGLES.

KITTENS.

A BLACK-NOSED kitten will slumber all the day ;
A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play ;
A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call ;
And a gray-nosed kitten I would n't have at all !

A STIR AMONG THE DAISIES.

PRETTY Lill of Littleton sauntered through the grass ;
The very birds and butterflies stopped to see her pass ;
All the daisies nodded to the maiden coming by,
And leaned across the pathway left behind her.
"Art hurt?" they asked each other. Each gayly laughed, "Not I !
We bowed too low ; but really we don't mind her.
To see so fair a maiden pass has really quite unstrung us ;
But we 'll straighten up, and ready be when next she comes among us."



OUR MASTER.

(Drawn by Addie Ledyard.)

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN ADVENTURE IN A STRANGE CITY.

FOR the first time in his life Jacob rode on a railroad train. The swift motion, the novel scenes, and the feeling that he was rapidly nearing the goal of his hopes, filled him with happiness. Then appeared the cloud of smoke hanging over the city, visible miles away; then the beautiful suburbs, shady and verdant slopes, villa-crowned heights; then the city itself, rising on its terraces above the river; the Kentucky shore opposite, the puffing steamboats between, plying up and down, and the marvelous suspension bridge a hundred feet above them, uniting State with State, hanging like some exquisite fairy-work from its tall towers, high in air, yet bearing vehicles and speeding trains upon its delicate, firm fabric.

This Jacob saw as he was wandering along Front street, bag in hand, looking for Uncle Higglestone's place of business. Another thing he noticed, which reminded him of Sam Longshore,—the row of stupendous posts along the top of the lofty, sloping river bank, or "levee,"—posts so huge and high, and oddly placed right in front of the row of warehouses, that he would never have guessed what they were there for if Sam had not told him. It was hard for him even then to believe that the river, flowing tranquilly at a level some fifty feet below, had ever swelled to such a height that steamboats had been made fast to those posts on the verge of the sweeping flood.

These and other interesting objects—the throngs of pedestrians, the drays and carts and wagons, the steamboats discharging or taking on freights, the floating wharves made to rise and fall with the stream, the smoke that filled the air from countless factories and kitchen fires burning bituminous coal—inspired the green country lad with wonder and exultation; and his enjoyment would have been complete, but for the certainty of night coming on, and the uncertainty of a welcome from his uncle.

He had not much trouble in finding the hardware store of Higglestone & West; and with an anxious and fearful heart he turned into the door.

With bag in hand, in his short vest and pepper-and-salt trousers, he looked like some rustic customer who had come for a rat-trap or a jack-knife. He approached a clerk, who leaned on the counter and waited to receive his order.

Jacob's heart was in his throat.

"What will you have?" asked the clerk.

"Mr. Higglestone," said Jacob.

"Mr. Higglestone?" the clerk repeated, with a smile. "I'm afraid you can't have him."

"Is n't he in?"

"He is not in. He has n't been here for a month. He is sick."

This was bad news. But Jacob grew calm and firm in face of it, and said: "Where can I find him?"

"At his house, I suppose;" and the clerk named street and number.

"Thank you, sir." And the black bag and pepper-and-salt trousers disappeared.

To find his uncle's house Jacob had to go up into the city. It was literally up, the town rising gradually for a mile back from the river to the base of still mightier hills beyond. He observed that the streets were regularly laid out—that those running parallel with the river, after Front, Second and Pearl, were numbered,—Fourth, Fifth, and so on,—while the cross-streets had names; so that finding his way was not difficult.

He had passed the pleasantest part of the town, leaving many fine residences and splendid retail stores behind him, and the sunset was fast deepening into twilight, when on the door of a gloomy-looking house he discovered his uncle's number and name, and rang the bell.

For a long while he got no response. He rang again, and was beginning to think the house was deserted, when an old negro woman, with a red handkerchief around her head, came shuffling to the door, and opened it carefully a little way.

"Mr. Higglestone is at home," she said, in answer to Jacob's question, "but he's sick, and he can't see nobody."

"May be he will see me. Will you tell him his nephew is here, and would like to speak with him?"

The old negress threw out her chin and showed all the front teeth she had with a grimace, which was by no means encouraging to Jacob, and probably was not meant to be. She went off, and once more he had a long while to wait, a prey to sickening thoughts. At length the loosely shod feet were heard shuffling along the stairs again, and the red-turbaned head and wrinkled, old, black face, re-appeared at the half-opened door.

"He says he haint got no nephew he wants to see, but if you likes, you can come ag'in in the

mo'nin'. Jes pos'ble you 'll have a chance to speak to him; but I aint sho."

"He wont see me now?"

"No; he wont see you to-night, nohow."

Jacob was staggered. After a pause, he said:

"What time shall I call?"

"I don't say you shall call at all," the old negress replied. "But if you chuse, you can come any time after nine o'clock."

The door was closed, and Jacob turned and walked down the steps.

He remembered that it was Saturday night; the next day was Sunday; what he was to do with himself meanwhile he had not the least idea.

He might have asked the old woman to let him come in and stop overnight; but there was that abiding self-respect in him which would not let him beg, even at his uncle's door.

If he had had a little more experience of life, he would probably have sought out the nearest cheap boarding-house and applied for lodgings, at the risk of being required to make payment in advance. Any grocer could probably have told him where such a house was to be found. But Jacob had no thought of asking for anything which he could not pay for on demand.

The close of the week was not a time to seek for work. The open fields, the stacks of hay or grain, where free lodgings might be had, were far away. Even if he had known that a bunk for the night could be obtained at the police stations by almost any vagabond, I do not suppose he would have been greatly cheered or comforted.

"If I could only find an empty cask to crawl into!" thought he, as he wandered aimlessly about; "or any old shed!"

But somehow casks and sheds were put to other uses, or looked too uninviting.

At last the thought occurred to him that there might be a chance for him to creep under the end of the suspension-bridge, and he started off in quest of it, though without much hope of securing the wished-for accommodations.

It was now evening, but the streets were lighted, and he was sauntering along, gazing into the brilliant shop-windows, like the verdant youth he was, when somebody coming up to him from behind touched him on the shoulder.

Turning quickly, he saw a young woman with a broad, bright, foreign-looking face, smiling at him.

She pointed back up the street, and said something in German, of which his ear caught only the words, "*Kommen sie.*"

"Come and see what?" said Jacob.

"Yes!" she replied, smiling again, but understanding him no better than he understood her.

She appeared to have been running after him,

for he noticed that she was out of breath. She had a clear, honest, pleasant face, and he could not suspect her of any guile. There seemed but one conclusion for him to come to concerning her: she must have mistaken him for some other person. He told her so.

"Yes," she said, nodding and laughing, still apparently not understanding a word. And again she pointed invitingly back the way he had come.

Jacob reflected: "I may as well go that way as any—I'll see what will come of it;" and making signs of assent he followed her.

She led him back a block or two, then into a cross-street of modest residences, at the door of one of which she stopped, and with another nod and smile beckoned him up the steps.

Still Jacob followed her, wondering more and more, and asking himself how the matter would end.

The door opened at her touch, and she led him into the charming entry of an elegant house, where the gas was burning with a soft and agreeable light.

Now, when I use the words charming and elegant, I am describing things as they looked to Jacob. If he had ever been in one of the really superb residences of which the city can boast, this into which he was now ushered by his mysterious guide would no doubt have appeared to him but the neat and tasteful abode it was.

But to his inexperienced eye the soft carpets, the darkly rich wall-paper, the winding staircase, the furniture and pictures of a room into which an open door gave him a glimpse, the harmonious, subdued tone of everything,—all this, compared with the interior of the finest house he had ever seen, appeared luxurious and magnificent.

The woman motioned him to hang his hat on the carved black-walnut hat-tree, and he wonderingly obeyed.

"Please tell me what all this means!" he asked, in a sort of perplexed and troubled delight.

"Yes!" she replied, with the same air of comprehending not a word; and, still nodding and laughing, beckoned him to follow her up the stairs. Jacob suddenly remembered stories he had heard of travelers being enticed into mysterious houses and robbed. An alarming suspicion flitted across his mind, but he reflected that a poor country lad like him was n't worth robbing. He hardly hesitated a moment. Firmly resolved to see the end of the curious adventure, he followed the woman up the stairs.

She showed him into a pretty little chamber,—which appeared ample and magnificent enough to him as she turned up the gas,—and gave him a sign that he was to make himself at home there.

As he stood staring about him in astonishment, she quietly took his bag from his hand and set it

on the floor beside the bureau. Then she showed him the marble-topped wash-stand, and turned on the water for him. Then pointing the forefinger of her right hand at her open mouth, she raised her eyebrows interrogatively, nodded and laughed again, and said: "Yes?"

Jacob understood her to ask if he would like something to eat. He smiled and nodded in reply, and she hastened from the room.

After he had washed and brushed off the dust of travel and the soot of the city smoke,—which, falling like a fine black snow, adheres to skin and clothing,—combed his hair and arranged his soiled collar and cravat, she came again, once more made the sign of eating, and pointing the way downstairs, repeated, "Yes?"

Accompanying her again, he was ushered into a neat little supper-room—large and gorgeous to him—and motioned to take his seat at the table, where what seemed a beautiful banquet awaited him. She poured a cup of rich chocolate for him, and with the usual nod and smile indicated that he was to help himself to everything he saw.

"This is for all the world like the Arabian Nights!" he said to himself; and like the hero of one of those wonderful tales, he felt like pinching himself to see if he were really awake.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NOT FAIRY-LAND EXACTLY.

AFTER he had partaken of the banquet,—which, to be quite frank about it, consisted mainly of cold tongue, bread and butter,—Jacob was invited by signs and smiles to enter the room of which he had had glimpses in passing through the hall. Left alone there, he gazed about him, seeking some clew to this pleasant but most perplexing riddle.

As if moved by a sort of inspiration, he took up a photograph album from one of the tables. Almost the first picture he turned to gave him a start of astonishment, and called up a rush of memories both pleasant and painful. He doubted, held the book nearer his eyes and the light, and was bending over it, still wondering, when the original of the picture entered the room, and came up behind him with a quick step and light laugh.

"How do you do, Jacob, my boy?" she said with the same delightfully arch and gay expression which he remembered so well.

The name was trembling on his lips as he looked at the picture. Now he uttered it aloud.

"Florie! Florence Fairlake!"

And hurriedly putting down the book, he took the hand which she so frankly held out to him.

Mrs. Fairlake came into the room immediately after her daughter, and gave him a no less cordial

welcome. They made him sit down, and seated themselves near him, regarding him with interest and curiosity, and embarrassing him with questions.

Where had he come from? where had he been since that dreadful night when the steamboat left him on the lonely shore of the Ohio? and where was he going when the German servant overtook him and brought him to the house?

Jacob was still too much astonished to answer these questions very coherently. He managed, however, to let them know that he had seen hard times, and passed through some pretty severe trials.

"But how does it happen that I am here?" he asked, turning from one to the other with blushes of surprise and pleasure. "I was feeling so homeless and lonesome, and then, all at once, I was in fairy-land! I can't understand it; and it seems too good now to be true!"

"I don't think there is much illusion about it; you are in anything but fairy-land!" said Mrs. Fairlake, with her peculiar drawl. "My husband is a teacher in one of the high-schools, he gets a modest living by instructing classes in algebra and Latin, and this is his humble home. A poor schoolmaster's family,—there can be nothing more prosaic than that, I am sure! But I don't wonder you were surprised at the way in which you were brought here. Florie will have to answer for that. She never does anything like any other girl, you know."

"It's all my fault, of course," laughed Florie; "one of my funny freaks, as mamma says. I thought I was managing with a great deal of—what's the big word?—sagacity, till she told me I showed an utter lack of common sense. That's no new thing for me, you remember. My sense is uncommon. You'll say so when I tell you just how it was."

"I'm sure I shall," said Jacob.

"I discovered you," she said. "I was just going out of our street when I spied you loitering along with your bag, looking into all the shop-windows, and staring at everything but me."

"Why did n't you speak to me?"

"That's what mamma says is so strange. You were a little way off, and as you did n't recognize me,—though I thought you looked right at me once,—I was afraid you might be some other foolish boy."

"Florie, be still!" remonstrated her mother.

"I remember her way of making fun and speaking truth, and I don't mind it," said Jacob, blushing and laughing. "I am certainly one foolish boy, whether there's another in the world or not."

"I don't believe there are many foolish in just your way," said Florie. "If you had n't been foolish,—in your way,—you would have let me

drown, instead of risking your life to get me out of the water. How near we came to going down together! Do you ever think of it?"

Jacob confessed that he had thought of it once or twice.

"But," said he, "if it had n't been for some of my foolishness, you would n't have been in the water at all. 'T was I that rowed the boat on the cable. *That* has been *my* trouble."

you did n't look as if you had any place to go to, and mamma would want to see you. Then I remembered that mamma was n't at home. I don't believe I was so silly as to think about any impropriety in my snatching up a young gentleman in the street and carrying him home with me when she was away; but, really, I can't tell now what I did think, except that it seemed to me I must go at once and fetch her, and send Else to overtake



JACOB MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

"Nobody ever thought of blaming you except your own foolish self," said Florie. "But was n't it a wet time! And poor Mr. Pinkey!"

"I'll tell you something about him after you've finished your story," said Jacob.

"Oh yes! Well, I suppose I was a good deal excited when I saw you this evening. You turned your face to look into the next shop-window, and then I knew you for certain. I was going to run right up to speak to you, but—mamma says I never reflect, but I did reflect then—I thought if I spoke to you I must take you home with me, for

you and bring you here to meet us. So I ran back to the house—it was only a few doors around the corner—gave her my orders, and then went to find mamma. We had only just returned, when I came in and found you looking at my picture."

"I don't see but that you acted with a good deal of what you call sagacity after all," said Jacob. "But it was the funniest thing!—your German woman and I could n't understand each other except by signs, and I was completely puzzled. You should have seen us nod and gesture and grin!"

"What did you think?" cried Florie, with one of her merry peals of laughter.

"Think?" replied Jacob. "I did n't know but she was leading me into some trap, where ruffians would suddenly rush upon me and cut me up into mince-meat! Though, when I looked at her honest face, I could n't believe that."

"To keep Florie in practice with her German, we have a German servant," said Mrs. Fairlake. "We are so accustomed to speaking with Else in her own language, that we sometimes forget that other people may not understand her."

"Yes," said Florie; "and I never thought about the funny predicament you would be in till mamma mentioned it. The idea of your not knowing who had sent for you, or where you were, until you saw my picture in the album! It is so droll!"

When the mystery had been thus explained, Jacob told of his recent meeting with Mr. Pinkey in jail, and related other adventures he had had, all of which amused and interested Florie and her mother exceedingly.

"Delightful Mr. Pinkey!" said Mrs. Fairlake, with quiet irony in her pleasant drawl; "I am rejoiced to know that those darling ringlets did n't perish in a watery grave; it would have been quite too bad after all the pains he had taken with them. It is sad enough to think of him wasting his sweetness on the desert air of a jail. But don't you regard it as a mercy, Jacob, that you are separated from him? *You* might have gone to cultivating ringlets if you had remained subject to his charms, and they never would have become you as they do Mr. Pinkey."

"Oh, Mrs. Fairlake," said Jacob, understanding the deeper meaning of her words, "I am so glad that I got free from his influence as soon as I did. I know now how bad it was for me. How many times I have thought of what you and Florie said of him, when I would n't believe you—when I was almost angry because you did n't admire him! Now I know how true was every word that you said."

While they were talking, Mr. Fairlake came in.

"Some people call him professor," his wife remarked, introducing him to Jacob. "But since the title has been adopted and adorned by such men as our accomplished friend Mr. Pinkey, we feel that he is altogether unworthy to bear it."

Mr. Fairlake greeted their guest very heartily, and took no pains to conceal the fact that he had heard a good deal about him from his wife and daughter.

He was interested to hear an account of the capsize of the boat and of Florie's rescue from Jacob's own lips, which the boy gave with such true feeling, relieved by touches of humor, and with such genuine modesty, that they were moved and entertained by the story, and charmed with the story-teller.

Then Mr. Fairlake wished to know more of Jacob's history, and led him on to the very important consideration of his immediate future.

"I find I have come on a sort of tom-fool's errand," said Jacob; "and I've made up my mind that, whatever happens, I'll never again hunt up a relative for any good he may do me. But now I'm here I mean to find something to do, to earn my



JACOB CALLS ON UNCLE HIGGLESTONE.

living, if I can. I don't care much what I begin with; almost any kind of honest work will do."

"I like that," said Mr. Fairlake. "We will look about next week, and see what can be done for you. Meanwhile, you are welcome to a home with us. But you had better go and see your uncle, and ask his advice, if nothing else. He is well known as a successful man of business, and a person of fitful benevolence, though of an uncertain temper. While he will refuse a beggar a crust, and perhaps complain of his own poverty, he will draw his check the same day for some charitable purpose, or public object, which he takes a notion to aid. You'd better visit him,—treat him with the respect due to a young nephew to an old uncle, but keep your independence."

So they talked until bed-time, when Jacob took leave of these new and delightful friends, and retired to his chamber. He was for a long time too excited and happy to sleep. But by degrees his brain grew quiet, and, from dwelling upon his wonderful fortunes, as he lay awake, he lived them over again all night in pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JACOB VISITS HIS UNCLE.

NEXT morning, Jacob once more mounted the steps of his uncle's house, and gave the bell-handle a pull,—not timidly and anxiously, as on the evening before, but with a confident and cheerful heart.

Mrs. Fairlake had managed to fit him out with some clean linen. He carried no bag. His countenance showed modest independence. His attitude was erect. Thanks to his friends, the Fairlakes, he had not come to ask favors of Uncle Higglestone; and he was prepared for the worst reception.

The old negress with the shuffling shoes and red-turbaned head once more opened the door a little way, and then a few inches farther, on seeing who the comer was.

"You can jes step into de pahlah an' wait," said she. "He 'll see ye right sune, I reckon."

She left him in a small, plainly furnished room, the very atmosphere of which made Jacob feel homesick and wish himself away. Truly no beautiful and loving souls inhabited there; no gracious presence made those bare walls a home. Soon the old woman re-appeared.

"You can go up," she said to Jacob. "It 's de front room; walk right in." And Jacob went up.

In the front room he found a worn and faded carpet, a tumbled bed, a mantel-piece crowded with medicine-vials, a table on which were the remains of a solitary breakfast, two or three cane-seated chairs, and one large arm-chair, in which a sharp-featured old man sat propped with pillows. From the sharp features shot sharp glances out of a pair of sunken gray eyes, then came a sharp voice:

"My nephew, are you?"

"I believe so; that is what Aunt Myra said."

"You're the boy she brought up, hey? And now she's dead, you come to me! Did n't she leave you anything? Could n't you manage to live where you were?"

"I could have managed to live there, I suppose."

"Then why did n't you? What are you here for? It's all I can do to take care of myself. Boys are such fools! There's a vast deal more room in the country than there is in the city; but they must crowd to the city, crowd to the city, where there's nothing under the sun for 'em to do."

Though burning with indignation, Jacob curbed

it, and answered calmly: "I've heard that you were once a poor boy in the country, and that you went to the city to find something to do, and found it."

"That's different!" snarled the sick man.

"Yes," said Jacob. "You were more fortunate than I; you had no uncle there to discourage you!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that if you,—when you were a poor boy trying to get a living,—if you met a relative who shut you out of his house one night and talked to you the next morning as you have been talking to me, why, I pity you, that's all."

This cutting speech told on Uncle Higglestone, and he began to look closely and without prejudice at the fine, firm, manly lad before him.

"What would you have me do?" he demanded.

"Give me a kind word and a little advice," replied Jacob. "That's all I have come to you for."

"Have n't you come to me for a home and to get my money?"

"I don't want a cent of your money, sir; and I have a home which suits me very well for the present." And Jacob was turning to go.

"Come here!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Higglestone. "Let me look at you!"

With a sarcastic smile, Jacob stepped up to the chair and stood in the full light of the window.

"Nephew or not," said Uncle Higglestone, with a changed look and tone, "I've seen you before."

"I know that," replied Jacob. "I knew it the minute I came into the room."

"Why did n't you tell me?"

"I did n't think it was necessary; I've no claims to make on account of old acquaintance."

The boy spoke proudly and bitterly.

"No; you're a chip of the old block,"—and the sick man's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. "I like your spirit. I was just like you, at your age." Jacob could not help thinking, "I hope I shall not be just like you when I am a man of your age,"—but he held his peace.

"You went off that night before I had a chance even to thank you," the old man continued. "I liked that in you, too. I'd have done just so when I was a boy. I asked no odds of anybody. But I wished I had seen you. I wanted you to travel with me. With your care and attention, I might be a comparatively well man now. As it is, I came home sick, and I've been sick ever since."

Jacob remembered how glad he would have been to travel with this man and take care of him, thereby gaining an honest livelihood; but now the very thought of such slavery made his heart sick.

"Call my old woman; she'll give you a room," Uncle Higglestone continued, keeping his keen eyes on Jacob with the greatest interest. "You shall live with me, and work right into my busi-

ness; I want just such a lad as you to take my place. Where 's the bag you had last night? My old woman said you brought one."

Jacob hesitated before deciding what to say, and then answered:

"I had my bag—when I called here; but I have left it at Mr. Fairlake's house, where I am stopping."

"Fairlake! I know him; a very fine man. I'm glad you've got such a friend. But you must n't stop there, nor anywhere else except in your old uncle's house,"—and Uncle Higglestone ended with a softened gleam in his eyes and a tremor in his voice.

"I thought my old uncle did n't want me," replied Jacob.

"Ah, that was before I knew!"

"But I am the same nephew now I was ten minutes ago. I told you then I had n't come to stop with you."

"That's like me, too," said the old man. "Proud and resentful,—and I can't blame you. But I carried my pride and resentment too far. I know it now. I was too independent. Be careful, nephew, and don't be too much like me in that respect, or you may find your surly spirit leading you—as it has led me—to a lonely old age. Don't say yet that you want take up with my offer; for if you say it, I know you'll stick to it—that was my way. Think of it, will you?"

"I'll think of it, and consult my friends," Jacob promised; although the prospect of making his home in that house became, the more he considered it, the more intolerable to him.

The old man then had questions to ask about his late sister, of whom he was inclined to speak harshly, on account of their quarrel twenty years

before. But Jacob stood up for her stoutly, and said all the good he could of her.

"She used to abuse me to you, did n't she?" said Uncle Higglestone.

"I hardly know what you would call it," replied Jacob, with a smile; "but she used to talk about you very much as you do about her."

"And you believed her?"

"It is n't very strange if I did; I did n't know you then!"

"And what do you think now?"

"I think she and you were a good deal alike in some things; perhaps that is the reason you could n't agree any better."

Jacob expected nothing else than that this frankness would raise his uncle's anger; but the old man evidently liked him all the better for it.

Then the conversation turned upon his journey. Jacob concealed nothing. The invalid listened eagerly, and rubbed his thin hands and chuckled with delight over the amusing parts of his nephew's adventures. He was particularly pleased when told of the meeting with Alphonse in jail.

"A slippery fellow—I know him! He once came to me for a subscription to some swindling scheme of his. An introduction from him would n't have gained you much credit with me! I hope he'll get punished to the extent of the law."

"I don't," said Jacob. "For I don't think he means to be a scamp."

"Nobody ever does," said the old man. "Rogues are the best-meaning people in the world. They'd have everything their own way, if they could, without hurting anybody, but they can't, so they are—just rogues, and society must look out for 'em. But stand up for your friends; I like it!"

And Uncle Higglestone rubbed his hands again.

(To be continued.)

PETER'S RABBIT-HUNT.

BY PAUL FORT.

PETER KOORIKOF was a funny old fellow who lived in a village in Russia. He did not know very much about anything but his business, which was that of a farm-hand, and the people in the village said he did not know much about that.

But Peter had an idea that he was not only the best farmer in the part of the country where he lived, but that he understood a great many things

about fishing, hunting, gardening and other matters, which were entirely above the comprehension of ordinary people.

The villagers, and the men and women on the farm where Peter worked, were kind to him because he was a good-natured, obliging fellow, always willing to do a good turn for a friend, but they could not help laughing at him when they saw

what a curious way he had, sometimes, of doing a good turn.

But Peter knew what he was about, he said, and perhaps, some day, the people in the village would see that he was not the man they took him for.

deep on the lower floors, so that the people had to live altogether in the little rooms in the upper part of their houses.

The farm-house fared better, for it stood on high ground, some distance from the river; but the



PETER DRAWS IN THE FLOATING LOG.

One summer there was a long series of heavy rains, and the river which ran by the village where Peter lived was greatly swollen. So much so, indeed, that the water ran up into the fields, and even into the woods that lay a little back from the river. All the houses in the village which were near the river-bank were entirely surrounded by water, which in some cases was two or three feet

water came up very close to it, where it had never been before, and the whole country presented a very curious appearance, with the river spreading itself out so far and wide, and flowing swiftly on, over fields and roads and

fences, and even in and out among the trees of the forest.

After the rains had ceased, the freshet still continued, for all the little streams, swelled up above their banks, and loaded with the waters from the hills, came pouring into the river.

But everybody knew that the waters would fall before many days, and so they tried to get along as well as they could meantime.

One day—it was one of the first days after the rains—Peter came rushing into the farm-house, where most of the people were just about to sit down to their dinner, and cried out:

“I say! Look here! Who's got a boat-hook?”

“A what?” said one of the men.

“A boat-hook,” replied Peter. “Come, don't keep me. I'm in a hurry. I have something to do while you are eating your dinner. I saw a boat-hook here yesterday; where is it now?”

“What are you going to do, Peter?” asked a woman.

“Now, look here, good folks!” said Peter. “There is a time for all things,—a time for joking, and a time not to joke. I am going rabbit-hunting in a hurry, and I want a boat-hook.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed half-a-dozen people. “That's good! Hunting rabbits with a boat-hook! Ha! ha! Are you going to hook them by the ears?”

“That's my affair,” said Peter, “I'll attend to my business. Now, will anybody tell me where I shall find a boat-hook?”

“Oh! don't make such a disturbance, Peter,” said one of the older men. “I expect the boat-hook is down in the boat. Go down and look for it.”

“I never thought of that,” said Peter, and away he went.

The farm-hands had another good laugh at him, as he hurried away, and then they went in to their dinner.

Peter had a grand scheme on hand. As he happened to be down by the river near the woods, that morning, he saw a sight which puzzled him a great deal. On logs and branches of trees which were floating down with the current, he saw a great many rabbits, who seemed to be going off together on a grand boating excursion.

“Hello!” said he to himself. “What can those rabbits be about?”

When he had considered the matter a short time, however, he saw through the mystery. The water, in spreading through the woods, had flooded these rabbits out of their homes, and had cut off their retreat to dry land. So there had been nothing left for them to do but to get on such pieces of wood as they might be able to reach, and float along with the stream.

“They're in a bad way,” thought Peter, “for they don't like water, and they'll stick on those logs till they starve to death rather than try to swim ashore. And it's a dreadful pity to see so many fine rabbits wasted.”

But just then the idea came into his head that perhaps they need not be wasted. Suppose he were to get a boat and go out and catch them all! They could not get away from him. Splendid! He would do it. With a boat-hook he could draw the logs and branches up to his boat, and pick up every one of the long-eared little chaps. Even if they jumped into the water they could not get away from him, for he could row faster than they could swim. These rabbits were now some distance above the farm-house. If he ran and got a boat and oars, and particularly a boat-hook, he could row out and head them off before they got very far down the river.

So away he went, as we have seen, to the farm-house.

When he reached the boat, which was tied to a tree near the end of the high point on which the farm-house stood, he found the boat-hook and the oars in it, for some of the men had been out during the morning, picking up drift-wood. Looking out over the river, he saw that the floating rabbits had passed the farm-house, and, losing no time in pushing off, he rowed vigorously after them.

In about ten minutes he was among them, and, laying down his oars, he took up his boat-hook and began to pull in the branches with their odd little passengers. To Peter's surprise the rabbits did not attempt to jump into the water. Some of them ran from one end of a log to the other, when he attempted to put his hands on them, but many of them crouched down and allowed him to take them up, and some even jumped into the boat of their own accord.

They seemed to know that anything in the way of a big affair like a boat would be better than the insecure branches on which they were perched. So Peter had very little trouble in catching every rabbit that he could see on the river, for they were all quite near together, and he did not have to row about very much after he had reached the first of them.

When they were all in the boat he sat down and took up the oars, while the rabbits huddled themselves up together in the stern. They kept very quiet, and had a half-frightened appearance, as if they were not quite certain that they were free from danger, although they were very glad indeed to get off those floating logs and branches.

As Peter rowed toward the farm-house he could not help feeling very much pleased.

"What a splendid lot of rabbits!" he said to himself. "I don't believe anybody ever caught so many fine rabbits at once, all alive. Nobody in this country, I am certain, nor in any part of the world, so far as I have heard. I wonder what the farm folks will have to say now. The laugh will be the other way. I knew I should some day show them that I was not the man they took me for."

As he approached the shore he saw a number of the farm people, who, having finished their dinner, had come down to the river to see what Peter was going to do with his boat-hook.

They were astounded when they saw him and his boat-load of rabbits, and shouted to him, asking how he had caught them. Peter rested on his oars a short distance from shore and explained the whole affair. He was delighted to have such an opportunity of making a speech about himself.

"What are you going to do with them all, Peter?" called out one of the women. "You will give us each one or two, won't you?"

"No, indeed," said Peter. "I can't afford to give my rabbits away. I am going to be a rabbit-merchant. I intend to build a pen, and keep them there until they are right fat. And then they will be worth a good deal of money. But if any of you would like to buy a few rabbits now, I will sell them to you."

"All right," said one of the people. "Let us get a better look at them, and perhaps some of us may buy a few, and take care of them ourselves."

So Peter turned his boat around and rowed to the shore.

"Stop, Peter!" cried several of the men. "Don't come too close!" But Peter did not hear this warn-

ing in time. In a moment the bow of his boat struck the shore a short distance below where the farm-people were standing.

And then a strange thing happened. The rabbits had been huddled up very quietly in the stern of the boat, not appearing to be disturbed in the least by the loud talking, or by the noise and motion of the oars, so that Peter was delighted to see how tame and easily managed they were.

But the instant the boat touched the land a change came over them. They twitched their ears, sprang to their feet, and then, with one accord, they made a wild rush for the shore!

Over the seats and over the oars, over Peter's feet and legs, and over the sides and bow of the boat, they went. Peter had the oars in his hands, but dropping them as soon as his surprise would let him, he grabbed at the flying legs and tails, but never a one he caught.

In a minute every rabbit had gone! The people on shore hurried toward the boat, but they were up on a high bank, and before they could get down the rabbits were out of their reach, and all rushing at the top of their speed for a patch of woods and thicket near by.

Then the people laughed and shouted at Peter more than they had ever done before.

But Peter did not say a word. He just stood and looked after the rabbits, until the last of their little tails had disappeared in the thicket, and then he tied the boat to a tree and walked away, paying no attention to the remarks and laughter of the people. When he reached the farm-house he stopped a moment at the door, and said to himself: "Peter, you are not the man I took you for."

SCHOOL-LUNCHEONS.

(A Letter from the Little Schoolma'am.)

WELL, my boys and girls, Summer is making ready to go, and soon Autumn's ruddy brown face will come peeping at us through the boughs; so it seems quite time that we had our talk about school-luncheons. Are you sorry to have the autumn come? I hope not. I am glad, though she *does* bring slates and lesson-books under her arm. Holidays are nice, and fun and frolic very nice; but when holiday has lasted long enough, and we have rested and played to our heart's content, then study and work in their turn become delightful, and we ask nothing better than to take them up again.

That is the way I feel; and if every little schoolma'am in the land can say the same, I am pretty sure that all the scholars will welcome the new term with bright faces and ready minds.

First, I must thank you for your letters. I can't begin to count how many there were of them. They came from east and west, and north and south, pile after pile and day after day, till the postman was at his wit's end, and felt that, if this sort of thing was going on, he must be furnished with a wheelbarrow instead of a bag. I imagine that when he went home at night he told his children

about them, and said he should really like to know what had set all the world writing to ST. NICHOLAS at one and the same time. We, who are in the secret, know that there was nothing wonderful about the matter, and that, so far as letters were concerned, the more the merrier. Now, thanks to you, there is one little schoolma'am who feels as if she had gone to school and dined out of a basket in every corner of the Union. Very good dinners many of them were, too, substantial and wholesome and well chosen. One thing, however, I was sorry for—which is, that almost all of you say that you like pies, and only about half of you mention liking meat.

Pies are popular, I know; but they form a bad diet for children to study on, especially mince-pies, which I notice almost all of you select as your favorite. The lard and butter and heavy sweetness of them have the inevitable effect to make little brains sluggish and dull. Sums wont add up and States wont "bound;" heads ache and eyes droop, and that "horrid" geography gets the blame, or the "old arithmetic," instead of the real culprit, pie! Do notice how you feel after eating pie, and I think you will agree with me about this.

I wish, too, that more of you fancied brown bread—Graham or rye. It is very sound and wholesome, and has a great deal more nourishment in it than white bread, and this is an important point for you who have to grow as well as to live. On the other hand, I am glad to see that almost all of you enjoy fresh fruit. That is nature's own food, and if ripe and perfect, it is good for every one.

Now for the letters. I can't print them all, you know, for if I did, ST. NICHOLAS would be letters and nothing else for a year to come. But here are a few:

Providence, R. I.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: You ask me to tell you what we carry to school for lunch.

I generally take a slice of brown or white bread and butter and a slice of very plain cake. In fruit season I take apples, pears and peaches, and very rarely, a hard-boiled egg.

I often wish for the nice things the other girls have, such as cream-cakes, fruit-cake, cocoa-nut balls and candy. I suppose mother knows best, but they are nice.—Truly yours,

STELLA F. PABODIE.

Stella is a wise little girl with her "suppose," and I am quite sure that mother does "know best." I wish though that she could insert a little slice of meat between the slices of bread. A day of study requires more substantial food than bread and butter and cake, and Stella would be stronger at the year's end for having it.

Brooklyn.

DEAR SCHOOLMA'AM: I am very much interested in the subject of school-luncheons. I am ten years old and live in Brooklyn, but not in walking distance from my school, so I am obliged to carry my lunch every day. I generally take cold meat sandwiches, or a hard-boiled egg, a piece of cake, and an orange or a nice juicy apple. But my favorite lunch is potted tongue sandwich, an orange, and a piece of mince-pie. Mamma does not approve of mince-pie, so I do not have it often. A little girl that goes to my school once had for her

lunch an orange, a lemon, a cream-puff, and a great big green pickle,—one of the largest I ever saw. The girl has gone to California now for her health.

I wish I knew of something else that was nice to take for lunch. I get so tired of the same things. I hope the Little Schoolma'am will get a great many letters and some new ideas about goodies for lunch. A baked custard is very nice, especially if it is baked in a pretty cup.

It is the happiest day of the month when papa brings home my ST. NICHOLAS, and I am one of its devoted readers.

MADGIE S. CLARK.

I have emphasized a line in Madgie's letter, because it suggests an idea which mammas don't always think of, and that is, the importance of making a child's school-dinner look attractive. There is something very dampening to the appetite in the aspect of thick bread and butter rolled in a bit of coarse brown paper, with a cookie or two sticking to the parcel, and an apple covered with crumbs at bottom of the pail! Such a luncheon often will prevent a delicate child from eating at all. A little care spent in preparation—in cutting the bread trimly and neatly, packing the cake in white paper, and the whole in a fresh napkin, in choosing a pretty basket to take the place of the tin-pail—is not pains thrown away. Some children are born fastidious, and with a distaste for food. They require to be tempted to eat at all—tempted, not by unwholesome goodies, but by taking trouble to make simple things dainty and attractive to them. We have heard a grown woman, whose fastidiousness had survived her childhood, describe with a shudder the effect which her dinner-basket at school had upon her. The very sight of it took away all appetite, and she went through the afternoon faint and fasting rather than meddle with its contents. By all means bake the custard in a "pretty cup," and do what is possible to give the luncheon an appetizing appearance to the little people who depend upon it for the working force of their long school-day.

Here are three letters with a recipe in each. But we will give Madgie others farther on.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I generally take some bread and butter and meat for my lunch, with an apple; but I get tired of that and mamma won't let me take any cake at all, and that is what I should like best. When I take cold mutton, I generally chop it fine and put pepper and salt on it, and then put it on my bread. It is very nice that way.—Yours lovingly,

SUSIE.

El Paso, Sedgwick County, Kansas.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: As you wish all the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS to write what they take to school for their luncheon, I will write what I take for mine. It is simple bread and butter, a piece of cheese, an apple, and occasionally a slice of bread-cake, which mother makes in this way:

A coffee-cup of light sponge as it is prepared for bread, a tea-cup of sugar, a cup of sour milk, half a cup butter, half a cup English currants, three cups flour, a tea-spoonful of soda, flavor with cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, if preferred. Bake in a slow oven about an hour.—From your little friend,

EVA W. PRESTON.

DEAR SCHOOLMA'AM: I am a big chicken to write to you about school-luncheons. In fact I am the mother of two little chicks of my own, too small to write or to go to school. If my children went to school, I would have them come home to dinner, if possible. If not, I would give them plain bread and butter, or broiled beef sandwiches, with a moderately boiled egg or two spice, any fruit in season, Graham bread or Graham gems. If pie was to be taken, I would

never let them have a piece of mince, or one where lard or butter is used in the crust. A good, cheap, digestible pie-crust can be made with mealy mashed potatoes, flour and cream, and a pinch of salt. No child will refuse to eat such a crust. A BIG CHICKEN.

Here is a sensible suggestion from that Friendly city in which all of us who went to the Centennial Exhibition learned to take an interest. Try it, boys and girls, and see how it works.

Philadelphia.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I usually take for lunch apples, bread and butter, biscuits or oranges, and "other fruits in season." Sometimes, but not often, cake. Candy, never. Papa does not allow us to buy candy. I do not expect to see my letter in print, but please tell the girls and boys that experience has taught me that it is not at all dreadful to go without candy, and you shall see my meals so much better. I wish some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would try going without candy a few weeks, and see if they do not feel better. —Yours truly,
M. A. LIPPINCOTT.

The next two letters show that sometimes children do follow sensible suggestions, which is pleasant hearing for a little schoolma'am.

Newark, N. J.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: As you told me that mince-pie was not good for school girls and boys to take to school for lunch, I thought I would write and tell you how much I appreciate your advice. For the last three weeks I had been taking mince-pie to school almost every day, and I could n't think why there were so many blotches on my face, but now I know, and I thank you very much for your advice.

I stopped taking it a few days ago. Yesterday I took some Graham bread and butter, some cold mutton and a banana. I suppose you would say bananas are almost as bad as mince-pie, but I don't take them very often. —Your friend,
MINNIE F. BYINGTON.

Ithaca, N. Y.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I would like to tell you what I take to school for my lunch.

I almost always take some bread and butter (or biscuit), some cold meat or dried beef, a small piece of mince-pie, a piece of plain cake, and once in a great while one small pickle.

Once when there was n't anything in the house but bread and butter, I persuaded mamma to let me get a couple of macaronis and a cream-puff, but I shall not do it again, for that day I had a dreadful headache. —I remain your faithful reader,
LAURA LYON.

I think you will all laugh over this tragical history of a pickle:

Brookline, Mass.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I generally take for luncheon some crackers, or some gingerbread and cheese, with a little cake sometimes; but once I took some molasses candy which we had had a good time pulling the night before.

One time a girl took some pickles to school for luncheon in a little tin pail, and the teacher made her put it away in a closet, and it is there now, I guess! —Your loving,
M. C. CHESTER.

What do you think of *this* luncheon?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I eat taffy, apples, oranges, caramels, peanuts. —Your little friend,
PERRY.

Or this?

Toledo.
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I saw your article entitled "School-Luncheons" in darling ST. NICHOLAS, and as you asked the boys and girls to answer and tell what they oftentimes take to school for their luncheons, I thought I would tell you what I take. I take Graham bread and butter, and sometimes white bread and butter, but I like Graham the best. I take a good many different kinds of sauce, jam, jelly, apple-butter; beefsteak, roast-beef, pickled pi's; feet, and dried beef. I sometimes take apple and sometimes mince pie, cookies, gingerbread and snaps, jelly-cake, fruit-cake, and pound-cake. As to fruit, I take oranges, apples, peaches, pears, grapes and strawberries, according to the season.

I am twelve years old and attend the Orange District School. Mr. Crane is our teacher, and he is a splendid one. —Yours,
NETTIE GRAY W.—

Or this?

New Hampton.
LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I am a little girl eleven years old. My papa takes the ST. NICHOLAS for me, and we all like it very much.

I saw a piece in it this month about luncheons at school, and so I will tell you what I generally take. I take cake,—chocolate is my favorite kind,—canned fruit, apples, and very often oranges. My mamma often scolds me for not taking bread and butter, but I must say I can't eat it at school. If you know of anything better, please let me know. —From your little friend,
CLARA M. ARNOUT.

Perhaps some of you will be puzzled to understand why such luncheons as these last three are improper or insufficient, and I must not feel surprised if you are so. Many grown people go through their lives in complete ignorance of the qualities and objects of food, and of its effect on the growth and health of the human body. They fancy if things have an agreeable taste, that is enough; but a pleasant taste, though desirable, is not enough; for so soon as food has made its way down the throat, its flavor becomes a matter of little consequence. A host of tiny forces wait at the bottom of the passage down which luncheons and dinners go, whose office is to receive what we eat, work it over, distribute and make it of use to our bodies. There they stand at the foot of the long staircase,—these small servants,—and when a mouthful of bread or of beef descends, they pounce upon it, divide it, and carry it off to where it is needed. Some of it goes to the bones, some to the brain or to the nerves. This is turned to muscle,—that to fat; the little servants understand their work, and so long as we treat them well, there is no danger that they will waste or misapply anything intrusted to them.

But how few of us always treat them well! We grow careless or hurried, and forget all about the good little servants. We pay no attention to their calls, let them stand waiting for the food till they are faint and discouraged, and then of a sudden we fling a heavy meal down on their hands. Or we do just the other thing, and keep them busy all the time without any rest at all, till they are worn out. Then the little servants grow confused and angry, and run blindly about, putting things in wrong places; or they sulk, and refuse to work,—and *then* we don't feel well, and "can't imagine" what is the reason; or we fall ill, and have a bad time of it till they choose to make up the quarrel and forgive us.

I am afraid that girl did not "feel well," of whom "P. Marsh" writes, and whose luncheon consisted of six pickles, six pieces of bread and butter, and a bottle of strong tea! And what *do* you suppose these little servants thought of these other girls who take to school "cake, pie (usually mince), turnovers, tarts, plum-cake, cheese, sticky bits of half-dome molasses candy, gum-drops, French chocolate, and hot, greasy dough-nuts?" Out of this list, only the cakes, pie, and cheese have *any* proper nourishment in them, you observe, and that of a rich, indigestible sort, which the

little servants will worry over and not know quite what to do with. The rest is sheer refuse; they will cast it aside contemptuously, and it will be in the way of their work just so long as it lies there. Or if, in despair, they try to use it, it is sure to do harm. Every part of the girl cries out at having such 'stuff' administered to it. Her head aches, her eyes ache, her skin feels feverish, her whole system is loaded and oppressed. She goes home at night with the fatal basket empty in her hands, and feels that the day has been a bad one, and that life generally is hard. Her spirits are low,—spirits always are low after such a meal,—nobody seems kind,—nothing pleasant. Very likely she ends with a nightmare. And all this discomfort to pay for the brief pleasure of twenty minutes' gormandizing! Is it worth while? I don't believe any of you will say that it is.

There is another letter which I must quote, because it contains a suggestion :

New York.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Seeing in your last St. NICHOLAS that you want all the boys and girls to tell you what they take for their lunch, I will tell you that I take *preserves*! Perhaps you will think that a very queer lunch, but the girls have what they call a "spread." Every one brings something. One will bring sandwiches, another cake, another fruit, and so on. Then we spread them all out on a table, and each one helps herself to whatever she likes. I always bring preserves, because mamma's preserves are very highly recommended by all the girls.

With much love to Jack and St. NICHOLAS,—and please keep lots for yourself,—I am yours truly,

ROBERTA C. WHITMORE.

You see this is a sort of co-operative luncheon, and for some of you I should think it might prove a good idea. Suppose, for instance, that six girls agreed to arrange their lunch on this principle,—one carrying bread nicely sliced and buttered, one some cold chicken, one a few hard-boiled eggs, with a paper of salt, one a square of fresh ginger-bread; another a jar of stewed fruit, with a spoon and some milk-biscuit, and the last a supply of apples or oranges. You see what a substantial and varied luncheon they would have, and yet each mamma would have less trouble than in providing a little of several things for her special child to carry. It might be worth while for some painstaking mothers to try this plan. And if any one makes the experiment, and finds it a good one, be sure to write a line to Jack and let us know.

Here is one more letter, and I think you will agree with me that it shows a sad state of affairs in a city which is so sensible in other matters that it ought to be wiser in this :

Philadelphia.

DEAR JACK: Will you tell the Schoolma'am that I am very glad she has taken up the subject of luncheons, and ask if she won't write so plainly about them that teachers as well as scholars shall know what to do? The other day, I visited our new normal school at recess-time, when the children belonging to the "model classes" were taking their lunch. On one side of the lunch-hall was a long counter-table, and any one who chose could buy from it. What do you think was on the table? Cake! Cake in every form and of every flavor, and nothing but cake! Cake for one cent—two—three; crullers, dough-

nuts, ginger-cakes, seed-cakes, molasses-cake; but not a sandwich, or an egg, or a single cup of milk, or soup—only cake, and cake only! And this for the normal school of the second city in the Union!

THE FATHER OF TWO SCHOOL-GIRLS.

And now I am going to give a few recipes. They are no better than the things which many of you are in the habit of taking to school, but they will serve to make a variety upon them, and that is desirable, for little people, and big ones, too, get tired of even the nicest food, if they are forced to eat the same every day.

VEAL PIGEONS.

Spread a thin veal cutlet with a stuffing of bread-crumbs moistened with a little gravy or cream, and seasoned lightly with salt, pepper, and a pinch of summer-savory. Roll the cutlet up, tie it with fine cord, and bake till done, basting thoroughly. When it is cold, remove the cord and cut into slices. It is a nice savory relish with bread and butter.

GALANTINE OF VEAL OR CHICKEN.

Take an old fowl, or a knuckle of veal, cover with cold water, and boil slowly all day till the meat is almost dissolved. Strain off the liquor, and season with salt and pepper. Shred the bits of meat fine, or chop them in a chopping-bowl, put them into a shallow mold or pan, pour on the liquor, and set in a cold place for the night. In the morning the surface will be found covered with fat, which must be carefully removed, underneath which will be a firm meat jelly, slices of which laid on bread are extremely nice for luncheon.

VEAL LOAF.

To a pint of cold veal finely minced add a pint of bread-crumbs, two eggs well beaten, a wine-glassful of milk, a very little salt pork chopped fine, salt, pepper, and a pinch of thyme. Bake in a buttered dish, and when cold turn out upon a plate, and serve in slices. Cold beef or mutton may be used.

POTTED SHAD.

Scale three or four moderately sized shad, remove heads and tails, and cut each crosswise into four pieces. Chop four small onions, and sprinkle a layer on the bottom of a stone jar. Then put in a layer of fish, add a few whole peppers, a little salt, cloves, allspice, and a small quantity of onion; then another layer of fish, and so on till the pot is full. Arrange the roe on top, spice highly, and fill the jar with strong vinegar. Cover with folds of thick paper under the lid, and bake twelve hours. The vinegar will completely dissolve the bones of the shad. This is rather a spicy compound for school-children, but a little of it as a relish now and then will be found nice.

WHOLESOME SALAD.

Take equal quantities of cold beef, mutton, or veal, cold boiled potatoes, and a larger portion of fresh green lettuce, all cut fine. Stir a half tea-

cupful of vinegar gradually into a table-spoonful of olive-oil or cream, add a little salt and sugar, and pour over the salad, mixing well with a fork. A bowl or jar of this, with plenty of bread-and-butter, ought to be liked by the pickle-fanciers among you.

A PLAIN RICE PUDDING.

A coffee-cupful of boiled rice, a quart of milk, a half tea-cup of raisins, a half tea-cup of sugar, a table-spoonful of butter. Stew the rice *gently* into the milk for two hours; add the sugar, raisins, and butter, and bake for an hour, stirring once to mix the butter in. This pudding is very nice eaten cold for luncheon.

GRAHAM PUFFS.

A pint of Graham flour, not sifted; a pint of milk. Mix lightly with a spoon for a few minutes, then pour the batter into iron-clad pans made hot, into each of which a bit of butter has just been dropped. Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

This is the purest and most wholesome preparation of Graham flour which exists, and I think most of you will like it very much. The puffs are as good cold as hot.

CORN DODGERS.

A pint of sifted meal, stirred smoothly in a quart of milk. Add one egg, beaten lightly, a table-spoonful of sugar, and a very small bit of butter. Bake in iron-clad pans, precisely after the rule given for Graham puffs, and when cold split and spread with butter or powdered sugar.

Some of you would perhaps enjoy rusk as a change from bread and biscuit, so I give a recipe from Marion Harland's excellent manual of cookery, "Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea":

RUSKS.

One quart of milk; half cup of yeast; flour enough to make a thick batter. Set a "sponge" with these ingredients. When it is very light, add one cup butter rubbed to a cream, with two cups of powdered sugar, three eggs well beaten. Flour enough to make a stiff dough. Knead briskly, and set to rise for four hours. Then make into rolls, and let them stand an hour longer, or till light and "puffy," before baking. Glaze, just before drawing them from the oven, with a little cream and sugar.

MOONSHINES.

A quart of flour, a table-spoonful of butter, a tea-spoonful of salt, a small tumbler of ice-water. Mix the water with the other ingredients with a knife on a molding-board, as for paste; beat with the rolling-pin till perfectly smooth and flexible, and roll out as thin as a wafer. Cut into circles of the size of a saucer with a pastry jigger, and criss-cross the top of each circle with the same. Bake on flat tins. This makes a sort of light, crisp cracker, as

delicate as possible, and would be a nice contribution for some one to carry to a co-operative luncheon.

Now, to show you that little schoolma'ams can be indulgent sometimes, I will here add a recipe for a very simple (but good) cake, which I used to like (and to make, too) when I was a little girl.

MOLASSES CAKE.

One tea-cup of molasses, one tea-cup of brown sugar, one tea-cup of milk, four tea-cups of flour, two eggs, a spoonful of ginger, and half tea-spoonful of soda.

Here are some suggestions which hardly amount to the dignity of recipes—in fact, are too simple to require a regular rule, but which some of you may like to try for school luncheons:

Quinces, baked in the oven till thoroughly soft, and sprinkled thickly with fine sugar.

Apples, prepared in the same way.

Apple-turnovers, made with the potato paste described in the letter from "A Big Chicken," and spread with nicely seasoned stewed apple.

Cheese, grated fine, and sprinkled on bread and butter. The cheese must be dry and old.

Grated ham, also with bread and butter.

Dried peaches, stewed and sweetened.

And—I put this in at the special request of a little girl—cold, baked Carolina sweet-potatoes, cut in very thin slices, and eaten with salt. These, she says, taste *exactly* like chestnuts, and she is sure all the ST. NICHOLAS children will like them.

I will wind up with a list, putting into it not only these recipes and suggestions of my own, but also all the good, wholesome things mentioned in your different letters. It will be convenient for you to refer to them in the form of a list; and though each one of you will find articles of food mentioned which are familiar, each one has the chance of lighting on something new, which may come into play for the hungry noons just ahead.

Beginning with solids, we have sandwiches of cold sliced meat, potted meat, grated ham, and grated cheese; chopped mutton, salted and peppered; sliced sausages.

Beef-tea, galantine of veal or chicken, veal-loaf, potted shad, veal pigeons, salad—of meat, potato and lettuce,—cold chicken, cold corned beef, and hard-boiled eggs.

Graham bread, Graham puffs, pilot bread and good fresh crackers with old cheese, corn bread, corn dodgers, cold buttered muffins, milk biscuit, rolls and butter, pop-overs, oatmeal cakes, oatmeal crackers, moonshines and rusks.

Roasted quinces with sugar, roasted apples, apple-turnovers with potato crust, roasted sweet-potatoes, cold and sliced, molasses cake, cold rice pudding, dried peaches stewed, apple sauce, ginger snaps, plain cookies, bread-cake, baked custard, apple butter.

Fruit of all kinds, if fresh and ripe.

Now, dears, if any of these recipes turn out to your taste, or if anything I have said proves useful, or helps you to an idea, nobody will be so glad as your affectionate

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

ONE! TWO! THREE!



ONE! two! three!
 Mamma, see—
 Kisses sweet for you!
 Here's a kiss,
 There's a kiss,
 Here's another, too!



Three! four! five!
 In the hive
 There are lots of bees.

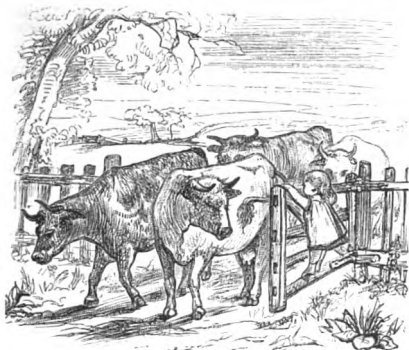
When they fly
 They go high,
 'Way up in the trees.

Four! five! six!
 Little chicks,—
 Dear me! how they rush!
 See them eat,
 With their feet
 Standing in the mush!

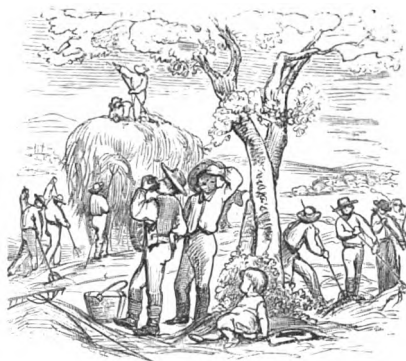


Five! six! eight!
 Through the gate
 Come the cows at night;
 Brindle, Bess,
 Fan and Jess—
 Can't I count them right?

Six! eight! ten!
 Big, strong men
 Rake up all the hay.
 There's a load
 Down the road,
 Coming here to-day.



One! two! three!
Mamma, see—
Kisses sweet for you!



Love you best—
More 'n the rest—
Yes, indeed, I do!

GOOD FRIENDS.

I KNOW a dog whose name is Jack. He is a bull-dog, and he looks very cross, but he is really very kind.

One day Jack went out for a walk with his Master, and they saw two dogs fighting. Jack ran off to them very fast, and his Master was afraid Jack would fight too. But the good dog pushed himself between the others and stopped their fighting. The two dogs then went away, looking very sorry. And Jack came back wagging his tail, as if proud of being a peace-maker.

Most dogs do not like cats, but Jack has a dear friend, a cat named George Washington. George had four little brothers and sisters, but three of them never came out of their first bath, and the other one was given away. The old mother-cat died when George was three months old, and then Jack and George grew very fond of each other. A big dog once flew at the little kitten, but Jack chased it away, and George seemed to know that Jack had saved his life. Jack and George Washington sleep together, and eat off the same dish. When Jack is asleep, George Washington will come and begin to lick his head, and Jack seems to like it. When Jack comes in from a walk George runs to meet him, and purrs, and rubs over him, and really kisses him, they are so glad to see each other. Jack does not like other cats, and still chases them, but to George Washington he is always kind and gentle.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"I THANK you kindly, dear Jack," writes the dear Little Schoolma'am when I notify her that I'll gladly give the chicks any message she may wish to send in regard to those school-luncheon letters; "but I shall need more space this time than you can give me. I must ask the editor to allow me several pages for my talk. The subject of school-luncheons, you must know, is a very important one. I only wish I could treat it better for the sake of the thousands and thousands of little folk and their mothers who read ST. NICHOLAS. But I'll do the best I can."

Do the best she can? Ah! I'll warrant she will. Bless her heart! Why, I never knew another such remarkable Little Schoolma'am as that since I've been a Jack-in-the-Pulpit! There is n't anything she would n't do for you, my pets. I do believe she'd try to eat up all the poor luncheons in the country herself, if thereby she could help matters any. But in that case there would no longer be any Little Schoolma'am, and what would become of us *then*, I'd like to know?

Jack can't bear to think of such a thing. So we'll talk about

FLOWER-DOLLIES.

ALREADY the children are writing to Jack about flower-dollies, taking hints from the letter of Marion and Winnie T. in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1876.

One little girl writes to Jack: "I find that those beautiful colored leaves of the coleus, whenever you can beg a leaf from the gardener, make splendid trailing skirts." Another writes: "Tell the girls that a doll's skirt of grape-leaf can be beautifully trimmed with strings of lilac blossoms, or verbenas, or any small blossom of that kind." A third says she "made a big doll out of spruce-wood, with a radish head, and put real lady's-slippers on its

feet, and dressed it up in a gown made of burdock leaves, and it was really quite 'cute.' Still another little girl writes that, last summer, she "made the loveliest dolls all out of day-lilies," only she "had to use green sticks for arms." Even the head she made "by gathering and tying up the white petals of a lily and putting on a daisy for a hat." She adds that five little girls and herself made a group of these flower-dollies, and "stood them on the piazza ready to surprise mamma when she came home from her drive. And mamma said, 'the effect was really quite lovely.'"

ELECTRIC CANDLES.

WELL, well—what *will* the birds tell me next? Here's a little candle, throwing its beams through the newspapers, all the way from England, and my birds know of it! They say there's a new kind of candle being tried in London. It is n't sperm, nor wax, nor paraffine, and it has n't any cotton wick, nor is it a tube supplied with kerosene or gas—

What in the world is it, then?

That is just what Jack would like to find out. The birds only hint these matters, you see; but they tell me it is an *electric candle* of some sort, and that the inventor's name is Jablochhoff. He's not an Englishman, I'll warrant. Who knows anything about this matter?

"IS THE CALLA A LILY?"

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: In looking over one of the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS (March, 1875), I have found in the "Letter-Box" an inquiry which I would like to answer. It is from Abby G. Shaw. She asks: "Is the calla a lily?" and says she thinks it is not, giving as authority "Wood's Class-Book of Botany, published in 1848." Now, I have studied botany a good deal, and I think it *is* a lily. Will you please tell me what you think about it?

MIGNONETTE.

If "Mignonette" will think how strange and misleading are some of the "common" names given to flowers within her own knowledge, she will know at once that the fact of a plant being called a "lily" is no proof that it is one. For instance, we have all kinds of roses,—rock-rose, guelder-rose, rose of Sharon, and others,—which are not roses at all, and in no manner related to the roses, except that they all are plants. Strictly, nothing is a true rose unless it belongs to the botanical genus *Rosa*. We must take the same ground with the lilies. We have pond or water lilies, lily of the valley, St. Bruno's lily, and others, including the lily of the Nile. But, according to good authority, none of these are, in a botanical sense, lilies; that is, none of them belong to the genus *Lilium*, for only to such plants does the term "lily," without prefix or suffix, properly belong.

Every true lily has a remarkably regular and symmetrical flower. It is six-parted,—three outer parts and three inner parts,—both kinds so much alike that we do not say of them "calyx" and "corolla." It has six very prominent stamens and one pistil, which has a three-celled ovary. Now, nothing like this structure is found in the calla. It has in the center a fleshy stalk crowded with imperfect flowers, those with anthers only being above, and the others, with pistils only, below, and all very

small, crowded, and indistinct. The showy portion which surrounds all these flowers is not a flower at all, but only a white leaf, which, in our Jack-in-the-Pulpit, is green, often with brown markings. Indeed, the calla and Jack are much more closely related than are the lily and the calla, for these two are so remote cousins that the relationship "does n't count,"—unless one of them should die very rich.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

GRASS SHOES.

SOME of the children in the red school-house have been making bathing-shoes for themselves out of grass, and it is astonishing what capital shoes they turn out.

In the first place, they cut a wide sole-pattern, of the size wanted, out of stout cloth (which forms a good lining to the shoe as soon as it is covered); then they take a bundle of grass and twist it tightly and evenly until it is of about the thickness of a lady's finger. Next, with the aid

sole by over-and-over stitches, then catching the succeeding rows of wisp firmly together, conforming them as nearly as practicable to the shape of the foot. When finished, it looks something like a slipper. Then, all that remains to be done is to add tapes by which it is to be tied about the ankle.

Jack has n't given very explicit directions, because it is n't in his line to teach needlework; but the ingenuity of the boys and girls must make up for his short-comings.

Certain it is that the girls and boys of the red school-house have made these shoes, and have made them strong, and soft to the feet.

"NOT IN" TO TROUBLE.

"THE cheerful are usually the busy. When Trouble knocks at your door, or rings the bell, he will be apt to retire if you send him word you are 'engaged.'"

Who said this? He was a wise man, whoever he was.



ONE OF JACK'S PETS.

ONE OF JACK'S PETS.

of a big needle and very coarse thread, they sew the twist of grass to the cloth, adapting it to the shape of the pattern as best they can, and taking care to lengthen the twist, as they go on, by splicing it with new spears of grass, so as to keep it of about the same thickness. The twist is sewed in such a way that the stitches will hold the grass firmly in shape. When the sole has been covered, the children take a fresh wisp and begin building up the sides and toe, sewing the first row strongly to the

SWEET Billy Buttercup! Pretty little fay!
Riding on the blossoms in the breeze;
Deep in the clover-bloom hiding him away,
Startled at the murmur of the trees.

Children! have you seen him? shy is he and gay,
Sunny as the butterflies and bees,—
Sweet Billy Buttercup! Pretty little fay!
Riding on the blossoms in the breeze.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

POMPEII, THE RUINED CITY.

(Extracts from a Little Girl's Journal.)

We were in Naples, and it was a beautiful, summer-like day,—the third of January, 187— We arose very early, took a hearty breakfast, and started, in a four-seated carriage drawn by four horses, for Pompeii, the ruined city which for eighteen hundred years lay buried under the ashes of Vesuvius, that treacherous old mountain that is continually keeping the Neapolitans in fear and trembling.

We enjoyed the ride from Naples very much, which was part of the way along the sea-shore and along the mountain-side. We passed through Portici and Keciui, and the gate which leads to the amphitheater of Herculaneum, which was lately discovered, comparatively speaking; and then we saw the palace "La Favorita," where we are going to stop when we go up the mountain.

When we reached Pompeii, we all found it more interesting than any of us had expected. We first went into the museum, where we saw old jugs for water, and rusty locks and keys and bolts, etc., etc.; skeletons' heads and bones, and two or three specimens of the people who had been found in the houses; and their position plainly shows the torture and agony they must have suffered when the scoræe overtook them in their flight. There is one man who looks as though he had been running when the scoræe reached him; no one would know that such an object had ever been a man, were it not for the form, which was bent forward, with his hands up to his face. It must have



A VICTIM OF THE LAVA.

been an awful time; and then, it being so completely dark, with the air full of ashes, many of them must have run right into the lava without knowing it.

The town is all in ruins; nothing is left but the walls and streets to tell the tale of a once prosperous and thriving city. On many of the richest houses can still be seen the frescoes that adorned the walls, and the beautiful designs of the mosaic floors. One would think, from the walls and floors and ceilings, and the few fountains that are left, that the majority of the people must have lived in more elegance and refinement than the rich people do who now live in Naples. The fountains in the floors served for mirrors.

We went into one house in which was a little chamber barred off from the rest, and in the corner was a pile of dirt, and in it was embedded the skeleton of a man who is said to have been imprisoned there when the calamity occurred; and, his hands and feet being chained, the poor wretch could not get away. It made me feel real sad when I heard the story, but still more so when I saw the skeleton in reality.

We found it was four before we thought it two, and the guards telling us to go, as they close at four o'clock. We returned to the carriage, and reached the hotel late at night, fully convinced that we would again visit Pompeii.

K. N.

BARRED IN.

I SHALL open my true story by telling you that, no matter how or why, a cold December day not two years ago found me, a meek, homesick little school-ma'am of sixteen summers beginning my career in the Smithtown school-house. It was a small, yellow building, with heavy, solid, unpainted shutters. On the inside a single seat ran around the room next to the wall, with desks in front. A rough, movable bench to serve as recitation seat, a great box of a stove, a leaky pail, and a battered tin-cup finished the furnishing.

In this room between forty and fifty boys and girls, ranging in age from four years to twenty-one, were gathered. Even your patience,

my dear old saint, would fail should I tell you all the trials and tribulations that my spirit was heir to in that school-room.

The school had been under my dominion a little over a month, and it was the day before Christmas. At noon that day I was seated at my desk, tranquilly writing, and rejoicing that my "little flock" saw fit so leave me in quiet, and amuse themselves out-of-doors. I looked up as one of the large boys stepped inside the door and took down the key from a nail beside it. I knew what was coming then. "Heinrich!" said I. But he was out of the door and it was closed behind him. Quick as thought I was at the door and my pencil filled the key-hole. Of course it was impossible for them to lock the door; and it was equally impossible for me to open it while a dozen strong hands held it on the other side. Through the door came the question, in the voice of the boy who had taken the key:

"Will you give us a half-holiday, and five dollars for a treat?"

The five dollars I could not afford to give; the half-holiday I would willingly give, but I would *not* be compelled to do it; therefore I maintained a dignified silence, and my position—which began to grow a little monotonous.

At the end of twenty minutes it was something more. Then the great shutters swung around, and I could hear the boys planing rails firmly against them; the result was, of course, total darkness. Ten minutes more. By holding my watch close to a wack crack I could see how time passed. Then I heard the rattling of a chain, and the repetition of their demand for "a treat and a holiday." I was given up, leaving the door and "a treat and a holiday." It was not a pleasant prospect—that of being locked up in darkness all a long afternoon; but, as I dramatically quoted to myself, "I could not fly, I would not yield."

It was no longer of any use for me to guard the key-hole, for the door was chained fast, so I devoted my energies to building a fire, and soon had a bright blaze. I tried to read—the book was not interesting. I tried to write—ideas were a minus quantity. Surely it had been an hour since the door was chained. Fifteen minutes! My watch must have stopped; but no! it was jogging on at its accustomed pace.

I repeated a good-sized volume of poetry that afternoon. I demonstrated the "problem of the lights." I did anything and everything possible to pass away the time, but it was the longest afternoon I ever knew. Now and then I felt a little gleam of vicious satisfaction when a voice outside repeated the demand, and I could feel how aggravated the rebels were by my silence. You wonder that some passer-by did not interfere in my behalf? "Barring the teacher in" was a time-honored custom, and teachers knowing this to be the case usually yielded, or at least compromised, in a very short time. In any case, no one thought of interfering.

I began to sympathize with prisoners who are doomed to solitary confinement. I could hear the monotonous tick-tick of my watch in the stillness. Slowly, slowly, the hands moved, as if they were weighted. Half-past three. Once more the old question at the door: then the chain rattled, the shutters and door were flung open—and I was unbarred! It seems that my rebellious subjects had held a council of war, decided that my obstinacy was unquarable, and so given up the siege.

I rang the bell, and in answer to the summons they slowly filed in, some faces looking sheepish, some defiant, some only wondering. When they were seated I said, as quietly as usual, "You are dismissed until next Monday morning."

As they marched out I heard one of the boys say to another, "The ma'am's a 'cute un; and she's got the grit, too, if she is little!"

LIVE SAXON.

THE WOODPECKER.

TAP! tap! goes the woodpecker's busy bill,
TAP! tap! on the old oak-tree—
He hunts small game
With his tongue of flame,
For a woodman bold is he!

"'Tis the early bird gets the worm," he cries,
As he springs from his nest at morn;
And his note so shrill,
The woodlands fill,
Like the hunter's bugle horn!

In their chambers dark,
'Neath the moldering bark,
The ant and the grub lie still—
But he hurries them out
With a terrible shout,
And gobbles them up at will.

R. R. H.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR crowded columns this month force us to deny our young astronomers a pleasant surprise which Professor Proctor had prepared for them—an article on the two planets Mars and Saturn. But it will probably console them to know that the paper will be given in full in our November number; and, meanwhile, they shall be afforded an exercise which Professor Proctor seems to have had in mind already, for he states, in beginning his article: "I purposely said nothing about these planet-visitors last month, that those who try to learn the star-groups from my maps may have had a chance of discovering the two planets for themselves." He adds that the two will be plainly visible this fall, Mars shining with a bright, ruddy glow, and Saturn with a dull, yellow light. Here's a fine chance, boys and girls, to "repeat famous discoveries made many, many years ago." Keep a sharp look-out at the evening skies, and so be ready for the planet-paper in our November number.

Oakland, Cal., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tom Grant, one of your contributors, hardly believes that a snake could swallow a couple of birds and a toad.

I can tell of a still more wonderful occurrence. While my brother and I were spending our summer vacation about ten miles from Headsburg, in Sonoma County, while hunting, my brother killed a rattlesnake and cut it open. He found *three young hares* inside of it.

My mother, while living at Pass Christian, in Mississippi, was acquainted with Dr. Savage, a great naturalist. He had a couple of snakes in a box, with a wire netting over it, so all their motions could be watched. One was black, and the other striped green and black.

One day Dr. Savage and several others—my mother among them—were attracted by a commotion in the snakes' box; there they saw the two snakes in a furious battle. The black snake seemed to be victor, for he was gradually *swallowing the striped snake*. Mother said it was not very pleasant to see the striped one gradually disappearing out of sight. At last nothing could be seen. Dr. Savage immediately killed it, for of course it could not live after such a hearty meal.

These two incidents, though rather wonderful, are both true.

LUCY FISHER.

THE following letter comes to us, printed with a pencil, from a little girl six years old:

Binghamton, N. Y., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a cat, and her name is Fussine. She is Maltese, with white face, breast, and paws. Fussie rides in my doll-carriage, and don't jump out. She climbs on the shelf outside the door, and rattles the door-knob to be let in. Papa has taught her to jump through our arms and to stand up in the corner. My brother Eddie and I think she is a very wise cat, for she catches mice also. Give my love to Miss Alcott; I wish that she would write another story, for I like "Eight Cousins" best of all, though I like "Pattikin's House" very much. I am more than six years old, and Eddie is past four.—Your little friend,

ANNIE CURTIS SMITH.

Portland, Me., July, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going on a two-year tour around the world with the Woodruff Expedition. It will start in October next, and I am to be a cadet. Any boy sixteen or older can become a cadet, and I should like very much to have a true-blue ST. NICHOLAS fellow to chum with.

Just think what a glorious trip it will be! We are to travel in a special steamboat, make side trips here and there, and visit Brazil, Japan, Egypt, China, the Eastern Archipelago, Patagonia, Australia, Hindustan, Italy, Turkey, England, Greece, France, Spain, Germany, Formosa—and, perhaps, wind up at the Scilly Islands, as my oldest sister, Sue, says. I think she is a little put out, though, because she cannot go along; but she might, for the expedition takes ladies, only she is obliged to stay at home.

Think of the jolly times ahead! Hunting, fishing, exploring, making collections of scientific specimens, and, may be, having a tussle or two with savages; learning history, geography, navigation, and the "ologies," right on the spot, instead of merely by "poring over miserable books." Oh, it's splendid!

Please tell Deacon Green. He is a traveler and will surely want to go; and the Little Schoolma'am, perhaps she will want to go too. It would be the best fun in the world, but what would the children of the red school-house do? It is for two whole years! Father says,

"No, not two years, but two years *and a day*," and then he winks at Sue. But he won't explain. I believe there is a catch in it somewhere, only I don't see it.

Well, good-bye now, dear old ST. NICHOLAS, and good luck to you! Perhaps my next letter to you will be written in full view of the smoking vents of Kila Balo, or from the top of the Great Pyramid, or the bottom of Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Mykenæ!

WALLIE STEPHENS.

P. S.—It is the expedition under James O. Woodruff of Indianapolis that I mean.

A LITTLE girl in Alabama writes: We live in Eufaula; it is a pretty place in the spring. My little brother had a large dog, but some one shot him one night. I have a little twin brother and a white kitten. I broke my mamma's wash-bowl this evening getting some water for her. She will jump through your hands when you hold them up.—Your little friend,

J. F.

We are not very fond of seeing gymnastic feats in hot weather, dear J. F., but *we should* like to see that wonderful mother who can "jump through your hands when you hold them up!"

Broussa, Asiatic Turkey, June 16, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy 20 years old. This is the first time I have written a letter to be printed. I am going to tell you about the way they raise silk. The first thing the silk worms do when they come out of the egg is to eat the mulberry leaves that have been cut into bits for them. At first they do not eat much, but after a week or so they are very ravenous. Eight days after they are hatched they sleep eight days and thus having slept four times at intervals of eight days and twelve days, after the last sleep they commence spinning. In about eight days the spinning is finished. Between that time there are twelve days before they hatch again into butterflies. To keep them from hatching they bake them in ovens. I am afraid that this letter is too long. HENRY M. RICHARDSON.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following as an addition to the "Little Miss Muffet" Series:

Von leedle poy Hans,
In de far German lands
Was eating his good sour-kROUT,
De donkey came up
For von leedle sup,
Said Hans, "You'd better got out."

New Jersey.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We just write to tell you we love you most as much as if you were our brother. Will you please print this in the "Letter-Box," because Bessie has never seen her name in print.—Your loving little readers,
MINNIE and BESSIE CHESTER.

THE following little account comes to us with this letter:

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The inclosed little story is the production of a boy eight years old. Dr. Holland, in "Arthur Bonnicastle," called our attention to the "Gunny," Washington, Conn., and, in consequence, the writer of the article submitted made the acquaintance of "Pug, the Gunny Dog."—Yours truly,

F. A. EASTMAN.

PUG, THE GUNNY DOG.

(A True Story.)

Pug is the name of a small, white, fat dog. Fourteen years ago, when a puppy, he was given to a little boy for a pet. They were playmates for a few years, when the little boy died, leaving the poor, unhappy dog in this world. Pug lives in a school with forty boys, but no one can take the place of his lost friend. When anybody tries to caress him, he endures it with patience for a few minutes; but just as you think he is beginning to like it, he suddenly will jump up and growl, as much as to say, "Good people, you mean well, but it is of no use." He makes one exception to this rule. If the father of his late master speaks to him, he shows his pleasure by a wag of his curly tail.

Sometimes he is given more than he can eat, and he goes off to his favorite seat in a cushioned arm-chair, leaving some food on his plate.

The family cat is glad enough to take up with Pug's leavings, and she only looks to see if he is safely asleep before she begins. Pug—the sly old dog—sometimes shuts his eyes, and pretends not to see what she is doing until she gets fairly at work, when up he jumps with a bark and a growl which send poor kitty a-flying. For a minute his face shows he enjoys the fun, and then he becomes as solemn as ever.

BARRETT EASTMAN.

SOMEbody in St. Louis, signing himself "No Name," sends the following riddle to ST. NICHOLAS. The answers will give respectively the names of fifty authors. As a number of other people have sent this same riddle to ST. NICHOLAS, having found the copies in various papers and periodicals,—and in many cases sent it as an original contribution,—it may be well to explain that it was written originally by the "Little Schoolma'am" of this magazine, and first published in Uncle Tim's department of *Heart and Home* for Dec. 16, 1871. The names of the fifty authors are given below, as many of the young people may not have seen the riddle.

1. What a rough man once said to his son when he wished him to eat his food properly. 2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water? 3. A good many pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him. 4. Makes and mends for first-class customers. 5. Represents the dwellings of civilized countries. 6. Is a kind of linen. 7. Can be worn on the head. 8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings. 9. Belongs to a monastery. 10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them. 11. Is what an oyster heap is apt to be. 12. Is any chain of hills containing a certain dark treasure. 13. Always youthful, you see; but, between you and me, he never was much of a chicken. 14. An American manufacturing town. 15. Hump-backed, but not deformed. 16. Is an internal pain. 17. The value of a word. 18. A seven-footer whose name begins with fifty. 19. Brighter and smarter than the other one. 20. A worker in the precious metals. 21. A very vital part of the body. 22. A lady's garment. 23. Small talk and heavy weight. 24. A prefix and a disease. 25. Comes from an unlearned pig. 26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot. 27. A sick place of worship. 28. A mean dog 'tis. 29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities. 30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot. 31. A manufactured metal. 32. A game, and a male of the human species. 33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tupper?" 34. Meat! What are you doing? 35. Is very fast indeed. 36. A barrier built of an edible. 37. To agitate a weapon. 38. Red as an apple, black as the night, a heavenly sign or a perfect fright. 39. A domestic worker. 40. A slang exclamation. 41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her. 42. A young domestic animal. 43. One who is more than a sandy shore. 44. A fraction in American currency and the prevailing fashion. 45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he mentioned a poet mild. 46. A girl's name and a male relative. 47. Take a heavy field-piece, nothing loath, and in a trice you'll find them both. 48. Put an edible grain twist and an ant and a bee, and a much-beloved poet you'll speedily see. 49. A common domestic animal and what it can never do. 50. Each human head in time, 'tis said, will turn to him though he is dead.

Answers—1. Chaucer. 2. Dryden. 3. Pope. 4. Taylor (Bayard). 5. Holmes (Oliver Wendell). 6. Holland (J. G.). 7. Hood. 8. Burns. 9. Pryor (or Abbott). 10. Southey (Robert). 11. Shelley. 12. Coleridge. 13. Young. 14. Lowell. 15. Campbell—*Camel*. 16. Akenside. 17. Wordsworth. 18. Longfellow. 19. Whittier. 20. Goldsmith. 21. Harte (Bret). 22. Spenser. 23. Chatterton. 24. De Quincey. 25. Bacon. 26. Bunyan. 27. Churchill. 28. Curtis. 29. Proctor. 30. Landor (Walter Savage). 31. Steele. 32. Tennyson. 33. Willis—*Will it*. 34. Browning. 35. Swift. 36. Cornwall (Barry). 37. Shakespeare. 38. Crabbe. 39. Cook (Eliza). 40. Dickens. 41. Stowe. 42. Lamb. 43. Beecher. 44. Milton. 45. Motherwell. 46. Addison. 47. Howitt (William and Mary)—*Howitts*. 48. Bryant—*B-rye-ant*. 49. Cowper—*Cow-purr*. 50. Gray.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a little story just as it was told me by my little three-year-old Cora, in exchange for one from myself. The hip disease was suggested by a recent visit to St. Luke's Hospital.—In haste, yours truly, MRS. E. T. T.

Once there was a little pussy cat, and he had no mamma, and he wandered alone around the street, and a wude man came along and kicked him, and he went down into a little girl's (girl's) basement, and he climbed up and put his little-claws around the bell, and wung the bell, and the cook came to the door, and the cat jumped down and the cook said, "what do you want, little cat," and the cat said, "I want to see the children," and the cook took him upstairs, and the children took care of him.

There was Nelly and Pinky and Jenny. They had the mumps and the hip disease, and the stomach ache, and didn't die.

London, England, July 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much, and take great interest in Professor Proctor's papers about the stars. I take a little card and make pin-holes in it to represent the stars of a constellation as the star maps show them. When I hold up one of these cards to the lamp I see bright points where, in the sky, the stars themselves are. I draw rays about the holes with pen-and-ink, and write upon each card the name of the star-group it represents. In order that I may easily find in the sky any "card constellation," I prick an extra pin-hole to show in what direction from the Pole-star the constellation appeared at a given time in the year, which I write upon the card.

It is really interesting to prepare a set of cards of this kind, especially if one tries hard and succeeds in making every card trustworthy. I dare say many American girls and boys would enjoy it quite as much, if they knew about it; so please tell them. It is a great help to getting well acquainted with the look of the starry heavens throughout the year.—Yours truly, LAWRENCE T.

Ogdensburg.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and we like it very much. We have a dog named Brownie, and two little kittens. Mine is black—I named it Rollabout—and the other one is gray, and her name is Daisy. I went out fishing, and we caught nine fish.

BERTHA H. JAMES.

P. S.—I am not quite seven years old.

Fordham, N. Y., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to write you a little letter, about something that we saw last summer at the sea-shore. We went down on the beach one cloudy night in September, and the ocean looked so beautiful that we all wondered what was the cause of it. Each little ripple sparkled with a glare of light that was wonderful to see, and as each wave broke upon the shore it spread a line of light as far as the eye could reach. Even the sand, as we rubbed our feet on it, left a line of light. I thought that it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen; I could not but wonder at the works of Him who was the maker of such beautiful things.

Will ST. NICHOLAS please tell me something about this wonderful light. I am nine years old.—Your friend,

HELEN C. WETMORE.

Our young correspondent describes a phase of one of the most common, yet most marvelous and beautiful of the aspects of the sea. Along our northern coast such lighting up of the water may be seen almost any dark night in warm weather, when the water is disturbed by light wind, the passage of a vessel, the splash of oars or otherwise. In the tropics the sea is always more or less luminous in the dark. The sources of the light are numerous yet tolerably well understood; but how the light is produced no one knows. All the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have seen fire-flies or other light-giving insects, which are common the world over. But the numbers of such living lanterns of the air are few compared with those of the sea. The ocean fairly swarms with creatures, big and little, that shine with their own light. Some, like the giant jelly-fish, are eight or ten feet across the body, with streamers fifty feet long; and when they glow in the dark water they light up the depths as sheet-lightning does the clouds. The most of these light-emitting creatures, however, are very small—mere specks of slime, visible by day only under a powerful magnifier; but they make up for their smallness by their enormous numbers. Those whose light our little friend describes were probably *Noctiluca miliaris*, which, though separately invisible, are often so numerous as to discolor the sea by day and make it appear at night like a sea of molten silver, every drop and every wave glowing with pale light. In the "Ancient Mariner," Coleridge describes the phosphorescence of the tropic seas with great power.

GEORGE HERBERT WHITE, of Brooklyn, sends us the following fifteen solutions of the "Name Puzzle," printed in our June number:

Alice	Hannah	Eleanor	Laura	Roxanna
Nora	Olive	Dorothy	Ollympia	Ophelia
Nancy	Pauline	Nancy	Isabel	Susan
Amelia	Esther	Amy	Sophia	Annie
Delia	Jemima	Eliza	Mercy	Rhoda
Octavia	Amanda	Maud	Adelaide	Urania
Ruth	Nora	Mary	Ursula	Theresa
Augusta	Eva	Almira	Dorothy	Huldah
Edith	Charlotte	Ida	Nancy	Sophia
Lucinda	Ophelia	Nancy	Olivia	Angelina
Lucretia	Rachel	Ellen	Rebecca	Rosalina
Antoinette	Agnes	Zenobia	Annette	Alberta

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE whole, composed of ten letters, is a word often seen in almanacs. The 1, 2, 3, 4 is a fairy. The 5, 6 is a pronoun. The 7, 8, 9, 10 is an animal.

CYRIL DEANE.

DECAPITATIONS.

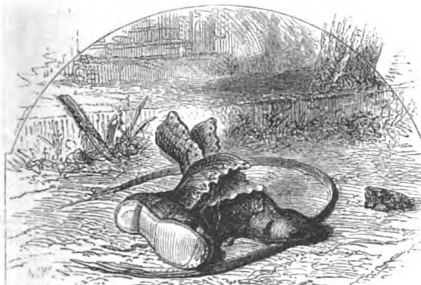
1. BEHEAD a flower, and leave an article used by printers. 2. BEHEAD a garden vegetable, and leave a beverage. 3. BEHEAD a fruit, and leave a part of the body. 4. BEHEAD another part of the body, and leave a fish. 5. BEHEAD another fish, and leave a card. 6. BEHEAD a domestic bird, and leave a wild bird. 7. BEHEAD a poisonous insect, and leave a poisonous serpent. 8. BEHEAD a military badge, and leave a forest tree. 9. BEHEAD an article of food, and leave a luxury in summer. 10. BEHEAD a kind of boat, and leave a shoe-maker's tool.

ISOLA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals each form the name of a celebrated author. 1. An affected and pretentious person. 2. A small animal. 3. A boy's name. 4. An Italian poet. 5. A public house. BEHEAD and curtail each word, and you will have: 1. A negative. 2. A number. 3. To exist. 4. An animal. 5. To affirm positively.

ALMA.



FIND in the above picture that which represents—1st. The foundation of a good home; 2d, a comfortable abode; 3d, a bereavement; 4th, a greater sorrow; 5th, the sorrow cured.

B.

CHARADE.

My first, the cross I bear;
My last, the sea-girt refuge, where
My whole, shut out from native skies,
Like a caged eagle, drops and dies.

M. O'B. D.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. OLD Abe arrived in Milwaukee yesterday. 2. He found Eli on board the train. 3. He preferred a badge, rather than money, for his services. 4. Where is Ella? Mamma wants her. 5. I found him in Chicago at an hotel. 6. Oh, Le! pardon me this time, if never again. 7. Oh! was n't that romantic? Amelia thinks it the best story she ever read. 8. I abhor secret societies. 9. Was the pan there, as I said? 10. Have you heard the news? Miss Durant eloped last night. 11. The anti-German society gave a ball yesterday. 12. We knew it to be a version which was correct. 13. The battle came to a hot termination. 14. Is the soil in Mocha moist? 15. The lamb is on the lawn in front of the house.

SQUIB.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

SYNCOPATE: 1. Stops, and leave coverings for the head. 2. Corn, and leave to show the teeth. 3. Fruits of a certain kind, and leave falsehoods. 4. A state of the Union, and leave a part of a horse. 5. Long, slender sticks, and leave something used with old-fashioned guns. 6. Highways, and leave instruments of scourging. The syncopated letters, read downward, form a thin plate; read upward, a living creature.

N. T. M.

INCOMPLETE DIAMOND.

FILL the spaces with two letters only, to form a diamond, and a square-word within it.

```

  - A -
- A - A -
  - A -
  - A -

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PLUTO.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A RIVER in Russia. 2. A city in Holland. 3. One of the United States. 4. A descendant of Seir, the Horite. 5. One of the East Indies. 6. A name given one of the British Isles by its inhabitants. The initials name the largest river in Europe, and the finals the largest in the world.

SEDGWICK.

EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.

DEFINE the words given: 1. The upper surface of the earth. 2. Conflagration. 3. Departed. BEHEAD the definitions, and leave a square-word with these meanings: 1. Something our ancestors used at night. 2. Anger. 3. Conducted.

H. H. D.

RIDDLE.

THREE and thirty "what d'ye thinks" sitting in a row,
And bigger every day they got as fast as they could grow;
All of them had heads, but not a single one an eye,
And so, whatever happened, they really could n't cry.

One had on a purple dress, which looked green in the light;
Another was a little one, and very like a fright;
Another had a crooked back, but most were fat and round,
And I saw a mighty army of them sitting on the ground.

Wrapped in and out with foldings, spread loose and thick and deep,
They cuddled in among them all when they went off to sleep;
Sleep, sleep it was the whole day long, and sleep, too, all the night,
Oh they were very stupid things—not one of them was bright.

YES, three and thirty "what d'ye thinks" sitting in a row,—
What shall we call these wonders! Come, tell us, if you know.

H. M. S.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters. My 5, 10, 3, is a noise. My 1, 8, 12, gives us light. My 4, 6, 9, is a title. My 7, 2, 4, 11, is what we often like. My whole is a beautiful French motto.

N. B. S.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. AN operation requiring a very sharp instrument. 2. Custom. 3. To make ashamed. 4. A law term for neighborhood. 5. A chemical used to produce insensibility.

SEDGWICK.

BIRD PUZZLE.

1. A TOY made of paper. 2. A consonant and pale. 3. The builder of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. 4. A burning vowel. 5. A consonant. 6. Used in hunting in the fifteenth century. 7. Part of a fence. 8. A boy's name. 9. A pronoun and a preposition. 10. Has been made famous by an American poet. 11. Part of a house and seen at the Flood. 12. A tailor's implement. 13. To shrink with fear. 14. A consonant and to awaken. 15. Used in chess. 16. What we do when eating. 17. What old birds are not to be caught with, and part of a foot. 18. On ships, and a quarrel. 19. Used for raising heavy weights. 20. An abbreviation of a girl's name, and a pastry. 21. A ringlet and a sheep. 22. A country partly in Europe. 23. Heard on most farms.

SEDGWICK.

METAGRAM.

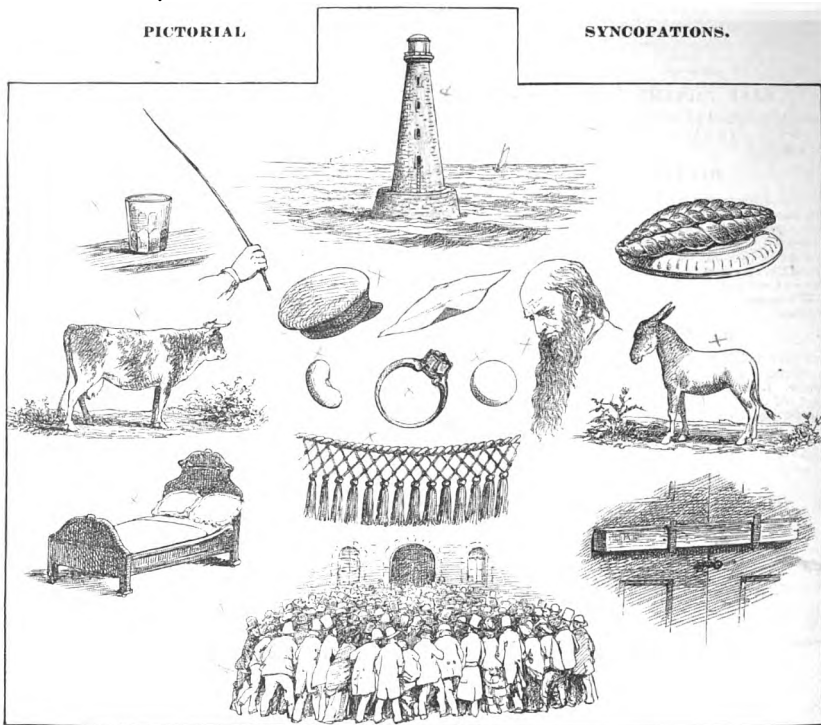
WHOLE, I am a position. BEHEAD me, and I am much prized by ladies; again, I am one spot; restore and syncopate my whole, and I am a step; restore, curtail, and transpose, and I am a sharp sound. Besides, I contain a beverage, a head-covering, an animal, a vegetable, and a fence.

N. B. S.

HIDDEN BAYS.

1. You must stop! Lent you know has begun. 2. If the thaw keeps off one week I'll be glad. 3. Do not push Arkwright. 4. If you have turbot any more, please tell me. 5. I saw an ant on Gilfilian's neck. 6. Acobemba took his leave. 7. I saw Dela go aboard the ship. 8. It is not red Amelia.

LITTLE ONE.



FIND the name of one of the above pictures and take from it two letters, leaving (without transposition) the name of another picture. For example: Grate, rat; chair, car. Proceed in this way until all the pictures are named.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—(ABSTRACTION.)—Coin, crab, bat, stoat, bars, star, oats, boat, rat, cart.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.—Charles Dickens.

C
S H E
S T A L K
C H A R L E S
E L L E N
K E N
S
D
P I T
P I C R A
D I C K E N S
T R E A D
A N D
S

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Raft, rat. 2. Cold, cod. 3. Lead, led. 4. Tome, toe. 5. Hail, Hal. 6. Alone, aloe. 7. Barge, bare. 8. Bard, bard. Read downward: Flamingo.

EASY CHARADE.—Hoax.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM ENIGMA.—“Evil communications corrupt good manners.” Curs, ruin, devotion, map, grain, common, closet.

SQUARE-WORD.—

A R E N A
R E L I C
E L D E R
N I C E
A C R E S

PYRAMID PUZZLE.—

D
A R A
I D I O T
S C A L E N E
Y E A R L I N G S

RIDDLE.—Week.

HIDDEN FRENCH SENTENCE.—“Vous devez tout voir, tout entendre, et tout oublier.”

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Together, three got, got there. 2. Ballad, all bad. 3. Minute, in mute. 4. I led, idle. 5. Noised, is done. 6. Allowance, O! all we can.

METAGRAM.—Bane, cane, Dane, Jane, lane, mane, pane, sane, vane, wane.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO ALL the puzzles in the July number were received from Marion Abbott.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 18th, from Alice B. Moore, James J. Ormsbee, Allie Bertram, Albert Pider, Grace G. Chandler, W. L. M., B. P. Emery, Sarah D. Oakley, Susie T. Homans, George G. Champlin, Charles S. Riché, “Bessie and her Cousin,” Arthur C. Smith, M. Marsden Hill, Emma Elliott, Fannie M. Sawyer, “Charlie and Ada,” Kittie L. Brainard, Edward W. Robinson, Edith Heard, Carrie B. Mitchell, Alfred A. Mitchell, Edward L. Heydecker, Nessie E. Stevens, Constance Grand Pierre, W. C. Hawley, Nellie Emerson, James Iredell, Carrie L. Bigelow, Jennie W. Cook, Lulu Way, Howard Steel Rodgers, Edith Lowry, A. L. Drof, Mamie A. Carter, and Katie E. Earl.



"WAIT TILL WE GET THERE, DARLING."

(See poem "Mother," page 769.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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MOTHER.

BY M. M. D.

EARLY one summer morning,
I saw two children pass:
Their footsteps, slow yet lightsome,
Scarce bent the tender grass.

One, lately out of babyhood,
Looked up with eager eyes;
The other watched her wistfully,
Oppressed with smothered sighs.

"See, mother!" cried the little one,
"I gathered them for you?
The sweetest flowers and lilies,
And Mabel has some too."

"Hush, Nelly!" whispered Mabel,
"We have not reached it yet.
Wait till we get there, darling,
It is n't far, my pet."

"Get where?" asked Nelly. "Tell me."
"To the church-yard," Mabel said.
"No! no!" cried little Nelly,
And shook her sunny head.

Still Mabel whispered sadly,
"We must take them to the grave.
Come, darling?" and the childish voice
Tried to be clear and brave.

But Nelly still kept calling
Far up into the blue;
"See, mother, see, how pretty
We gathered them for you."

And when her sister pleaded,
She cried—and would not go:—
"Angels don't live in church-yards,
My mother don't, I know!"

Then Mabel bent and kissed her.
"So be it, dear," she said;
"We'll take them to the arbor
And lay them there instead.

"For mother loved it dearly,
It was the sweetest place!"
And the joy that came to Nelly
Shone up in Mabel's face.

I saw them turn, and follow
A path with blossoms bright,
Until the nodding branches
Concealed them from my sight;

But still like sweetest music
The words came ringing through;
"See, mother, see, how pretty!
We gathered them for you."

GONE ASTRAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

ELLEN was so happy, and warm, and comfortable when she found herself going safely on her way in the carrier's cart, that she fell fast asleep.

When she awoke, he gave her some bread and cheese for her breakfast, and some water out of a brook that crossed the road, and then Ellen began to look about her. The rain had ceased and the sun was shining, and the country looked very pleasant; but Ellen thought it a strange country. She could see so much farther! And corn was growing everywhere, and there was not a sheep to be seen, and there were many cows feeding in the fields.

"Are we near Edinburgh?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" answered the carrier; "we are a long way from Edinburgh yet."

And so they journeyed on. The day was flecked all over with sunshine and rain; and when the rain's turn came, Ellen would creep under a corner of the tarpaulin till it was over. They slept part of the night at a small town they passed through.

Ellen thought it a very long way to Edinburgh, though the carrier was kind to her. At length she spied, far away, a great hill, that looked like a couching lion.

"Do you see that hill?" said the carrier.

"I am just looking at it," answered Ellen.

"Edinburgh lies at the foot of that hill."

"Oh!" said Ellen; and scarcely took her eyes off it till it went out of sight again.

Reaching the brow of an eminence, they saw Arthur's Seat (as the carrier said the hill was called) once more, and below it a grand, jagged ridge of what Ellen took to be broken rocks. But the carrier told her that was the Old Town of Edinburgh. Those fierce-looking splinters on the edge of the mass were the roofs, gables, and chimneys of the great houses once inhabited by the nobility of Scotland. But when you come near the houses you find them shabby-looking; for they are full of poor people, who cannot keep them clean and nice.

At length the cart stopped at a public-house in the Grassmarket—a wide, open place, with strange old houses all round it, and a huge rock, with a castle on its top, towering over it. There Ellen got down.

"I can't go with you till I've unloaded my cart," said the carrier.

"I don't want you to go with me, please," said

Ellen. "I think Willie would rather not. Please give me father's letter."

So the carrier gave her the letter, and got a little boy of the landlady's to show her the way up the West-bow—a street of tall houses, so narrow that you might have shaken hands across it from window to window. But those houses are all pulled down now, I am sorry to say, and the street Ellen went up has vanished.

From the West-bow they went up a stair into the High street, and thence into a narrow court, and then up a winding stair, and so came to the floor where Willie's lodging was. Then the little boy left Ellen.

Ellen knocked two or three times before anybody came; and when at last a woman opened the door, what do you think the woman did the moment she inquired after Willie? She shut the door in her face with a fierce scolding word. For Willie had vexed her that morning, and she thoughtlessly took her revenge upon Ellen without even asking her a question. Then, indeed, for a moment, Ellen's courage gave way. All at once she felt dreadfully tired, and sat down upon the stair and cried. And the landlady was so angry with Willie that she forgot all about the little girl that wanted to see him.

So for a whole hour Ellen sat upon the stair, moving only to let people pass. She felt dreadfully miserable, but had not the courage to knock again, for fear of having the door shut in her face yet more hopelessly. At last a woman came up and knocked at the door. Ellen rose trembling and stood behind her. The door opened; the woman was welcomed; she entered. The door was again closing when Ellen cried out in an agony:

"Please, ma'am, I want to see my brother Willie!" and burst into sobs.

The landlady, her wrath having by this time cooled, was vexed with herself and ashamed that she had not let the child in.

"Bless me!" she cried; "have you been there all this time? Why did n't you tell me you were that fellow's sister? Come in. You won't find him in, though. It's not much of his company we get, I can tell you."

"I don't want to come in, then," sobbed Ellen.

"Please to tell me where he is, ma'am."

"How should I know where he is? At no good, I warrant. But you had better come in and

wait, for it's your only chance of seeing him before to-morrow morning."

With a sore heart, Ellen went in and sat down by the kitchen fire. And the landlady and her visitor sat and talked together, every now and then casting a look at Ellen, who kept her eyes on the ground, waiting with all her soul till Willie should come. Every time the landlady looked, Ellen's sad face went deeper into her heart; so that, before she knew what was going on in herself, she quite loved the child; for she was a kind-hearted woman, though she was sometimes cross.

In a few minutes she went up to Ellen and took her bonnet off. Ellen submitted without a word. Then she made her a cup of tea; and while Ellen was taking it she asked her a great many questions. Ellen answered them all; and the landlady stared with amazement at the child's courage and resolution, and thought with herself:

"Well, if anything can get Willie out of his bad ways, this little darling will do it."

Then she made her go to Willie's bed, promising to let her know the moment he came home.

Ellen slept and slept till it was night. When she woke it was dark, but a light was shining through beneath the door. So she rose and put on her frock and shoes and stockings, and went to the kitchen.

"You see he's not come yet," said the landlady.

"Where can he be?" returned Ellen, sadly.

"Oh! he'll be drinking with some of his companions in the public-house, I suppose."

"Where is the public-house?"

"There are hundreds of them, child."

"I know the place he generally goes to," said a young tradesman who sat by the fire.

He had a garret-room in the house, and knew Willie by sight. And he told the landlady in a low voice where it was.

"Oh! do tell me, please sir," cried Ellen. "I want to get him home."

"You don't think he'll mind you, do you?"

"Yes, I do," returned Ellen, confidently.

"Well, I'll show you the way, if you like; but you'll find it a rough place, I can tell you. You'll wish yourself out of it pretty soon, with or without Willie."

"I won't leave it without him," said Ellen, tying on her bonnet.

"Stop a bit," said the landlady. "I'll go along."

The landlady put on her bonnet, and out they all went into the street.

What a wonder it *might* have been to Ellen! But she only knew that she was in the midst of great lights, and carts and carriages rumbling over the stones, and windows full of pretty things, and

crowds of people jostling along the pavements. In all the show she wanted nothing but Willie.

The young man led them down a long, dark close through an arch-way, and then into a court off the close, and then up an outside stone stair to a low-browed door, at which he knocked.

"I don't much like the look of this place," said the landlady.

"Oh! there's no danger, I dare say, if you keep quiet. They'll never hurt the child. Besides, her brother'll see to that."

Presently the door was opened, and the young man asked after Willie.

"Is he in?" he said.

"He may be, or he may not," answered a fat, frouzy woman, in a dirty cotton dress. "Who wants him?"

"This little girl."

"Please, ma'am, I'm his sister."

"We want no sisters here."

And she tried to close the door. I dare say the landlady remembered with shame that that was just what she had done that morning.

"Come! come!" interposed the young tradesman, putting his foot between the door and the post; "don't be foolish. Surely you won't go to keep a child like that from speaking to her own brother! Why, the Queen herself would let her in."

This softened the woman a little, and she hesitated, with the latch in her hand.

"Mother wants him," said Ellen. "She's very ill. I heard her cry about Willie. Let me in."

She took hold of the woman's hand, who drew it away hastily, but stepped back, at the same time, and let her enter. She then resumed her place at the door.

"Not a one of *you* shall come in!" she said, as if justifying the child's admission by the exclusion of the others.

"We don't want to," said the young man. "But we'll just see that no harm comes to her."

"D'y'e think I'm not enough for that?" said the woman, with scorn. "Let me see who dares to touch her! But you may stay where you are, if you like. The air's free."

So saying, she closed the door, with a taunting laugh.

The passage was dark in which Ellen found herself; but she saw a light at the further end, through a key-hole, and heard the sounds of loud talk and louder laughter. Before the woman had closed the outer door, she had reached this room; nor did the woman follow, either to guide or prevent her.

A pause came in the noise. She tapped at the door.

"Come in!" cried some one; and she entered.

Around a table were seated four youths, drinking. Of them, one was Willie, with flushed face and flashing eyes. They all stared when the child stood before them, in her odd, old-fashioned bonnet, and her little shawl pinned at the throat. Willie stared as much as any of them.

"Willie! Willie!" cried Ellen; and would have rushed to him, but the table was between.

"What do you want here, Ellen? Who the deuce let you come here?" said Willie, not quite unkindly.

"I want you, Willie. Come home with me. Oh! please come home with me."

"I can't now, Ellen, you see," he answered. Then, turning to his companions, "How could the child have found her way here?" he said, looking ashamed as he spoke.

"You're fetched. That's all," said one of them, with a sneer. "Mother's sent for you."

"Go along!" said another; "and mind you don't catch it when you get home!"

"Nobody will say a word to you, Willie," interposed Ellen.

"Be a good boy, and don't do it again!" said the third, raising his glass to his lips.

Willie tried to laugh, but was evidently vexed.

"What are you standing there for, Ellen?" he said, sharply. "This is no place for you."

"Nor for you either, Willie," returned Ellen, without moving.

"We're all very naughty, are n't we, Ellen?" said the first.

"Come and give me a kiss, and I'll forgive you," said the second.

"You sha' n't have your brother; so you may trudge home again without him," said the third.

And then they all burst out laughing, except Willie.

"Do go away, Ellen!" he said, angrily.

"Where am I to go to?" she asked.

"Where you came from."

"That's home," said Ellen; "but I can't go home to-night, and I dare n't go home without you. Mother would die. She's very ill, Willie. I heard her crying last night."

It seemed to Ellen at the moment that it was only last night she left home.

"I'll just take the little fool to my lodgings and come back directly," said Willie, rather stricken at this mention of his mother.

"Oh yes! Do as you're bid!" they cried, and burst out laughing again.

But Willie was angry now.

"I tell you what," he said, "I'll go when and where I like. I don't need to ask *your* leave,—do I?"

Two of them were silent now, because they were afraid of Willie; for he was big and strong. The third, however, said, with a sneer.

"Go with its little sister to its little mammy!"

Now, Willie could not get out, so small was the room and so large the table, except one or other of those next him rose to let him pass. Neither did. Willie, therefore, jumped on the table, kicked the tumbler of the one who had last spoken into the breast of his shirt, jumped down again, took Ellen by the hand, and left the house.

"The rude boys!" said Ellen. "I would never go near them again, if I was you, Willie."

But Willie said never a word, for he was not pleased with Ellen, or with himself, or with his *friends*.

When they got into the house he said, abruptly:

"What's the matter with your mother, Ellen?"

"I don't know, Willie; but I don't think she'll ever get better. I'm sure father does n't think it either."

Willie was silent for a long time. Then he said:

"How did you come here, Ellen?"

And Ellen told him the whole story.

"And now you'll come home with me, Willie," she added, "and we shall be so happy,—father and mother, and all,—so happy!"

"It was very foolish of you, Ellen. To think you could bring me home if I did n't choose!"

"But you do choose,—don't you, Willie?"

"You might as well have written," he said.

Then Ellen remembered her father's letter, which the carrier had given her. And she took it out of her pocket, and gave it to Willie. And Willie took it, and sat down, with his back to Ellen, and read it through. Then he burst out crying, and laid his head on his arms and cried harder yet. And Ellen got upon a bar of the chair—for he was down on the table—and leaned over him, and put her arms 'round his neck, and said, crying herself all the time:

"Nobody said a word to the black lamb when Jumper brought him home, Willie. We were all so glad to see him!"

And Willie lifted his head, and put his arms around Ellen, and drew her face to his, and kissed her as he used to kiss her years ago.

They went home with the carrier next day. Their father did n't say much when he saw Willie. But he held out his hand with a half smile on his lips, and a look in his eye like the moon before a storm.

And his mother held out her arms, and drew him down to her bosom, and stroked his hair, and prayed God to bless Willie, her boy.

"And did she grow better?" I think I hear you ask. Yes, she did; but not very soon.

"And Ellen,—were n't they glad to see Ellen?" They made more of Willie than they did of Ellen.

"And was n't Ellen sorry?" No; she never

noticed it,—she was so busy making much of Willie, too.

But when she went to bed that night, her father kissed her and said: "The blessin' o' an auld father be upo' ye, my wee bairn!"



THERE'S a ship on the sea. It is sailing to-night,
Sailing to-night!
And father's aboard, and the moon is all bright,
Shining and bright!
Dear moon! he'll be sailing for many a night—
Sailing from mother and me.
Oh! follow the ship with your silvery light,
As father sails over the sea!

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO GREW SMALLER.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

Now, I presume there are grown-up people who are too stupid to understand how anybody can "grow smaller," but the little children who are going to listen to this story are wise and bright enough to know all about it, I am sure. Therefore, let the grown-up people go away into the parlor and talk their grand talk, while the little folks and I cuddle down by the pleasant nursery-fire and have our story.

Once there was a little girl. She was three

years old, and if you asked her what her name was she always said "Kittyman Tannyman." Her real name was Kitty Taine, but she never liked that name—she said it was "too quick," and one day, after she had been sitting very quietly in the sunshine for several minutes, thinking and thinking with all her might, she called out to her mamma that she had "longed" her name, and made it over into "Kittyman Tannyman."

So, after this, she was called Kittyman Tannyman

—except when she was naughty, and then she was called Kitty Taine, and the name sounded quicker than ever.

However, Kittyman Tannyman was n't naughty very often. Sometimes, to be sure, she did n't like to wear a "dingham" apron in the morning, but wanted to put on a white one, with crimped ruffles and pink bows on the pockets, and then run out to make sand-cakes in the back yard until she was n't fit to be seen. And sometimes she wanted to go everywhere her mamma went, and would stand in the hall and cry with her mouth open so wide you would think she could never shut it again, and angry tears jumping down her cheeks like rain-drops in a thunder-storm. But, taking all the days together, Kittyman Tannyman was more good than bad, and no one in the house could bear the thought of living without her. She was good and kind to all her dollies, and never left them lying about the floor to be stepped on by the big people, and when she gave them baths she was sure to have the water just right, and *never* put soap in their eyes. If she spilled ink, or went to the sugar-bin, or cut off her front hair, or picked the prettiest buds from her mamma's plants, she always looked so sorry, and said she "did n't fink about it," and was a good girl for a great many hours afterward. This was the sort of child Kittyman Tannyman was before her big fault came.

You would never guess what that dreadful fault was, so I will tell you. It was the fault of *not going to sleep!* First, she did n't want her afternoon nap any more; and, after a while, she did n't want to go to sleep when bed-time came. As weeks went on she sat up later and later, and her eyes grew rounder and rounder, until her big brother told her if she did n't go to bed like other children he would feel obliged to call her an owl. Kittyman Tannyman, however, did not care. Every evening she sat up a little later than the last evening, and although her mamma put on her loveliest night-gown, told her every story under the stars, and sung her every song she ever knew, still Kittyman Tannyman lay wide-awake in her little bed, looking at the lamp with eyes that never so much as winked.

Her papa would say, "Don't bother with her—she will go to sleep by and by!" and then her mamma would go out into the sitting-room, leaving the door open,—for she felt very sorry for any poor child who would n't go to sleep,—and Kittyman Tannyman would kick about with her little lily legs and sing soft, small songs to herself, and talk to the three dolls lying beside her until—well, nobody ever knew *when* she went to sleep! Certainly she was awake when everybody else was in bed and asleep, and the first sound in the morning was the

voice of Kittyman Tannyman singing to her three dolls.

Papa, mamma and the big brother began to be frightened. No matter how nice a little boy or girl may be, they can't live and grow without sleep, and plenty of it, too; and very soon everybody noticed that poor Kittyman Tannyman was beginning to grow smaller. The doctor was called in. He looked at the little girl's tongue, took her chubby wrist in his fingers, talked with her, and watched her as she ran dancing out of the room.

"Well, what do you think, Doctor?" said both her papa and mamma together.

"She does n't need any medicine," he said. "She's perfectly well from head to foot. It's just a clear case of *wont go to sleep*. She'll get tired of it after a while, you may depend. But you



KITTYMAN TANNYMAN AND HER DOLL.

must watch over her with the greatest care. The only danger lies in her growing *so* small that she will get stepped on, or eaten up by the cat, or something of that sort. When she gets so small that the situation will have become disgusting to her, there will be a reaction. This is a very rare disease among children, and a very interesting one. I never knew but three children who grew smaller. One of them was swept up in the dust-pan by a careless servant, and almost smothered to death; but they are all living now, and are as big as anybody. Constant care is all that your Kittyman Tannyman needs. Good-morning!"—and the doctor picked up his shining hat and went away without leaving even one tiny sugar-pellet, for he was a doctor who had a soul, and he never made

people take his medicines when he knew all the time they had no need of them.

When Kittyman Tannymman ran into the room again she looked all about for the "sugar meds," as she called them, and when her mamma said she was not to have any, her eyes were almost ready to cry. But her papa took a lovely, curly-headed boy doll from his pocket, and wondered how it came there, and whom it was for, and seemed so puzzled, about it, that Kittyman Tannymman forgot the sugar meds, and climbed up in his lap to help him solve the problem. As her papa placed the doll in her hands he was grieved to see how small they had already grown, and how loose and large her pretty button boots had become.

"I shall have to make her clothes all over," said her mamma. And sure enough, she not only had to make them smaller, but there was no end to making them smaller. Every day an apron or a dress, or a hat, or a brodered skirt had to be made smaller, until mamma's fingers ached, and the sewing-machine got out of patience and broke its needles; and every day her papa had to buy a smaller pair of shoes and a smaller pair of stockings, until he said it was no use, he could n't spend so much money on Kittyman Tannymman's smallness! So, finally, her mamma made up a lot of cheap calico frocks,—worse than any "dingham" aprons that ever were worn,—and, instead of having new shoes every day, she had to wear just flannel stockings, for these her mamma could cut and sew, several pairs in an hour—being careful to make each pair a little smaller than the last.

Poor Kittyman Tannymman looked very queer in her little calico frocks and flannel stockings, and she would sometimes roll up in a corner of the sofa and cry softly to herself for a while, thinking of the crimp, crispy white aprons and bronze boots she used to wear. But it seemed so jolly to her to be no bigger than a big doll she would soon forget about her clothes in running all over the house and hiding in all sorts of cunning little places and making the big people look for her long and anxiously.

At night, when it was time for everybody to be in bed, her mamma undressed her and put her in a doll's cradle that had been selected for her; but no one ever saw her asleep, and everybody was worried except Kittyman Tannymman herself.

So she went on growing smaller. When she sat in her high chair at table, only her curly top-knot, her two round eyes, and the tip of her nose could be seen. Her mamma put the big dictionary in the chair, with a pillow on the top of it, and for a day or two Kittyman Tannymman's whole face was visible, but after that she was as low down as ever. So her mamma said if she would be very nice and quiet she might sit *on* the table, in a doll's chair,

close by the sugar-bowl, and use a doll's plate and spoon, since her own had become too large for her tiny hands. Kittyman Tannymman enjoyed this change very much, and for a few days sat very quietly in her place, but one night she hid behind the sugar-bowl and played bo-peep with her big brother until she became very wild and gay, and before anybody could say "Kitty Taine" she skipped across the cheese-plate, ran around the castor, and tripping against a salt-cellar, fell headlong into a dish of clear, bright, shaky lemon-jelly.

Of course, such conduct was not to be allowed; but after Kittyman Tannymman was sufficiently punished by being washed and combed and curled for a whole hour, she was ready to promise that she would never—never—run away on the table again. But the promises of very little girls who grow smaller every day are not of much value. Every few days some shocking accident would occur at table, and Kittyman Tannymman was sure to be at the bottom of it. The flowers were upset into the soup, the milk spilled over the salad, the pickles drowned in the water-pitcher, and one day a doll's leg was found in the gravy. Her mamma said it was impossible to watch such a little thing all the time, and as there were no whippings in the house small enough to apply to her, she would be obliged to tie her fast in her chair at meal-times.

After this the table was orderly enough, but I could never describe the amount of mischief done about the house. Every one knows what even one little mouse can do if given the whole house to live in, so it can be imagined how much mischief this mite of a girl did, who had brains to think with and two hands to work with. They were all talking of what *could* be done with Kittyman Tannymman, when something occurred to convince them that something *must* be done.

Kittyman Tannymman had grown so very small, she could now hide herself in the most unheard-of places, and when she was called she would often decline to answer, and make her poor, tired papa and mamma have a grand hunt for her. One night, when an elegant supper had been prepared, and her mamma had dressed herself in her prettiest dress, and was watching from the window for Kittyman's papa,—it being a birthday, or something of the sort,—Kittyman Tannymman got down from the swing which her brother had made for her under the rose-geranium, and, running softly over the carpet, crawled into one of her papa's slippers that were warming by the fire, and squeezed and crowded herself into the toe of it completely out of sight. Then she put her wee hand over her wee mouth, and laughed a little laugh that nobody could hear—thinking what a task they would have to find her this time.



KITTYMAN HAS BEGUN TO GROW SMALLER.

Presently in came her papa, and he and her mamma both stood before the door talking a vast amount of nonsense, it seemed to Kittyman Tannyman. Then her mamma said: "Mercy—the dinner! Now where is that mouse?"

"Dear me," said her papa, in a discouraged voice, "is she hiding again?" And then he went into the dressing-room, and Kittyman Tannyman never dreamed that he was taking off his damp boots. He came back in a moment, put his foot into one slipper, and stamped it on—for he was very hungry, and knew that the baked whitefish was cooling. He put his foot in the other slipper, and st— But, before he had *quite* stamped it on, there came a funny, frightened little squeak from the slipper. If her papa had been her mamma, he would have screamed, and perhaps kicked the slipper into the fire; but, being a man, he only snatched off the slipper and looked into it.

There was poor Kittyman Tannyman away down in the toe, gasping for breath.

Was this the last of Kittyman Tannyman? Oh, no; she had hurt her papa much more than he had hurt her. After she had been carried to the open air, and had a drop of cologne on her head and chest, she was quite herself again. Her papa, however, could barely taste the elegant supper—he had experienced such a "shock," he said, and added there was very little use in living if we were never to know what was going to happen next. The result of this little game of hide-and-seek was that Kittyman Tannyman found herself next day under a large glass goblet, with a little rocking-chair, a few playthings, and no way of getting out again.

"It is the only way to keep her from worrying our lives out!" said her papa, as he sadly shoved

a cluster of white currants under the goblet and turned away.

Instead of feeling badly about it, Kittyman Tannyman was quite charmed with life under glass, and danced gayly about her little crystal house until she was glad to sit down in the tiny rocking-chair to rest herself and drink the juice of a currant or two. Then she looked about her, and said to herself how nice it was to have a house all window, and felt very sorry for the big people who had to live in great, monstrous wooden rooms full of dust and draughts.

The doctor called, and stood by the table, talking with her papa and mamma, and looking at Kittyman Tannyman now and then. Her mamma had just been asking him if the reaction ever would come.

"It will be queer enough if it does n't," said the doctor. "She's carrying it pretty far, I must confess. Perhaps it would be well enough to—prepare for the worst. If she continues to grow small for another week, I fear——"

But her mamma cried out, "Oh, don't, Doc-



KITTYMAN AT HOME IN THE GOBLET.

tor!" and her papa turned away, biting his lips to keep them from curling up like her mamma's.

"But still there is hope—there is hope!" said the good doctor, hurrying out of the room.

"Oh, Kittyman Tannyman!" said her mamma, kneeling by the table, and putting her face so near the goblet that the little girl was almost afraid of her big eyes with such bright tears shining in them. "Oh, Kittyman Tannyman! why *won't* you sleep? Don't you see how small you have grown? Do you want to grow so small that we can never see you any more, or kiss you, or have any little girlie again as long as we live? And—oh, just think of your beautiful bronze boots, Kittyman Tannyman!"

Kittyman Tannyman thought of her bronze boots, and looked quite serious for five seconds. Then she shrugged her little shoulders, helped herself to another currant, and said:

"Don't bover me, mamma! Me don't *feel* s'eeepy!"

Then her mamma and papa both went out of the room, and both held their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

It was, indeed, quite pleasant under the goblet, for a day or two. Everything was so nice and clean and quiet. The crimson table-cloth on which the goblet sat made a fine, soft carpet for Kittyman Tannyman's feet; a small hole conveniently broken out near the top of the glass supplied her with fresh air; she had a tiny silver bell to ring whenever she wanted anything, and her big brother brought her specks of sugar, and now and then a slice of strawberry. But no one likes to be shut up for long—no matter how pretty one's prison may be, and she was very glad when her brother brought her lunch in a hurry one day, carelessly left the goblet tilted up on the rockers of her little chair, and ran off for a game of base-ball.

Now was Kittyman Tannyman's time. She did not wait to eat her dinner, but crawled out from under the goblet, and ran dancing and leaping about the table as happy as a sunbeam. Her mamma's work-box, with the lid thrown back, showing all the delightful silks and buttons and worsteds, was on one end of the table, and it was n't half a minute before Kittyman Tannyman

had climbed into it and was having great fun. She had never been permitted to touch this work-box, but she did n't stop to think of that. She rolled the bright spools out upon the table, tangled the

worsteds, tossed the buttons right and left, put her mamma's gold thimble on her head, laughing to think what a funny cap it made, and tumbled and tangled everything she could find, until she was weary of mischief.

Then she wished she could get down on the floor and find new worlds to conquer. It seemed a great

distance, and she had to think matters over for three minutes. Then she remembered once seeing her brother slide down a long way on a rope in the barn. She climbed into the work-box again, and finding some tape, she spent many minutes in trying to tie one end of it around the key of the work-box. It was a funny knot when it was done, but it held very well, and Kittyman Tannyman immediately proceeded to slide down on the tape.

She found herself on the floor a little sooner than she expected, and her hands felt tingly, but she was soon scampering over the carpet, looking out for whatever mischief might offer itself. Away down in the kitchen her mamma was making currant jelly, and Kittyman Tannyman was in no danger of interruption. She crawled under the book-case, but came out sneezing, for she found nothing but dust. She clambered up among the plants, and pulled and tugged at two bright roses until their petals came down upon her in a shower, and they indignantly pricked her with one of their sharp thorns. She cried a little, but only the plants heard her, and they seemed to think it served her right. She pressed her little nose against the window, and wished she could run outside, like big people. "Well, why not try?" said a little voice in her heart. "I *will* try," said Kittyman Tannyman out loud. She ran to the door leading into the hall; it was open half an inch. "I can *sideways* fru it," she said, and sure enough she did. The outer door was wide open, and in a moment Kittyman Tannyman was out in the big, big world, all by herself. "The straw-



"POP! WENT THE FOOT OF THE PAPER CRADLE."

berry-patch?" said the little voice in her heart. "All right!" said Kittyman Tannyman.

Now, when she was a nice, large child, wearing bronze boots and crimped aprons, she could easily reach the strawberry-patch; but to-day it seemed a long way off, and twice she came near getting lost outright in the winding garden-path, overhung as it was by forests of mignonette and candy-tuft. A great, scratchy grasshopper nearly knocked her down as he jumped across the path, and a burly bumble-bee touched her with one of his loud, buzzing wings, as he was hurrying home with his bags of honey. All sorts of queer bugs peeped out of the candy-tuft forests at her, and she was glad to hurry on and reach the shelter of the broad strawberry-leaves. As she sat there with a beautiful red ripe strawberry in her lap, and had just taken the second bite from it, she heard a sound that is not pleasant to hear when one is out strawberrying, and that sound was—thunder! Kittyman Tannyman remembered that thunder was generally mixed up with rain, and she knew that the rain was very wet. She wished it was not such a long way back to the house. Such a pity—when she had only taken two bites! So she took another and another, and the next thunder that came seemed just around the corner, and down came a drop of rain on her head and ran down her back in a very unpleasant way.

"Oh my! me must have a yumbella!" said Kittyman Tannyman, looking about her; but there was nothing to be seen but the great broad strawberry-leaves bending and nodding under other drops of rain.

Kittyman pulled with all her strength, and succeeded in breaking off a fine large leaf, which she held over her head, but the drops fell thicker and faster, and very often one would strike the poor child so hard that it would almost make her cry.

The red round strawberries bent toward her trying, I am sure, to tell her not to be afraid, but Kittyman Tannyman *was* afraid, and very uncomfortable, too. It was dark and wet out in the big world, the thunder was uncommonly loud, and Kittyman Tannyman wished—yes, she actually wished—that she had never grown smaller, but was her mamma's fine large girl again, helping dust chairs and gather bouquets, and wearing her dear, dear bronze boots and sky-blue sash. And then Kittyman Tannyman put both her little hands to her eyes and cried and cried.

And while she was crying under the strawberry-leaves everybody in the house was hunting for Kittyman Tannyman. They knew she had not been eaten by the cat, for the cat had been sent away when the little girl first began to grow small. They knew she had not been swept up in the dust-pan,

for her mamma was too careful for that. They looked in the water-pitcher; they poked—very softly—under the book-case; they even looked in their other pockets, and in all the boots and shoes and rubbers in the hall-closet, but not a sign of Kittyman Tannyman. Night was coming on. The thunder had stopped, but the rain still came down—not in big swift drops as at first, but mildly and reluctantly, as if afraid of hurting something.

"If she went out-of-doors where do you think she would be likely to go?" asked her father.

"She is very fond of strawberries," suggested her mamma.

The big brother had returned from his base-ball game, and feeling as if he would like to drown himself for having been so careless with his little sister's goblet house, was hunting for her everywhere; and while he lighted a candle and proceeded to the garret, her papa took the lantern and started for the garden.

"Be very careful where you step—both of you!" said her mamma, "and if you keep calling to her that we are going to have cream-toast for supper, may be she will answer—if she is alive," and her mamma wiped the tears from her eyes and continued her search in the china-closet.

Kittyman Tannyman's papa went very slowly down the garden path, holding the lantern near the ground and looking sharply among the wet flowers and grasses on either side while he called, and in a soft voice:

"Kittyman Tannyman."

Presently he reached the strawberry-patch. It was a large patch, and he had walked all about it, taking care not to step on anything that looked like a calico frock with flannel stockings sticking out of it, and he was just going to give up looking any longer—for he did think that with all her nonsense his bright little girl had intelligence enough to go into the house in case of a rain-storm—when he fancied he heard a faint little cry, not much louder than the cry of a five-cent doll, just before him among the strawberries.

"Kittyman Tannyman!" he called, "are you here? Don't you want some beautiful cream-toast, Kittyman Tannyman?"

And up came the little wee crying voice:

"Me wants ma—mma—!"

Her papa set the lantern down very quickly and began putting the wet leaves aside with hands that trembled for joy. There, close beside a big strawberry with only four bites taken out of it, was Kittyman Tannyman, sopping wet and cold as a snail, her beautiful little curls all dripping, her face and hands so stained with tears and strawberry juice that no one but her own papa would have known her, and oh, so small! Her papa took her up ten-

derly in one hand, covering her with the other—just as some kind boy would pick up a young bird that had fallen from its nest—and carried her to the house.

She's here,—and alive!" he said, hurrying into the dining-room, where her mamma was just beginning to search the last shelf. "Bring some warm water and dry flannels, please, and just half a drop of blackberry wine,—she's about chilled through!"

Her mamma first peeped into her papa's hand, and sure enough there was Kittyman Tannymman all huddled up in a ball. She kissed the little wet head, and hurried away for the things. In a few minutes Kittyman was bathed and rubbed dry, and, dressed in a soft flannel wrapper, she drank the half drop of wine, and, lying back in her papa's hand, stretched her tiny feet toward the fire that had been kindled on purpose for her, and breathed a long, deep breath. Papa saw her lips moving, and he bent his head to listen.

"Me's perfectly tompfcomfortle," she said.

Then her papa covered her with his other hand, and rocked gently back and forth, while he sung a low, gentle song about the "Wind of the Western Sea."

About this time, her mamma happened to think of the poor big brother still hunting about in the garret, and she went up to tell him that it would n't be necessary to search any longer. She was gone some minutes,—for she wanted to help the big brother put in order the barrels and boxes he had overturned,—and when they came down again into the sitting-room — You can never guess the surprise that awaited them there:

Kittyman Tannymman was sound asleep!

Yes, there she lay in her papa's hand, her hair all back into curls again, her small fists cuddled up under her chin just as they used to be when she slept, and breathing soft, comfortable, regular little breaths. With one impulse, papa, mamma, and the big brother drew out their handkerchiefs, and, waving them in the air, gave three silent cheers. Then, going

about on tiptoe, and hardly daring to breathe, her mamma prepared a little cradle of white card-board, made a soft mattress of cotton batting, with a white silk handkerchief for sheets, and then her papa gently laid Kittyman down in it, and they covered her with the prettiest doll-quilt, and set the cradle away in a quiet, shadowy corner.

They took off their shoes, they tied up the door-bell, and the evening paper remained untouched upon the table, for fear its rustling might awaken Kittyman Tannymman.

Such care was quite needless, however. Kittyman Tannymman not only slept all the evening and all night, but slept all the next forenoon; and as her papa and mamma stood watching her, every moment convincing them it was time to send for the doctor,—this prolonged sleep was so alarming,—Kittyman Tannymman sighed, yawned, and stretched herself out, until *pop* went the foot of her paper cradle!

Kittyman Tannymman had begun to grow bigger! The reaction had come!

The news was all over the neighborhood in twenty minutes. Everybody was talking of it. Everybody called with congratulations. The doctor came and went away again, smiling and rubbing his hands. Her papa walked up town as if he owned a bank. Her mamma warbled over her work as if it were all play. Her big brother whistled louder than ever.

And Kittyman Tannymman—you can imagine how quickly she kicked out one cradle-foot after another, and how she outgrew her calico frocks so fast that they had to be changed twice a day, until her mamma declared, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, that by

the time grapes were ripe her dear little girl would be big enough to wear her pretty white aprons and button-boots again. For every day after lunch, Kittyman took a fine growing nap on the sitting-room lounge, and at night her mamma could barely finish one story before Kittyman Tannymman was sound asleep, growing on, like a sweet, healthy child, toward the glad, beautiful morning.



TWO FRENCH STORY-TELLERS.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

IN the midst of those bloody times in Paris which were described in a past volume of *ST. NICHOLAS*,* there was living in that city a gentleman just passed the age of fifty, who only a very short time before published a story-book for young people which, within a period of twelve months, passed through fifty editions, and was, within a few years thereafter, translated into almost all the languages of Europe.

The name of the story was "Paul and Virginia," and the name of the author was Bernardin de St. Pierre. He was born at Havre, a sea-port town at the mouth of the Seine, and went to school there until he was twelve; but while he was at school he fell in with a translation of "Robinson Crusoe," and he loved the book so much that he came to love adventure more than books, and begged for permission to go over seas with an uncle who was bound for Martinique.

And he went there, and saw first in that island (which you will find on your atlas among the West Indies) the bananas, and palms, and orange-trees, and all that rich tropical growth which afterward he scattered up and down upon the pages of his story of "Paul and Virginia."

But the boy Bernardin did not stay in Martinique; he grew homesick, and went back to France, and studied engineering in Paris, and before he was twenty had gone away again to Malta, which is a strongly fortified little island in the Mediterranean, lying southward of Italy. He did not stay, however, in Malta, for he fought a duel there, which made it an unsafe place for him.

Not long after this he obtained a position under the famous Empress Catharine of Russia, and had strange adventures in Poland, where it is said a beautiful Polish princess would have married the young French engineer, but her friends took good

care she should not commit what was counted so great an indiscretion.

Then he went to his old home at Havre again, but his family was scattered and the home broken. He next gained an appointment as engineer to the Isle of France, which was another tropical island near to Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean. After five or six years here among the bananas and the palm-trees, he went back to Paris—without business, without money, almost without friends. This was his own fault, however, for he was reckless, and petulant, and proud.

He began now to think of printing books, though he was past thirty-four. His first venture was a story of his voyage to the Isle of France; then he passed many years working at what he called "Studies of Nature." He could hardly find a publisher for this; at last, however, he bargained with Monsieur Didot to print it,—and Didot was the most celebrated printer in France. Not only did he print the book of the adventurous Bernardin, but he gave him his daughter for a wife.

I suppose that this author gave a great deal more of study and of care to his book on nature than he

did to the little story of "Paul and Virginia." Yet it was this last—which was published some two years or more before the capture of the Bastille—which gave him his great fame.

Where there was one reader for his other books, there were twenty readers for "Paul and Virginia." In those fierce days, when the Revolution was ripening and a gigantic system of lordly privileges was breaking up and consuming away,—like straw in fire,—this little tender, simple story, with its gushes of sentiment and its warm, tropical atmosphere, was being thumbed in porter's lodges, and was read in wine-shops, and hidden under chil-



BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

* See Vol. III., p. 33.

dren's pillows, and was sought after by noble women,—and women who were not noble,—and by priests, who slipped it into their pockets with their books of prayer. Even the hard, flinty-faced young officer of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, had read it with delight, and in after years greeted the author with the imperial demand—"When, M. St. Pierre, will you give us another 'Paul and Virginia?'"

It is only a simple tale tenderly told. A boy and girl love each other purely and deeply; they have grown up together; they are poor and untaught; but the flowers and fruits are rich around them, and the sweetest odors of the tropics are spent upon the story. Virginia, loving the boy, sails away from the island home to win education in the old world of France. The boy grieves, and studies that he may match in himself the accomplishments which Virginia is gaining in Europe. At last the ship is heralded which speeds her back. In a frenzy of delight, Paul sees the great ship sweep down toward the shore.

But clouds threaten; a wild, swift storm bursts over the beautiful island; there is gloom and wreck; and a fair, lifeless form is stranded on the sands.

Poor Virginia! Poor Paul!

Then—two graves, with the name of the story over them. And the birds sing, and the tropical flowers bloom as before.

This is all there is of it. Do you not wonder that so slender a tale could take any hold upon a people who were engulfed in the terrors of that mad revolution? Why was it?

Partly, I think, because the dainty and tender tone of the story-teller offered such strange contrast to the fierce wrangle of daily talk; partly also because, in the breaking down of all the old society laws and habits of living in France, it was a relief to catch the sweet glimpse of the progress of an innocent life and innocent love—albeit of children—under purely natural influences.

It is worth your reading, were it only that you may see what tender and exaggerated sentiment was relished by this strange people at a time when they were cutting off heads in the public square by hundreds.

It is specially worth reading in its French dress for its choice, and simple, and limpid language.

We come now to talk of the other book of which I spoke. It is by Madame Cottin, and is called, "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia."

Siberia, you know, is a country of great wastes, where snows lie fearfully deep in winter, and winds howl across the bleak, vast levels, and wolves abound. It is under the dominion of Russia, and to this pitiless country the emperor of Russia was wont to send prisoners of state in close exile—where their names were unknown, and all communication would be cut off, and where they would live as if dead.

Well, Elizabeth was the daughter of such a



THE LITTLE PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN THE WOOD.

prisoner, who, with his wife, lived in a lonely habitation in the midst of this dreary region. She grows up in this desolate solitude, knowing only those tender parents and their gnawing grief. She knows nothing of their crime or exile, or judge, or real name. But as she ripens into girlhood, the parents cannot withhold their confidence, and she comes to know of their old and cherished and luxurious home on the Polish plains, which is every day in their thoughts.

From this time forth the loving daughter has but one controlling thought, and that is, how she may restore these sorrowful parents to their home and to the world.

It is a child's purpose, and opposed to it is the purpose of the Autocrat of all the Russias! But then, courage and persistence are noble things, and



MADAME COTTIN. [FROM AN OLD ETCHING.]

they win more triumphs than you could believe. They will win them over school-lessons, and bad habits, and bad temper, just as surely as they win them in the battles of the world.

So upon the desolate plains of Siberia the fair young girl plots and plots. How should this fair, frail creature set about the undoing of an imperial edict, and the restoration of father and mother to life and happiness once more? Over and over she pondered in the solemn quietude of those wintry Siberian nights, upon all the ways which might avail her to find relief for her suffering parents. At last came the resolve—and a very bold one it was—to make the journey on foot from their place of exile to the Russian capital, never doubting, in the fullness of her faith, that if she could once gain a hearing from the emperor, she could win his favor, and put an end to her father's exile.

Ah, what could she know of the depth of state crimes, or of the bitterness of royal hate, or of that weary march of over 2,000 miles across all the breadth of Russia?

She had not the courage to tell of this resolution to her parents, but kept it ever uppermost in her thoughts as months and years rolled on and she gained strength; while the dear lives she most cherished wasted with grief and toil in the wintry solitudes.

One friend she made her confidant: it was the son of the governor of Tobolsk, who, in his hunting expeditions had come unawares upon the retired cabin of her father, and thereafter repeated twice or thrice his visit. He was charmed by her beauty and tenderness, and would have spoken of love, but she had no place in her heart for that. Always uppermost in her thought was the weary walk to be accomplished, and the pardon to be sought.

The young hunter could not aid her, for intercourse with the exiled family was forbidden, and he had already been summoned away and ordered to regions unknown.

At last, after years of waiting, Elizabeth being now eighteen, an old priest came that way who was journeying to the west. It seemed her golden opportunity. She declared now, for the first time, her purpose to her parents. They expostulated and reasoned with her. The long way was a dear one; monarchs were remorseless; they had grown old in exile and could bear it to the end.

But the tender girl was more unshaken and steadfast than they. She bade them a tearful adieu, and with the old priest at her side, turned



ELIZABETH WEARILY PRESSED ON THROUGH THE SIBERIAN FOREST.

her steps toward the Russian capital. Very toilsome it was, and day followed day and week week,

with wearisome walking; and before the journey was half done the old priest sickened and died, she nursing him and closing his eyes for his last sleep in a cabin by the way.

But still she had no thought of turning back, but wearily and painfully pressed on. Week followed week, and still long roads lay before her. It will make your hearts ache to read the story of her toil, of her bleeding feet, of her encounters with rude plunderers, her struggles with storm, and snow, and cliff. There were great stretches of silent forest; there were broad rivers to cross; there were gloomy ravines to pass through, and her strength was failing; and she had been robbed of her money and the winter was coming on; and there was no messenger or mail to tell her of the dear ones she had left in the little cabin of the exile. But through all, her courage never once failed, and at last it rejoiced her heart to see in the blazing sunlight, on the edge of the Muscovite plains, the great shining domes of the palace of Moscow.

Here she was a stranger in a great city, and the wilderness of the streets was full of more terrors and more dangers for her than the wilderness of the vast forests she had crossed in safety. Her very frailty, however, with her earnestness and her appealing look, won upon passers-by, and well-wishers befriended her and heard her story with amazement. And the story spread, and made other well-wishers aid, until at last she came to the feet of the emperor.

They knew, all of them, the tale she had to tell, and the eyes of all pleaded with her so strongly, that her request was granted and the father set free.

Of course the story glides on very pleasantly after this: she has a government coach to carry her back over that long stretch of foot-travel; she finds her parents yet alive; she somehow has encountered again that stray son of the governor of Tobolsk, and I believe they were married, and all lived happily ever after.

It is not much of a love story, however, except of parental love, which, after all, is one of the purest kinds of love.

Madame Cottin, who wrote the story, lived, as I said, in the days of the French revolution, and was married in the year 1790, when she was only seventeen years old. Her husband was very much older, and a rich banker. I doubt if she loved him greatly: there are some things in other books of hers (for she published a great many) which make me think so very strongly. Still, I believe she was an honest woman, and struggled to do her duty. I do not think Madame Cottin's other works are to be commended, or that any one reads them very much nowadays. "Elizabeth"—the book of which I have given you the story—was printed in the time of the First Napoleon (1806), and had an immense success. There is hardly a language of Europe in which it is not to be found printed now.

It is a good story. What devotion!—so rare—so true—so tender!

Read it for this, if nothing else, and cherish the memory ever in your young hearts.

It is as good a sermon on the fifth commandment as you will ever hear, and remember that it was preached by a Frenchwoman who lived in Paris through the reign of blood.

WHICH HAD IT?

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

CHAD and Seth were great cronies, though Chad's father was a lawyer, and Seth's was a blacksmith. But, then, the one was a very good blacksmith, and the other a very poor lawyer, and this lessened the social gap.

There was an opinion floating about the village, that Chad and Seth were bad boys. But the evidence for this was very intangible. People were ready enough to pronounce them "a pair of precious young rascals," but when a man was asked for an instance of their rascality, he could assert noth-

ing more definite than that they were always up to some mischief.

The truth of the matter was that Chad and Seth were two young democrats, full to the brim of life and spirit, who liked fun better than anything else. Indeed, they considered fun the chief end of boys. They sometimes pursued it thoughtlessly, perhaps recklessly, and often violated the proprieties in its pursuit. But there was nothing mean about these two boys. To use Chad's favorite word, they were not sneaks. They were fair on the play-ground,

often generous, and, Seth especially, had a soft spot under his sooty jacket. He was tender with all the weak. Little boys and "them girls" knew very well their knight.

Chad and Seth were near the same age—just turned thirteen.

The worst thing I knew about Seth was that he did n't keep his hands and face clean. As for Chad, the greatest fault I found with him was that he persisted in his companionship with Seth, when he knew that his mother would have preferred him to look higher for a friend.

His mother had raised no serious objection to the association, but Chad knew her preferences, and should have respected them. But Seth had a great fascination for Chad. He was a more important factor in Chad's enjoyment than all the other boys in the village combined.

"But his father's a blacksmith," Chad's mother said one day.

"How can Seth help what his father is?" Chad asked warmly. "If we boys had the bossing of our fathers, Seth might have had his a lawyer, and I'd had mine a blacksmith. I'd rather be a blacksmith any day than a lawyer. A lawyer don't do anything that I know of except to read old papers, and then go to the court-room and speak his piece. I hate to read writing, and I don't like to speak pieces, any way, if there are girls. But a blacksmith's work's jolly—blowing his big bellows till the forge is red and splendid. I love to see the red-hot irons, and to hear the hammer ring on the anvil, and to see the sparks fly, and the strong iron bend just the way it's wanted to. It's better 'n fire-crackers and rockets; makes a fellow feel like giving three cheers and a tiger. And a blacksmith works with horses. My sakes! I just wish I could be a blacksmith. Say, may I go, mother?"

Chad was teasing to go and play with Seth.

"Why, Chad, I should think you'd feel mortified to be seen with Seth. His clothes are dirty and sometimes ragged," the mother said.

"I aint goin' back on Seth for that," said Chad, stoutly. "He can't help it. His mother's the one to haul over the coals for that. Any way, I'd like to wear dirty clothes myself sometimes, 'stead of being kept all the time starched and ironed. I could play lots better in old clothes. You ought to see Seth play; he just pitches in,—rumbly-tumbly. He can turn the jolliest somersaults that ever I saw. I've seen him turn 'em, one after another, all the way from the top to the bottom of that big red sand-hill—don't you know?—by Squire Bowers's. Tell me, mother, if I may go."

"I'm afraid Seth's a bad boy; people say he is."

"He aint bad," said Chad, warmly. "He aint any sneak. Folks think if a fellow don't stay in the

house and read all the time, he's bad. Seth aint any of your sickly kind. He's the jolliest boy in this town, and I can't have any fun without Seth. That's all there is about it. There is n't another boy to play with. Now!"

"There's Frank Finley," the mother suggested.

"Frank Finley!" exclaimed Chad, with a tone of contempt. "Why, mother, he's the spooniest, the dumbest, the finnikiest, the chickenest milk-sop that ever I saw. He parts his hair in the middle, and wears curls stringing down his back. All the fellows call him Fanny,—all except"—and Chad's cheeks flushed and his eyes brightened with the triumphant vindication of his friend,—“all except Seth, mother; Seth never calls him names; he always stands up for Frank. He takes Frank in his lap on the sled, just like a baby, to keep him from tumbling off. And Seth's the best skater on the pond; but he often loses the race, when we boys race, because he's got Frank Finley, tugging him along. And Seth always chooses Frank on his side in toss-up, 'cause the other fellow wont have him. I tell you, Seth's a high old trump. May n't I go, mother?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but I don't see why boys have to catch all the slang that's floating around," said the mother.

But Chad did not hear the remark. With the first word of his mother's reply, he had rushed for the street, slamming and banging the doors after him.

I'm going to tell you of a little incident which occurred in the village where Chad and Seth lived, and then you may answer the question with which this story started: Which Had It?

It was the last night of the year, and there was a watch-meeting in the little Methodist church of the little village. Many country people had come in their sleighs to help the village folks watch the old year out and the new year in. Chad and Seth were at the meeting, and it was a foregone conclusion with some folks that they were bent on mischief.

The congregation had been, for some moments, sitting in profound silence, reviewing, doubtless, the failures of the year so soon to end, and making resolutions for the year so soon to begin. The silence was very solemnizing, as we sat there in the dimly lighted church, with not a sound to be heard except the loud ticking of the clock under the gallery, marking off the few last moments of the fleeting year. But five minutes of the old year remained, when the minister, a venerable, white-haired man, rose, and spoke a few solemn words, which made the people feel yet more solemn.

"A few more vibrations of that pendulum," he said, pointing to the clock, which put in a solemn tick-tack, as he paused for breath, "and we shall

all be swung into a new year. Then it will be my privilege and pleasure to wish you all a happy new year; so, I shall have the best of the congregation. It seems fitting, dear friends, that we should spend the last few moments of the old year in prayer."

The people all knelt. Then came an earnest petition, that the dear Lord would meet his people on the threshold of the new year, and abide with them to the end. When the prayer was ended,

sat down in his chair without a word, and gazed in a bewildered way at the congregation. Everybody turned and stared at everybody else. Seth giggled aloud. Chad, sitting next pew from him, looked scared. Seth tucked his head between his knees and snickered painfully. He wanted to stop, but to save his life, he could n't. He pressed his hand over his mouth, but the laugh would burst out. He tried to smother it in his woolen com-



A COMMOTION IN THE CHURCH.

while the clock was buzzing with preparation for its last announcement for the year, while the amen was hovering about the pastor's lips, ready to alight, before the people had fairly risen from their knees, somebody, determined to get the better of the minister, shouted out, so that every ear heard:

"I wish you a happy new-year!"

Who in the world was it? The minister was so surprised at this stealing of his thunder, that he

forter, but it would n't be smothered. He knew the people all around were looking at him and thinking he was very rude and very bad; but no matter; he had to laugh; he could not help it. Suddenly, in the midst of his snickering, he heard somebody speaking excitedly and indignantly. He raised his head, and saw that the speaker was Squire Woodruff.

"I've got ten dollars here," he said, opening his purse and displaying the bill. "It belongs to the man, woman or child that will give the name of the person who interrupted our meeting." He reached forward and handed the money to the minister, who laid it on the big Bible on the desk.

"And here's another ten a-top of that," said Mr. Alexander, making his deposit.

Then everybody looked all around to see somebody start up, tell who the offender was, and claim

the twenty dollars. Doubtless nobody knew who it was, for nobody spoke.

Then Mr. Lemuel Dyer said:

"I'll make that twenty dollars thirty."

"I go you five better," added Mr. Arthur Matthews. Mr. Matthews was a class-leader, and would have been properly shocked if he had known that he was using an expression of the card-player, and that in church.

Still, nobody claimed the money. By this time the people were excited and curious. Somebody added another five dollars, making forty now offered for information as to the offender. Seth had stopped laughing for the moment, and looked a little frightened when he saw how in earnest the people were to bring the offender to light.

Mrs. Mason, who had been sitting near Seth and Chad, now went over, and spoke to Seth's father.

"That was Seth who called out," she said; "I know it was. I saw his lips move."

Seth was scared when he saw his father coming over to him. The father looked angry as he charged the offense upon Seth.

"Mrs. Mason says she saw your lips move."

"It's a lie," cried the boy, kindling indignantly. Then he burst out laughing, as the funny part of the affair came over him again.

"Seth, you know it was you," said Mrs. Mason.

"Of course it was," added Miss Palatkin. "I know ~~at~~ by the way he keeps laughing."

"It was n't; I did n't do it," Seth declared.

"It's just like him; he's always up to some mischief," said somebody else. "I know he did it."

"I know I did n't," said Seth.

"Do you know who it was?" asked his father.

By this time a third of the congregation had gathered around Seth.

"Yes, I know," Seth answered.

"Who was it?" asked a half dozen voices.

"I aint going to tell."

Then it looked so funny to Seth to see all that crowd of people around him, that he laughed in their faces. When Seth wanted to laugh he could n't help laughing, any more than Vesuvius could help belching. He was n't one of the kind who can laugh in their sleeves.

"There are forty dollars you can have, if you'll tell," one said.

"He ought to be punished, whoever it was," another argued. "Everybody'll think it's you unless you tell."

"It was n't me, and it'll be mean to blame it on to me." Then Seth giggled again.

"Then tell who it was," said his father. "You're foolish not to, when you can make forty dollars by telling. Think what lots of things you can buy with it. Come, Seth, tell," he continued, coax-

ingly, "and I'll give you another ten. Then you'll have fifty dollars—a half-hundred—about as much as I can make in a month. And you can make it by just speaking a name."

"Come, let us have it," urged Mr. Arthur Matthews. "Who was it?"

Seth just looked at Mr. Matthews, and seemed ready to burst into another laugh.

"Why, how contrary ye be!" said Mother Ketchum, eying Seth over the tops of her spectacles. "Why don't ye tell and be done with it, so the folks can go home?"

But Seth repeated: "I aint goin' to tell."

"If ye was my boy, I'll be bound he'd tell purty quick." Mother Ketchum addressed part of this remark to Seth and part to Mrs. Leonard, standing on the right. Finally the minister spoke:

"We are determined, if possible, to discover the reckless individual who has had the temerity to interrupt our solemn service, and to bring him to punishment. This is the second time our service has been interrupted. We brought the other offender to light, and we shall discover this one. Be sure of that, my guilty friend. That which is hidden shall be revealed. We offer for information of the offender a standing reward of fifty dollars."

Here Seth's father pulled at the minister's sleeve, to say that his offer of ten dollars was only to Seth, and the pastor's proclamation was amended accordingly. Then the people went to their homes, discussing the matter as they went.

"Of course it was Seth," said Chad's father, who prided himself on his lawyer-like ability of seeing through people.

"You'll be willing to give up Seth now, I suppose?" said the mother to Chad.

"I don't believe it was Seth." This was all the answer Chad made.

When Seth had got home, his father scolded him for not speaking and claiming the money.

"You've got to tell," insisted the father. "I'll flog you if you do not."

"I'll take the whipping," Seth answered, with his voice trembling; "but I wont tell."

When Seth had gone to bed, his mother came and sat down beside him. She wanted him to have the money; and no wonder, with seven little mouths in her nest to be fed.

"Just think," she said, "what you could do with all that money. You could get you a new suit of clothes, and new cap, and some boots."

Poor Seth thought of Chad's handsome new winter suit, and of his own shabby jacket, and a great lump came up in his throat.

"I would n't get any good of the money," the boy said. "You and father would take it all; I know you would."

The mother thought he was yielding, and hastened to assure him that he should have every penny to spend for himself. But Seth had no thought of telling when he made the remark; he just wanted to re-enforce himself—to have a better excuse for refusing to tell.

"Then you can look as well as Chad," the mother added. "He wont be ashamed of you then."

"Chad aint 'shamed of me now," said Seth, with a quiver in his voice. "He likes me better than any the other fellers. He would n't like me if I was to tell; he hates a tell-tale."

So the mother soon found there was no hope of getting the secret from Seth.

The next day, as he was going for the milk for breakfast, he was joined by Chad.

"My goodness, Seth, you're a bully boy! you're a perfect stunner!" Chad said, in an enthusiastic whisper. "Did you know all the time who it was?"

"Of course I knew," said Seth. "I heard you and saw you."

"And are n't you ever going to tell?"

"Not any," said Seth.

"Forty dollars!" continued Chad. "Did n't it make you feel shaky?"

"It did make my mouth water; but it did n't make me feel like telling on you, Chad."

"You're a brick, Seth; you're a chief cornerstone. But, Seth, you've got to tell—you've got to have that forty dollars. I don't mind if they do know; they wont do anything much about it. Anyway, I did n't do anything wicked; it was n't anything mean. I just did it for fun, and I don't see the use of their making a great hullabaloo about it. I don't care if they do know it was me. They dare n't hang me, and they dare n't put me in jail. I'd a notion to get up and tell on myself; I felt like a sneak not to. But I wanted you to get the fifty dollars, you sec. Good gracious! you've got to have it, Seth. You must tell."

"I wont ever tell anything on you, Chad," said Seth. "You would n't like me any more if I did."

"Yes, I would," Chad declared, eagerly.

"I would n't like myself," said Seth.

"But, you see, the boy who did that ought to be punished."

Chad forgot, for the moment, who "the boy" was, in his eagerness that Seth should have the money. But in vain he argued. Seth declared he never would tattle on Chad. So Chad made up his mind that he'd tell on himself. "I wont be a sneak." That's what he said to himself. It was a favorite expression with Chad.

The episode at the watch-meeting was the general theme of talk for the next few days. It was a trifling matter to engage a whole village; but curiosity was excited. They wondered who the

offender could be. Was it or was it not Seth? These people had been interrupted once before in their religious services. They felt that somebody was interfering with their rights—that they were being abused. And the more they talked about it the more outraged they felt. And the more outraged they felt the harder it grew for Chad to confess himself the offender at the meeting.

But one morning he found himself fairly started for the minister's house. He did n't go "cross lots," which he might have done, and saved half the distance. He went roundabout. When he reached the gate, he faced about, and walked away from it as fast as he could for a half block. Then he walked back to it, and went slowly up the terraced steps. Perhaps he would then have gone straight forward up the walk to the house, but for those two sheltering fir-trees on the edge of the terrace. He hid behind one of these till he could gather courage. When he got on the porch, I think he would again have hid behind something if there had been anything to hide behind; or he would have run away if he had n't seen Mrs. Hemingway, the minister's wife, looking at him from the window. He tried to think of something to say, so as to put away the real errand as far as possible. But suddenly the door opened, and there stood the minister. "Good-morning, my boy," he said, kindly. "Come in to the fire."

Chad walked in, looking like a little sheep. He sat down with his cap hanging on his fist. The other hand grasped his leg for a moment, then it was stuck into the pocket of his trousers. The minister waited for Chad to state his errand. But Chad sat there as if he never meant to let anybody know what he'd come for.

"Is it very cold out?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir," answered Chad, taking his hand from his pocket, and hiding it with the other under his cap. Then he crossed his legs, and looked as though he was getting ready to say something. So the minister waited to hear him announce the occasion of the call. But Chad just uncrossed his legs.

"Is your father well?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir," Chad answered, hooking back his right foot to the chair leg.

Another period of silence ensued.

"Is your mother's health good this winter?" said the minister at length, wondering what ailed this boy, usually so much at his ease.

Chad answered "Yes, sir," as before, and hooked back his other foot. Then, as he realized his awkward position, he brought both feet forward and placed them quite precisely in order, with the toes turned out at dancing-school angle. But he soon fidgeted them out of place, while trying as hard as

he could to think of some easy, pleasant way of telling all about it.

"Do you go to Sunday-school?" was the next question Chad heard. He wound one leg around the other and said he did. Then he unwound his legs, and stood his feet close up to the stove to warm, like flat-irons on end.

"What did Santa Claus bring you?"

Chad jammed his hat between his knees and answered, "A microscope."

"Were you at the watch-meeting?"

Here was Chad's chance. He screwed himself sideways in his seat, and hugged the back of his chair with both arms, as if to hold himself to his object. His cheek was burning, his eyes down-cast, his voice dry and crackling, as he answered:

"Yes, sir; and I know who it was—who it was that got the best of you—that wished the folks a happy new-year, you know."

"You do? Who was it?"

"Will I get the money if I tell?"

"Certainly you will," the minister answered.

"No hoaxing?" asked Chad, growing bolder;

"I'll be sure to get it?"

"To be sure you'll get it."

"It was me," said Chad, "but I did n't mean any harm by it."

The minister looked at Chad in a vague way for

a moment, and then he broke into a hearty laugh. "You've got the best of me again," he said. "Well, I'll see that you get the money, but doubtless you'll be fined to that amount, and will have to pay it back. So you won't make anything."

Chad looked a little blank. "Anyway, I feel better for owning up," he said at length, "and I've found out, too, that Seth won't tell on a feller."

When the matter came up before the church it was argued by some that Chad deserved more credit for bringing the offender to light than any other informant would have merited. These advised that he be freely forgiven, and that the money be paid over to him.

I was not in favor of such action, and I happened to be a prominent member of the church society. My heart was yearning toward Chad, but I wanted to make him feel to the bottom of his boots that because a thing is done in fun it is not necessarily blameless. It seemed to me that I would thus straighten the chief crook in his ideas. So I asked that he be fined. He was fined the forty dollars.

Which had the best of it? Chad had to hear this question very often for the next few months. In view of the fact that he learned from this experience to pursue his fun with due regard to the rights of others, the question, Which had it—which had the best of it?—may be promptly answered.



"NOW IT'S YOUR TURN."

HARE AND HOUNDS.

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.

WOULD you like to hear something, young friends, about a famous out-door game that boys in England play? There, as in your own country, foxes" day after day in the hunting season, returning at night jubilant and enthusiastic, and sometimes waving high in triumph the "brush" (the



ON THE SCENT OF THE HARE.

each season has its own especial sports, and as soon as the warm, sunny May-days come, when the fields and roads are dry and firm, "Hare and hounds!" is the cry from boyish lips, and young hearts beat high for joy in the sunshine, and boyish feet almost spurn the earth as they prance along the highways, and over the hedges, getting in "training" for their much-loved sport.

It is confined principally to school-boys between the ages of ten and sixteen, though often boys who do not belong to the school are members of the "hunt," and very often, too, the little fellows are the best runners in the party.

You must know that England is a great hunting place, and each papa who can afford it keeps his horse and "follows the hounds who follow the

fox's tail, that is) which the huntsman who catches and kills the fox always has as a trophy.

So boys grow up to love and exult in this sport, and to long for the days when they, too, can have a horse for their very own, and go galloping "over hill and dale, through bush and through brake," as the proverbial sly old fox may lead.

Till that happy time comes, however, "hare and hounds" is the joy of their hearts,—as it was of their papas when they, too, were boys,—and this is how it is played.

The boys divide themselves into two parties, each having its "champion runner," and lots are drawn as to which of these runners shall be the "hare" in the first hunt of the season, afterward they go by turn.

The rest of the boys are the "hounds," and the other champion is the huntsman who marshals them to the "meet" (which is usually the school play-grounds), gives the signal for the starts, calls them off by a shrill whistle when they get on the wrong scent, and, in fact, is "master of the hounds," *par excellence*.

The "hare" is provided with a small, open satchel or pouch, slung across his shoulder, and filled with bits of white paper about an inch square—heavy paper that the wind will not carry away. It is the privilege of the small boys who are too little to take part in the hunt to prepare these bits of paper, and for a day or two before a "run" they have great fun in preparing "scent," as they call it.

The hare is also allowed five minutes "head start," and is allowed to choose his own course, but is obliged to scatter the bits of white paper at short intervals all along the way he goes, as they are his tracks for the hounds to follow. The five minutes given him he usually spends in seeking for some obscure place at which he leaves a little package of *yellow* or *blue* paper to denote the starting-point.

This may be some blocks away, or up a side street, or just around the corner; he has his choice, and a free opportunity to seek it, as the "hounds" go within doors till the five minutes are up. Then the huntsman cries "whoop! halloo!" and away they all bound hither and thither, seeking till they find the package of colored paper (which they are obliged to do before they can start); the finder must cry "hark! forward!" then off they go, on the scent.

Sometimes so long a time is taken up in finding the starting-point that the hare makes famous headway, and can "double" on his followers—that is, retrace his way for a block or two on the other side of the street (leaving the bits of paper all along, of course), go round a block, or, if they are in the country, he probably makes for the woods, goes in some distance, then turns back, perhaps, till he finds some leafy tree, up which he climbs and hides himself till the "hounds" have gone by: anything to put them off the track.

When the hare has gone far enough, and wishes to return, especial care must be taken, as, if he is seen, the hounds can rush after him, "cross lots," and woe betide him if he is caught! He is no longer champion, but has to give up his badge to the fortunate "catcher," and cannot even be one of the hounds till he has paid a certain forfeit demanded by rule—usually something good to eat.

If the hare gets successfully home to the playground, the opposite party has to "stand treat;" so you may imagine how hard each side strives to win. It is a capital game when really played according to rules, and English boys think the

rules half the sport. It has been played for several generations,—an old game,—not only in England, but wherever English boys have gone, or English games are known. At Vevay, in Switzerland, where there is a large *pension* (school) for boys, it is the regular summer amusement; but it is hard running there, for the roads are so "up and down hilly" (as the boys say), and the hare can never find a good hiding-place.

One bright little English lad said "no wonder 'Swissies' are 'buffers'; no boy can learn to run in a country that is all set up on edge!"

I should not wonder if some of the boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS already know about this game, since so many of their English cousins come to this country. If so, this account must be for those who have *not* heard of it.

But it is not only boys who play "hare and hounds." A gentleman who has just returned from China told me that at Shanghai and Ningpo the English residents—merchants, officers and others—have quite recently introduced the game, with this difference, they play it *on horseback*, and make a whole day's sport of it.

Early in the morning they send out some one who knows the country well (sometimes a Chinaman, and that makes the fun all the better), give him a good fair start, perhaps half an hour, then gallop after him as hard as the horses can go, as if they were indeed back in "merrie England," hunting a fox or hare. They need sharp eyes to discover the paper "scent" when they fly over the ground so quickly, but that only makes them the keener hunters.

In Scotland I think boys enjoy the game fully as much as in England, keep closer to the rules, and welcome each hunting-day as eagerly as the first one of the season. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are usually chosen for hunts; though sometimes an indulgent teacher, if diligently importuned, will give the whole school an extra half-holiday, and go himself to see the start.

Does it seem strange to think of having only a half of Saturday for play? It is almost a universal custom, at least in Scotch country places, to have school on Wednesday and Saturday mornings till noon, giving the rest of those days for a holiday, and boys there seem to like it so. I suppose that is because they have never known any other way.

But they get a great deal of enjoyment out of their "halves" (as they call those holidays), and after school-hours as well, though school does not usually close till four o'clock. That is late, is n't it? But Scotch summer-days hardly seem to have any end. All through June, July and August (on the west coast principally), it is as light at ten o'clock in the evening as it is in our country at

seven, so games go on all through the "gloamin'," till tired feet turn gladly homeward, where wearied heads seek downy pillows, and bright eyes close in the sound, healthful sleep that comes so quickly to happy childhood after a long, joyous day spent in the pure, fresh summer air.

I once saw a splendid game played in the Scotch town of Ayr, which so interested me that I actually "followed the hounds" myself, though at a very modest pace, and *not* over the hedges.

across the fields to the next station (which, fortunately, was not far distant, but to reach which the train had to go around a long curve), and breathless, but triumphant, caught the unsuspecting hare just as he stepped from the railway carriage, chuckling to himself at the thought of having outwitted all his pursuers.

Was n't he fairly caught, think you? and did not he have to pay up for his trick? The "hounds," who soon appeared on the scene, carried him off



CAUGHT!

The hare was getting rather the worst of it, and, having nowhere else to hide, rushed into a near-by railway station where a train was waiting, gave the guard a knowing wink, and sprang into one of the carriages, and the train moved slowly off just as the panting "hounds" came in sight. He threw a handful of papers from the window, but kept himself well out of view.

A little cousin of mine, who was huntsman that day, saw the papers fluttering in the breeze, and being as "quick as a wink" to catch an idea, knew in a minute what the wily "hare" had done—so, fleet of foot as he was quick of thought, he flew

to the nearest "sweetie shop" (as Scotch laddies call candy stores), and made him spend every "bawbie" (a copper half-penny, worth one cent of our money) he had, for "toffy" and other "sweeties."

Now, boys, you who know all about "hare and hounds," as well as you who do not, try it—with *the rules*—and see if you do not find it a jolly good game, that will give you that lightness and fleetness of foot so much to be desired by every boy, and will help you to spend many a happy holiday with fun-loving comrades, when old games are "played out" and you long for something new.

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said:

"Where are the kings, and where the rest
Of men who once the world possessed?"

"They're gone with all their pomp and show,
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.

"O thou who chooseth for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head;
Tears fell upon the page he read.

CAUGHT BY THE SNOW.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

ONE day last October, while a party of government surveyors in charge of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, of the United States Engineers, were encamped on the banks of Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra Nevada, a brown old ranchman came out of his cabin and told us, in a cold-blooded way, that we should have snow before morning. The wind had changed suddenly from south-west to north, and masses of great white clouds drove over the darkening blue of the sky. We had barometers, thermometers, and all the instruments used by Old Probabilities in foretelling the weather, but we knew from experience that it was unnecessary to consult them, and that we might as well take the ranchman's word for law. Squirrels, spiders, and old ranchmen are the wisest of the weather-wise, and no signs of a storm are so sure as theirs,—the spider ceasing to weave his gossamer across the roads and trails, the squirrels laying in an extra store of provisions, and the ranchman sniffing the air with the keen scent of a pointer.

The sun-burnt old man who spoke to us was as

innocent of scientific knowledge as a chipmunk is, but long life in the open air, and the observation of nature, had developed an instinct in him which, as in the animals, was more sensitive to the approach of a change than the most delicate instruments ever made by human hand.

We had been in snow already,—the snow which never melts, but shines all summer, and drops into icicles along the tops of the rough mountains, whose clasp holds the lake within its bounds. We had played at snow-ball early in September; but we had so far escaped severe storms, such as the one now prophesied for us was likely to be.

There are more comfortable and complete shelters from bad weather than small canvas tents, and less rheumatic beds than a blanket spread upon the frozen earth; there is more substantial food than a soldier's rations; but the tents, the blankets, and the rations represented our frugal outfit, and all that we had to depend upon.

A few flakes of white fell, and vanished in the pine-fire that we built at night, and then a heavy

rain set in, and continued to patter on our tents until morning, when we removed our camp from Lake Tahoe to Squaw Valley, which is a deep bay in the mountains, with an outlet leading into one of the high-walled ravines called cañons. We were anxious to occupy a certain peak, and Squaw Valley seemed to offer the best way of reaching it.

of a fir-tree, might have pitied us as we crowded nearer the fire, endeavoring to get warmth, and only getting smoke. For supper we had a slice of bacon and bread, which the rain had reduced to an unsavory pulp, and we crept into our damp beds with longing thoughts of home.

Next morning, as I stretched out my arms against



AT THE DOOR OF THE HUT.

The rain fell without abatement for thirty-six hours, and our tents swayed to and fro in the wind, threatening to collapse each moment, despite the strong ropes that guyed them to the pines under which they were pitched. We were so wet and cold that the saucy-looking chipmunk, which occasionally peeped and winked at us from the hollow

the tent, I felt that it was heavy, and heard it crackle, and when I looked outside, the whole country was transformed; the surrounding mountains and the valley—that had been blue, purple, and green—were covered with white; the great pines and firs resembled solid cones of snow; our pack-mules, with tails turned to the wind and

drooping heads, were the picture of misery, and there we were—snowed-in. The storm might continue for days—even for weeks. When once the snow begins in the sierras of California and Nevada, there is no telling when it will stop; it piles itself up in the valleys to a height of forty feet, and it seals the country,—not with wax, of course, but with something that we cannot help admiring for its velvety beauty, and dreading for its treacherous softness. The farmers who have stock on the slopes of these mountains keep two barns,—one in the Sacramento valley, where the climate is deliciously mild, and their cattle can graze all winter, and the other in one of the mountain valleys, which, when the snow melts in the spring, are clothed with a growth of very nutritious grass. We had seen household after household turning westward during the previous weeks, in anticipation of the winter, and now, when it had come, there was not a human habitation, to our knowledge, within many miles of camp, though earlier in the season the country had been overrun with cattle, and overcast with the smoke of many ranches.

How the white flakes fell, and how they chilled our finger-tips and toes! It was as though the clouds were coming down, as a little southern girl said to me when she first saw the fleecy strays of winter drifting out of a sad northern sky. Great phantoms seemed to roll and wreath themselves in the air, and to fling out mysterious rings and festoons. The highest peaks disappeared, and the lower hills, seen through the gauzy veil of the snow, were like the figures in a lace, and as impassable to look at as puffs of steam. Ah, how we longed and longed for home!

The surveyors, who, under Lieutenant Wheeler, are making the most out-of-the-way parts of the far West as familiar as a New England county, have some pleasant experiences, to be sure, and they deserve them; for it takes a great many pleasant ones to counterbalance the wretchedness of two or three days of storm. The men stood about the camp-fire disconsolately and silently, finding no relief in smoking or in conversation. In the morning our black cook called "Breakfast!" and in the evening he called "Supper!" We would have been happier had we been able to sit down to a respectable meal. Bacon and bread were the daintiest things, however, that our mess afforded.

Smarting and coughing from the pine-fire smoke, we tried to forget our sorrows in bed; tossing and shivering in our wet blankets, we slept a little, and awoke again to the miseries of the situation. When, on the next morning, we turned out, and found no promise of a clearing, our hopes fell to the zero of despair; and we decided that it was

high time for us to make a change of base. Not more than fifteen miles from our camp was the famous Donner Lake, where an emigrant party had been snowed-in many years ago, twenty-eight persons dying from cold and hunger; and while we did not anticipate any real danger of this kind to ourselves, escape from Squaw Valley being possible at almost any time, we knew that to remain at our present camp would cause us much vexation and delay in our work.

So our bedding, food, instruments and tents were packed on the mules, and we went forth toward the Truckee Cañon. A strange and forlorn procession we made! From the lieutenant in charge, who was an officer in an artillery regiment, down to the black cook, not a man in the party had any fancy article in his dress. Buckskins, flannels, felt hats and heavy riding-boots—things for warmth and wear, and not for show—made up our costumes, which would have sadly misled any one not aware of our true character and occupation. Soldiers and scientific men working on the western plains and mountains are not the elegantly uniformed creatures that the illustrated weeklies sometimes picture them as being. A dandy in camp is laughable and intolerable, and there was not a laughable or intolerable member in our party. Perhaps one figure in the rear of the pack-train might have raised a smile among strangers. It was Sergeant Ford, an intelligent young officer detailed from Camp Independence to serve with our party. The mule which he rode dragged a mysterious-looking one-wheeled carriage after it, and as the mule stumbled in the drifts, the wheel was lifted forward and swung from side to side in the most extraordinary fashion, and Ford was occasionally shot from his seat into a soft bed of snow. But clumsy as this carriage appeared, it was one of the most important things of the survey; attached to the wheel was a small dial called an odometer, which recorded each revolution; and as a certain number of revolutions were equal to a mile, we were thus enabled to tell the distances traveled from day to day, and to obtain measurements of the roads and trails in the country that we were surveying.

As we crept along through the smiling storm with a shadowy chain of whited mountains encircling us, and a roof of gray over us, the wind that swept from the summits pierced us with its cold, and shook the pines and firs of their snow, which ascended in the air like a cloud of vapor. Our progress was slow; the mules floundered and slipped at every step, and before we had gone far, the dark day began to edge on to the darker night, though we were still houseless and hungry. We could see only a little way ahead through the dense flakes

which dashed upon us in a fury and seemed determined to encompass us in their icy grip. Now and then a darker spot was visible in the gray, and our hopes rose as our imaginations traced the outlines of a house in it; but it turned out to be a clump of trees, or a massive detached rock, and we were again faced with the gloomy possibility of no shelter for the night.

This happened so often, that we gave no more attention to what was before us, and plodded on with downcast eyes; and it was thus that I had almost reached its front and only door before I discovered an isolated little cabin, before which the leaders of the pack-train had stopped. The doors and windows and every opening had been securely nailed up, and the heavy cattle-tracks leading to the outlet of the valley showed that the ranchman had hastily retreated at the beginning of the storm. He had gone away, not dreaming that any one would appear in the neighborhood until the spring should bring greenness to the country again.

A nice point of law now presented itself to us. It is not probable that felonious intent, or anything that a lawyer could interpret as felonious intent, ever entered the minds of our party before; but there we were,—chilled to the bone, hungry, and completely unhappy; and there was the house, offering both shelter and a dry place on which we might make our beds. We hesitated a few moments,—for burglary is a serious offense,—and then we shook the snow from our shoulders and forced an entrance, knowing that the generosity which grows as largely in the Californian heart as Bartlett pears grow in the wonderful Californian soil, would have made us warmly welcome, had it been present in the person of the owner.

Some of the more curious members of the party immediately made an investigation of the contents of the house, which confirmed the evidence of the cattle-tracks outside, that the occupants had left suddenly; and as each man made a discovery, he shouted it to the others. From the different corners and shelves, I heard the announcements of "half a bottle of pickles," "basket of potatoes," "bottle of pain-killer," "piece of soap," "a dish-cloth," "corn-flour," and other things which the ranchman had not thought worth taking away.

The most enterprising explorer in this direction was Mr. Frank Carpenter, our topographer, who, when I found him, was eating some moldy *blanc-mange* out of a rusty can with a chip of wood.

We were not long in putting up the stove and lighting a glorious fire, and spreading our blankets on the floor. We were not long, either, in putting the cook in the kitchen, or slow in urging him in his preparations for supper; and though we had already eaten a whole basketful of potatoes, sliced with a pen-knife and roasted on the stove, it was astonishing how quickly a fine joint of beef, which was among our other discoveries, vanished when supper was ready.

A little way from the house was a large barn, in which we stabled our mules and fed them with hay. A mule is a weather-hardy creature, that is supposed to be capable of enduring the severest exposures, and is not often treated to lodgings in a stable; and it was a treat, therefore, to see our animals comfortably quartered for once, and to hear them munching their abundant feed.

The storm continued throughout the next day, and in the evening, as we sat around the camp-fire, Sergeant Ford, who had been out-of-doors, rushed into our midst, looking for a shot-gun. In answer to our questions, he said, breathlessly, "Turkey!" and disappeared again. We were within three weeks of Thanksgiving, and the prospect of turkey was almost too much for us. We started for the door, but before we could reach it Ford had fired, and as we put our heads into the snow, we saw him standing with the smoking gun in his hand, and watching a large white owl as it flew away into the night. "Turkey?" we inquired, sympathetically. Ford simply shook his head, and soon went to bed.

The next day was clear, and we moved camp to Truckee, leaving the little house exactly as we found it, and carefully boarding up the doors and windows, to keep out the future storms. More than this, as soon as we learned the name and address of the ranchman, a check on the United States Treasury for a sum equivalent to the value of the food and hay that we had used was sent to him. So it is likely that our party will escape punishment.

AUTUMN POETRY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



Is there more poetry in spring than in autumn?

Yes, more that finds expression, for in spring everything has a voice or a look that reveals its gladness; nature then is one grand choral of praise.

The pleasure of simply being alive is the song that resounds everywhere. It is the careless delight of a little child who knows nothing of life,—who feels nothing, except that the sunshine is bright, the air sweet, and that all faces and forms around him are full of love.

In autumn the world is still beautiful, but its beauty is that of change, and of the memory of change. A warm, dreamy midsummer haze lies between us and the fresh fields and delicate wild flowers of spring, and we look at the gorgeous leaves and blossoms of the season against a dim background tinted with the faded treasures of the past. And, because it has a past as well

as a present, the poetry of autumn is deeper than that of the earlier seasons. It is richer, too, if we keep within us the bloom and the fragrance which

we have enjoyed, and so blend the blossoms of spring and summer with those of the declining year.

You know—or will learn, by and by—that we never need lose anything which has really made our life blessed, except by our own fault. If we have taken the loveliness around us into heart and soul, and not merely glanced at it idly, it has become an immortal possession; for all true beauty is poured into our lives out of the heart of Him who is the Infinitely Beautiful, and every gift He bestows is perfect and indestructible.

Have you ever thought about the shading-off of one season into another,—how gradual and delicate it is, and what a charm it adds to the year? You cannot tell exactly when midsummer has passed into autumn, any more than you can draw a sharp line between the red and the orange in the rainbow. Nature shades her colors more exquisitely than any artist, and it is in this magical blending that half her poetry is found. The four seasons make a visible harmony, like four voices so perfectly accordant that you hear them as one in a song; for there is an eye-music as well as that which enters the ear.

Late in August, you come in your rambles upon some hidden pool of the woodlands, and find, to your surprise, the water-lilies still awake here and there; and on the margin of the pond, the most magnificent blossom of midsummer, the cardinal-flower. What a contrast they make—that pure whiteness, crystal-born, and that inimitable red, which seems a burst of the intensest warmth hid in the bosom of earth! The white clematis, or virgin's-bower, hangs its graceful streamers along the wood-paths, veiling the departing footsteps of Summer, whom Autumn has already come to meet, scattering golden-rod about, as an admittance-fee into the grounds of the dethroned queen.

Beautiful poems have been written about the passing of summer into autumn. Mrs. Hemans sings her regret in one beginning—

"Thou art bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou art singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell."

And this little song, "Summer's Done," plainly betrays its New England origin:

"Along the way-side and up the hills
The golden-rod flames in the sun:

The blue-eyed gentian nods good-bye
To the sad little brooks that run,—
And so 'Summer's done,' said I,
'Summer's done!'

"In yellowing woods the chestnut drops:
The squirrel gets galore,
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids
Rob him of half his store,—
And so 'Summer's o'er,' said I,
'Summer's o'er!'

"The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire-bird's nest
Swings empty, overhead,—
And so 'Summer's dead,' said I,
'Summer's dead!'

"The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
The merry farmer-boys cut down
The poor old dried-up corn,—
And so 'Summer's gone,' said I,
'Summer's gone!'

"The swallows and the bobolinks
Are gone this many a day,
But in the mornings still you hear
The scolding, swaggering jay,—
And so 'Summer's away,' said I,
'Summer's away!'

"A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has spun,—
But, for all that, 'Summer's done,' said I,
'Summer's done!'

"A Still Day in Autumn," by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, takes you into the dreamy atmosphere of the beautiful September days. Here are two or three stanzas of it:

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

"How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst!

"Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold."

In one of Alice Carey's songs of the autumn days, she writes that

"Summer from her golden collar slips,
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,—
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour."

And Whittier paints in glowing words the flowers that blossom between summer and fall:

"Along the road-side, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine, droops the golden-rod:

And the red pennons of the cardinal-flower
Hang motionless upon their upright staves."

Into his "Last Walk in Autumn" he has brought several of his friends well known to American readers; and all through his poems you catch glimpses and flashes of autumnal color.

It is to the poetry of our own country that you must look for the best songs of autumn, and that for a very good reason. Our autumn is a far more cheerful season than that of most other countries. The brilliant colors of the forest-trees, and the days of bright sunshine and soft air, that sometimes linger far into November, are a wonder to foreigners. Many persons find it hard to decide whether June or October is our most delightful month.

Longfellow sings,

"With what a glory comes
and goes the year!"

and he writes of

"The solemn woods of ash
deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple
yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint
old man, sits down
By the way-side a-weary."

And again, in that sweetest of idyls—
"Evangeline":

"Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful
season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints.
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood."

And, again, he addresses autumn as coming

"With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand!





AN OCTOBER DAY.

"Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land!"

Lowell's "Indian Summer Reverie" is full of splendid description:

"The birch, most shy and lady-like of trees,
Her poverty, as best she may, retrieves,
And hints at her foregone gentilities
With some saved relics of her wealth of leaves:

The swamp-oak, with his royal purple on,
Glares red as blood across the setting sun,
As one who prouder to a fallen fortune cleaves:
He looks a sachem, in red blanket wrapt."

"The maple-swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush."

"The woodbine up the elm's straight stem aspires,
Coiling it, harmless, with autumnal fires."

In modern English poets we get, now and then, a glimpse of glowing color. Tennyson writes of

"Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves;"

and tells us how one who watches may see

"The maple burn itself away."

And Allingham must have seen something like our autumn colors before writing this stanza:

"Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,—
But soon they'll turn to ghosts."

George Cooper has a pretty little song about "The Leaves and the Wind":

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day—
'Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

"Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all,
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs that they knew:

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song,—
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

"Dancing and whirling the little leaves went:
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads."

Gazing upon the splendors of the autumn woods, we do not wonder that a poet exclaims,

"Sorrow and the scarlet leaf
Agree none well together!"

And of the very latest autumn Bryant writes:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,—
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

Even after this period of dimness, the atmosphere grows warm and spicy and hazy, and there is a soft flush over the fields and woods, like the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset. If ever there is poetry in the air we breathe, it is during the Indian summer. We all know those days

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

Do we not love Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and "Fringed Gentian," as we do these last flowers of the year, and the beautiful season in which they bloom,—and as we do the poet himself, who was almost the first to open American eyes to the loveliness of our wild flowers, and the peculiar beauty of our autumnal scenery?

Here is "A Little Girl's Song of Autumn," by an unknown writer:

"The autumn has filled me with wonder to-day,
The wind seems so sad, while the trees look so gay,
The sky is so blue, while the fields are so brown,
While bright leaves and brown leaves drift all through the town.
I wish I could tell why the world changes so;
But I am a little girl—I cannot know!"

"The sun rises late, and then goes down so soon,
I think it is evening before it is noon!
Of the birds and the flowers hardly one can be found,
Though the little brown sparrows stay all the year round.
I wish I could tell you where all the birds go;
But I am a little girl—I cannot know!"

"O Autumn! why banish such bright things as they?
Pray turn the world gently! don't scare them away!
And now they are gone, will you bring them again?
If they come in the spring, I may not be here then.
Why go they so swiftly—then come back so slow?
Oh, I'm but a little girl!—I cannot know!"

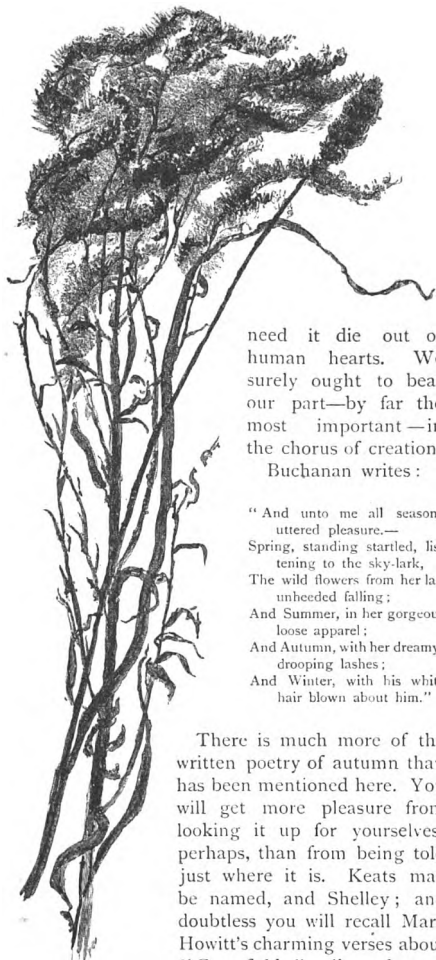


Of one thing we may be certain,—that He who turns the world upon its axis so as to cause the changes of the seasons, meant us to receive some new happiness from every one of them. "He hath made everything beautiful in its time," and if we were but as grateful as He is good, how would the seasons, one and all, ring with hymns of thanksgiving!

It would do us all good to get by heart Thomson's "Hymn of the Seasons." You know how it begins:

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful Thou!"

"The poetry of earth is never dead," and never



"GOLDEN-ROD."

need it die out of human hearts. We surely ought to bear our part—by far the most important—in the chorus of creation.

Buchanan writes :

"And unto me all seasons
uttered pleasure.—
Spring, standing startled, list-
ening to the sky-lark,
The wild flowers from her lap
unheeded falling;
And Summer, in her gorgeous
loose apparel;
And Autumn, with her dreamy,
drooping lashes;
And Winter, with his white
hair blown about him."

There is much more of the written poetry of autumn than has been mentioned here. You will get more pleasure from looking it up for yourselves, perhaps, than from being told just where it is. Keats may be named, and Shelley; and doubtless you will recall Mary Howitt's charming verses about "Corn-fields," well worth committing to memory.

There are those who think of autumn only as a gloomy season,—

"The Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying;
Old age, begin sighing!"

But to children, and to the child-hearted, the whole year is happy with hope. The fall of the leaf is but a promise of the bright days of winter which are coming, all sparkle and merriment and health; and of the glad spring, over whose

needed sleep the winds of autumn and winter sing lullabies—the fresh, faithful Spring, which has never failed of re-awakening, since the first birthday of man. Yes,

"Sure as earth lives under snows,
And joy lives under pain,
'T is good to sing with everything,
'When green leaves come again."

Still, among faded garden-flowers, and under fallen forest-leaves, we cannot but be more thoughtful than when all things are bursting into gladsome life. This, too, has been sung of by one of our poets:

"The berries of the brier-rose
Have lost their rounded pride;
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping, heavy-eyed.
'T is time to light the evening fire:
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring."

In some hearts there is an ever-blooming spring-time of cheerfulness, which makes all around them forget the flight of seasons and of years. Such hearts never grow old, and they spread far and wide the sunshine of immortal youth. Every man, woman and child of us might be such a fountain of gladness, if we would. Love is the only eternal spring-time—in whatever world we live.

Yet there is mirth for children in what sometimes makes older people sad.

"We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way."

What child's heart does not bound to the music of Marian Douglas's call to the woods in the brilliant autumn days?

"Fire! fire! upon the maple-bough
The red flames of the frost!
Fire! fire! by burning woodbine, see,
The cottage-roof is crossed!
The hills are hid by smoky haze!
Look! how the road-side sumachs blaze!
And on the withered grass below
The fallen leaves like bonfires glow!"

"Come, let us hasten to the woods,
Before the sight is lost!
For few and brief the days when burn
The red fires of the frost.
When loud and rude the north wind blows,
The ruddy splendor quickly goes.
But now—hurrah! those days are here,
The best and loveliest of the year."

Nobody has a better opportunity to know what the poetry of autumn is—the real poetry, unrhymed and unprinted—than a country child whose home is in the Northern United States. Just think of it

—the season of the golden-rod, the aster, and the fringed gentian,—of crimson and scarlet maple-forests, and of oak-groves almost as brilliant,—of beech-woods whose aisles seem covered with a golden roof, as you pass through them,—of pine-forests hung with the twisted streamers and orange-colored berries of the bitter-sweet, and bordered with the red pennons of the sumach, and with coral-hung barberry-bushes,—of ripe nuts on the hill-sides, as well as of yellow grain-fields, and loaded orchards. What season can boast more beauty, or half so great wealth?

In the autumn flowers there is one thing to be particularly noticed—that so many of them are star-shaped and sun-shaped. The wild aster, which makes our road-sides so beautiful with its varied tints,—white, lilac, amethyst, and royal purple,—

takes its name, "Aster, a star," from its form. "Frost-flowers" they are sometimes called, and stars of the frosty days they are. The large rudbeckia, with bronze disk, and rays of gold or

purple,—the compass-flower of the prairies, the wild sunflower and the coreopsis,—and the golden-rod, every stem of which is a constellation of little suns, all bear the same shape, and nearly all of them glow with the sun's own color. The other late flowers, the gentians, wear the azure of the sky. The world puts on blue and gold, before it clothes itself for its long sleep in the whiteness of the snow.

Is n't it beautiful, children,

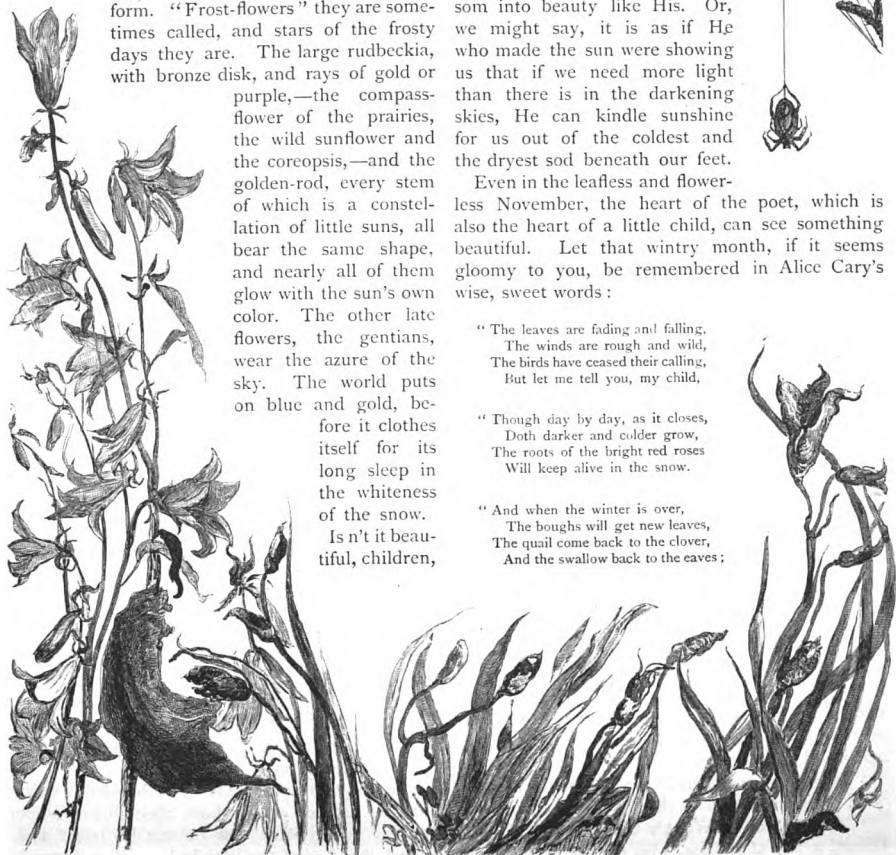
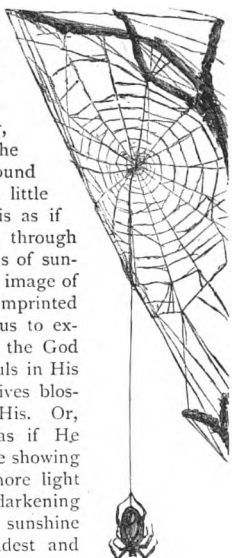
and does n't it give us a glimpse of His wonderful thoughts who has made the flowers grow for us, that when the days are shortening, and we get less of the sun's light, the earth around us blossoms out into little stars and suns? It is as if the dull clod, warmed through and through by months of sunshine, tried to leave the image of its benefactor's face imprinted everywhere, teaching us to express our gratitude to the God who has planted our souls in His world, by letting our lives blossom into beauty like His. Or, we might say, it is as if He who made the sun were showing us that if we need more light than there is in the darkening skies, He can kindle sunshine for us out of the coldest and the driest sod beneath our feet.

Even in the leafless and flowerless November, the heart of the poet, which is also the heart of a little child, can see something beautiful. Let that wintry month, if it seems gloomy to you, be remembered in Alice Cary's wise, sweet words :

"The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

"Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

"And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves ;



"The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

"The leaves to-day are whirling.
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

"There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child!

"So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!"



A CENTURY AGO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER I.

1777.

"THE British have landed at the Back Cove!" shouted Peletiah Wardwell, one fine May morning in 1777, as he burst into the keeping-room of Captain Joe Perkins' house. Dame Perkins dropped her knitting-work, and, looking steadily over her spectacles at the lad, said:

"Peletiah, you have forgotten something."

Peletiah, with a blush mantling his honest and already flushed face, pulled off his sealskin cap and made an awkward bow. Boys were brought up in that way, one hundred years ago.

Then he added, excitedly, but with less boisterousness: "Yes, the British have landed at the Back Cove. Captain Blodgett has called for volunteers."

"And Mr. Perkins has gone off to the Neck," said the dame, rising and going to the window, from which she could look up toward Windmill Hill. No horseman was in sight. There was no sign of her husband's return. Then, with a flash of indignation in her eyes, she turned to the boy and asked:

"Why stand you there? Go! alarm the town!"

The boy was off like a shot.

"What's that? What's that, mother?" cried Oliver, a boy of sixteen, who rushed in from the

back garden, where he had been spading up the beet-beds. His mother had taken down Captain Perkins' gun from the wooden mantel where it hung, and was looking at the old flint-lock.

"The red-coats have landed at the Back Cove, my son, and we must defend the town."

"You! mother?" cried the boy, with something like a laugh in his eye, but with his face glowing.

"You! mother?"

"The time has come at last, my boy. Father said that there was danger that the British would come over from the Penobscot shore and take the town in the rear. They have landed at the Back Cove. There is no force in the little battery between them and the fort. And Captain Blodgett has only thirty militia-men with him in the fort. Everybody must do his share to save the town. I can run bullets for somebody to use with your father's gun."

"Give me the gun, mother! I'll go!"—and the lad's eyes sparkled as he spoke.

"Said like a man, my boy! said like a man! There are the horns!" and just then the sound of fish-horns braying on the village-green showed that the alarm had spread.

The preparations were few and hurried. Oliver hung his father's powder-horn about his neck, put into his pouch what few bullets he could find, picked the flint of the gun-lock, so that it should

not miss fire; and was then ready to run to the green to report himself for duty.

"I shall run some more bullets and send to you anon," said the mother. "The skillet is on the coals and Dorcas will help me."

The lad lingered an instant in the open doorway, and the sun streaming brightly on him gilded his yellow hair and shed a sort of glory over his fair young face. So full of life, so alert and ardent, he seemed for the moment transfigured in the eyes of his mother. She went swiftly toward him; kissed him, and without a quiver in her voice said:

"I cannot give you to your country, Nolly. God gave you when he gave you a country. You will do your duty."

"That I will, mother," and the boy, throwing his father's gun over his shoulder, ran down the village street to the green.

As he fled, two stalwart fellows hurried by, not forgetting to salute Dame Perkins as they passed. Shading her eyes from the sun, she called after them:

"Seth and Jotham Buker! My little Nolly has gone to the defense. Will you have an eye on his welfare in the fight?"

"Aye! aye!" answered the men cheerily as they ran.

Then Dame Perkins softly closed the door, threw her apron over her head and sat down on the stairs, crying to herself, "My son! my son!"

Dorcas, the little handmaid of the house, brought a bag of bullets, all hot from the molds, to Oliver as he stood with the other volunteers on the green.

"And I thought, Nolly, that mebbe you'd like your fishin' tackle," and she produced the boy's tom-cod lines as she spoke.

The young men standing around laughed at the sight, and Oliver blushed with mortification. It seemed to him that he had grown to manhood since he had used that line off the wharf the day before. Curbing his impatience a little, he said:

"Much obliged, Dorcas," and put the reel into his pocket.

"Forward! march!" shouted Corporal Hibbard, and the little company stepped out manfully to the tap of the drum, every beat of which seemed to say to the lad: "You will do your duty! you will do your duty!" over and over again.

Through the fields they went straight to the crown of the peninsula on which Castine is built. There, on the rounded ridge, overlooking the town on the one side, and the pastures on the other, was a rude earth-work, about six feet high, surrounded by a ditch, and commanding a view of the harbor in front of the town, as well as of the Back Cove which bordered the rocky and sloping pastures behind it. This was "The Fort." Thence they

could descry a fleet of boats on the shore of the cove, about a mile and a half away. Half a mile off was a small battery of earth, shaped like a half-moon, behind which a few men might lie concealed and worry an advancing enemy.

"Tell off twenty men for the battery!" shouted Captain Blodgett.

And Corporal Hibbard went down the line and counted out every other man until he had his twenty men. These stepped out to the front. They were old, middle-aged, and young. Each was afire with zeal; each was more than ready to fight for his country. The oldest was the gray-haired grandsire of Seth and Jotham Buker. The youngest was Oliver Perkins. And as they marched cheerily, yet sedately, down the hill, Oliver's heart beat high with pride, and he seemed to hear a soft voice repeating: "You will do your duty! You will do your duty!"

"Seems to me they might have kep' that little chap at home," muttered old man Buker to his grandson, Seth, discontentedly, though even his aged limbs almost tottered as he spoke. "This is no fit work for children."

"He's grit," said Seth, sententiously, "and I've promised the dame to keep an eye on him."

"No talking in the ranks!" thundered Corporal Hibbard.

The red coats of the British were already gleaming through the firs and cedars as the little squad filed behind the battery and lay down with their guns in position.

"Wait till I give the word," said the corporal, in a hoarse whisper,— "then fire!"

Oliver's breath came fast, and his eyes sparkled with strange light, as the red-coats came steadily on. On they came, first slowly, then, lowering their guns, with gleaming bayonets fixed, they broke into a run, and charged directly upon the battery.

"Fire!" shouted Corporal Hibbard, as he saw the whites of the eyes of the British regulars.

At the word, a rattling crash tore out from the line behind the battery. The enemy's line wavered and broke here and there. Then came a word of command, and the red-coats dashed up the slope, swarmed over the battery, and, in the midst of firing, smoke, and cheers, struggled to gain the position.

It was a brief fight. A few of the patriots managed to escape into the fir thickets to the right and left of the battery, and so fled back to the fort with the ill news.

The British troops re-formed their line and marched on up the hill. How gallantly the patriots defended this last line behind the town, how well they fought, I cannot stay to tell. It was all in vain.

When night fell, the red cross of St. George was flying on the flag-staff on the green, and the British colonel was quartered in Dame Perkins' house.

That night Captain Perkins came back and heard the doleful story. "It was a foolish thing to do," was all he said. But whether he referred to Oliver's going to the defense, or to Captain Blodgett's attempt to hold the battery, nobody dared to ask. For it was plain that his grief was great.

CHAPTER II.

1877.

"SAY, ma! may n't I go a-fishing down to the Back Cove, with Joey Gardner?"

grassy ruins of the old fort on the hill, and, with a wild cheer of savage joy in freedom, scampered down the hill which slopes to the Back Cove.

The robins fled away from the newly plowed ground as the boys approached; and a squirrel that had been scolding at them from the top of Dave Sawyer's fence dropped his tail and scudded away in alarm. Squirrels and robins usually have a wholesome dread of young people, though neither Abe nor Joey was their enemy. These boys had their thoughts on tom-cods, and they scarcely noticed the green and velvety tufts of moss that adorned the pasture-knolls, or saw the pale petals of the May-flowers that sent forth their delicate odors from the very edge of the lingering snow-drifts under the spruce-trees.



"AND HERE IS WHERE THE BRITISH BULLET LEFT ITS MARK."

Lincoln Parker's mother hung two more of her boy's shirts on the clothes-line before she glanced up at the summery sky, and said:

"Why, my son, it is going to rain, I'm afraid. Besides, there's no good fishing in the Back Cove. Better go down on the wharf."

"Oh, you can catch tom-cods off the rocks, if you only have a long pole. Say, ma, may n't I?"

A few minutes later, Abraham Lincoln Parker, with a luncheon-basket in his hand, was tugging after Jotham Swansdowne Gardner, who was two years older than he, and was accounted the most knowing fisherman of all the village lads. The two youngsters cut across the fields, scaled the

"Young Dave," as he was called, was plowing in the little patch which his father had fenced in from the pasture. Summer comes late in Maine, and though this was warm May, the time for planting had only just begun. The air was full of life. The peewit and the chickadee were complaining in the bushes. The water-spiders and pollywogs were lively in the clear puddles that filled the grassy hollows, and eye-brights and yellow violets were blooming on the swale which is still called "The Battery."

"Hullo, Dave! what's that?" asked Joey, as Dave's plowshare turned up a brown bowl from the earth. Dave stopped his horses, picked up the bowl.

and turning it over in his hands, said: "I swan to man, boys, but that 's a human critter's skull!"

"A skull!" cried both the boys at once, with eyes agog with awe and wonder.

Abe drew back a little.

"Oh, it wont hurt ye," said Dave. "I reckon this belonged to one of them Revolutionary fellers that fit here, a hundred year ago."

"Fought here, did they?" cried Joey, eagerly.

"Yes, fit here, they did," said Dave, and he seated himself on the cross-beam of his plow and looked thoughtfully at the brown relic. "I 've heerd my gran'ther Dunham tell the story many and many a time. He was into the last war, but *his* father *he* was a Revolutionary pensioner."

"What a little skull for a man!" remarked Joey.

"Should think it must have been a boy."

"Should n't wonder! should n't wonder! And here, you see, is where the British bullet left its mark. Drefful good shot that," and Dave regarded the little round hole with real admiration. "The feller that put that there could knock over that red squirrel yonder just as easy."

"What did they fight for?" demanded Abe. To him it seemed wicked that people should fight and kill each other, and that this remnant of a cruel war should now be turned up in the midst of the life and beauty of spring.

"Wal! you 'll hev to ask your ma about that. She wuz a Perkins, and some of her folks fit into the Revolutionary war. There wuz old Captain Joe Perkins; he wuz your gran'ther Perkins' gran'ther, or great-gran'ther, I don't justly know which. But it wuz a great fight, anyway."

"A fight for independence," said Jotham, stoutly.

"That's it, Joey. They fit for their country. Many a poor feller bit the dust in that war. But they did their dooty, and it's all the same in a hundred years."

So, tenderly placing the skull on a rock, Dave took up his reins and went on with his plowing.

"Here's something else!" cried Abe, as the plow moved on. He picked up what seemed to be a ball of dried grass. It fell into powdery dust as he fingered it, and left in the palm of his hand a little bar of lead.

"A tom-cod sinker!" exclaimed Joey. "And that stuff must have been a fish-line. Tom-cod line, d' ye suppose?"

"Don't know," said Dave, who had turned back to look. "But I know I sha'n't get my stent done afore night if I stop to talk with you boys. Get up, Whitey!" and Dave drove on.

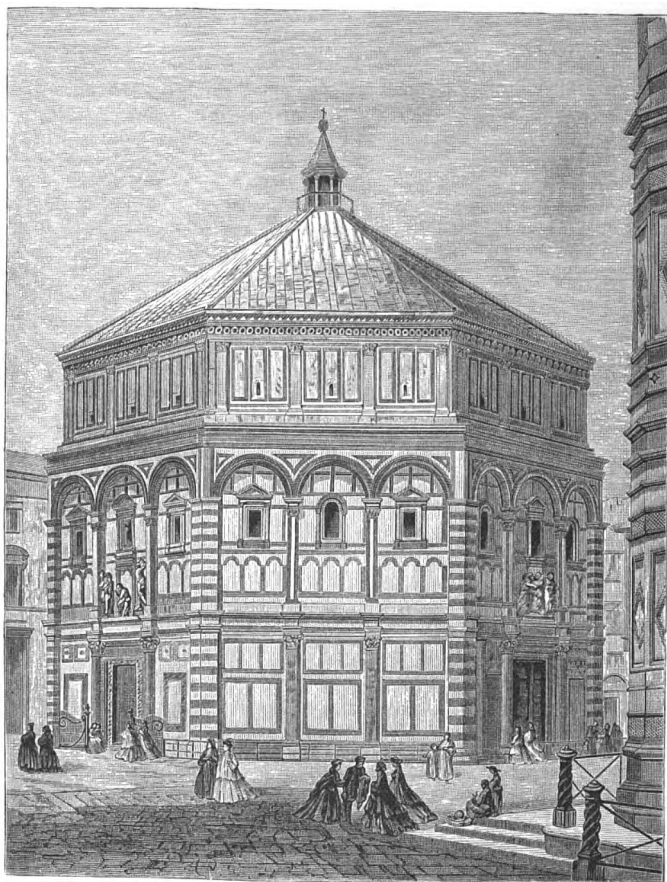
Abe fastened the strangely found sinker to his line, and the lads went to their fishing in the Back Cove.



"PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME!"

ITALIAN BABIES.

BY E. D. SOUTHWICK.



THE BAPTISTRY OF FLORENCE.

THERE is a curious building in the city of Florence in Italy, which is called the Baptistery; it stands in the middle of the city, and has stood there for many hundred years, being for a long time the cathedral of Florence. It is an eight-sided building, having beautiful bronze doors, about which you will be glad to know more some day. They cost their makers twenty years of labor, and are wonderfully decorated with scenes from the Bible. Inside are five marble statues, ancient pillars, tombs, and painted windows. But just oppo-

site to this building a grand cathedral was built a long time ago, and this one has been used for many years entirely for baptisms—all the babies who are born in the city being brought there. It is a curious sight, and worth going to see. Every day, about four o'clock, they begin to come, and there generally are from eight to twelve at a time. The child is usually brought in a carriage, and taken in with a large mantle of silk, satin, or fine cloth thrown over it—the mantle being richly trimmed and ornamented with a monogram in the

center, or perhaps the baby's name. Then, when the priest is ready, he comes forward, and the godmother holds the infant while he makes a prayer and puts a bit of salt on its tongue; then, laying the end of his mantle over the baby, they walk up some steps to a very large white marble font, having a broad band around the top, and a cover over it; the cover is raised, and child placed standing upon the edge of the basin. Now, as the children are very young, they could not stand at all in *our* ordinary dress for babies, but the Italian baby has a fashion of its own, or one that is arranged for it, which seems curious enough to us. Its little body is bound tightly in a strong strip of cloth, until it is made quite stiff, and only the arms are free to move. Thus all the babies who are brought to the baptistery can be placed standing on the edge of the font while the holy water is poured upon their heads; then a warm napkin is used, to make them perfectly dry; and sometimes a mother sends powder in a box, that some may be put on after the napkin, to insure her darling against taking cold. After the ceremony, the friends of the babies usually spend some time in conversation, then return to their homes. Twelve hun-

dred babies are baptized here every year. Many a time I have watched the bandaging process with pity for poor baby, for I know how they love to kick. The mother puts the bandage around the body just under the arms, and winds it round and round, binding the little legs fast together, and draws it firmly over the feet; then the whole of this little package is bound about like a bundle of goods, with a very narrow strip of cloth, to keep it from unrolling; sometimes a dress is put over all this for show, and for baptism a very magnificent robe.

The little creatures are kept thus bound till they are about a year old; and, as they know no better way of being clothed, seem to enjoy life as much as do any other babies. When they are taken out to ride in their small wagons, they are well protected from the air, even in summer, having thick woolen covers or small down beds over them. Sometimes it is difficult to see that there *is* any child there, there are so many wrappings. The babies of the poor have a very hard life, as their parents have no comforts for themselves, and have to work continually to get enough to keep them from starvation.

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JACOB WRITES A LETTER AND RECEIVES ADVICE.

JACOB was glad enough to get away from his uncle and return to the Fairlakes. After coming out of that dreary house, the little home of his new friends seemed all the more charming to him. He had never known but one other at all like it, and that was Quaker Matthew's. Different as they were in other respects, the two abodes resembled each other in the pleasant, peaceful atmosphere which pervaded both—the spirit of love which alone, whether in poverty or wealth, in a cottage or a mansion, makes for the human heart a home.

Friend Matthew's hospitality and parting words, and recollections of dear little Ruth and her beautiful mother, were much in Jacob's mind that day; and, Mrs. Fairlake having shown him a desk and writing materials in the library, which she invited

him to make use of, he resolved to write the promised letter.

While he was about it, Florie came into the room, and he turned to speak to her.

"Don't let me interrupt you," she said, with a laugh. "I've no doubt you're writing to some nice girl."

"I am," replied Jacob, proudly; "writing to a very nice girl."

"Then I am sure it is to your little Quakeress, Ruth!"

For Jacob had told the Fairlakes about Friend Matthew's family.

"Of course it is to Ruth," said he.

Florence seemed about to make one of her pert and, perhaps, stinging retorts; but seeing how grave and grateful and sincere he looked when speaking of those who had been so good to him, she had not the heart to wound him.

"Is she dreadfully, awfully good?" she asked; "a great deal better than I?"

"She is different from you. I don't know that she is any better. But she is gentler. She does n't say such sharp things as you do sometimes."

"What makes me?" cried Florie, with a flush.

"I don't know. It is your way, your spirit. You don't mean to hurt anybody's feelings, I am sure."

"Do I hurt yours?"

"Not now," said Jacob, with a smile; "and I don't think you ever can again."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I see how good you are, behind it all! And you have been so kind to me!"

He spoke with so much feeling, that Florie turned away for a moment.

"Well, *Jacob, my boy*," she said, trying to carry it off with a laugh, though her eye still glistened softly as she turned once more upon him, "give my love to Ruth. I know I should like her! Tell her she must visit me when she comes to town." She bit her tongue, and added: "But when you praised her so, you made me think I was n't good at all—or good-looking,—like her! There! I've said it!"

And, with a laugh and a blush, she ran out of the room.

At the dinner-table that day, Jacob described with a good deal of spirit and humor his interview with Uncle Higglestone, and asked Mr. Fairlake what he ought to do.

"It is hard to give advice in such a case as this," said his host; "and before doing it, perhaps I ought to see your uncle. I will go round and call upon him this afternoon. Meanwhile, Jacob," he added in a fatherly tone, "it will be well for you to reflect that we have to do many things in this life, not because they are pleasant or promise to be profitable, but because they are duties. Who knows but you may have a duty to your uncle to fulfill. If you can do anything to comfort his lonely and suffering old age, may be you will choose to do it, and conclude to go to him, for his sake solely, and not at all for your own."

Left to himself that afternoon, Jacob remembered these words. The more he pondered them, the more they troubled him. Was he sorry that he had remained faithful and done his duty to his aunt? Would he ever in the future regret that he had performed a similar service toward his uncle? Might not *he* do something to bring into that dreary house the home-feeling that was wanting?

He was prepared for the result when Mr. Fairlake returned from his mission.

"I have had a long and rather satisfactory talk with your uncle," said that gentleman, sitting down

with Jacob alone in the library. "You have made an extremely favorable impression upon him. He likes your frank manners, even when you disagree with him, and that is a great point gained. If you go to live with him, you will not have to sacrifice your independence."

"Do you think I had better go?" asked Jacob, trembling with excitement.

"Oh, I am not going to say that. I shall leave you to decide the matter for yourself. But I will tell you what I have learned. The old colored woman showed me the room which will be yours if you go. It is a very good room, but I objected to the barrenness of the walls, and the poor and scanty furniture; for I thought, considering his wealth, that we might as well begin right. He said to me that you could have it furnished in any way you liked—he, of course, to pay the bills. Then it occurred to me that, with my wife to assist you in your selections,—she has excellent taste in such things,—you might make really a pleasant room of it. And, who knows? that might prove a starting-point toward a reform in the old gentleman's whole manner of living. When he sees one really comfortable and inviting chamber in his house, I think he will like to have all the rooms furnished with corresponding good sense and good taste."

Jacob listened in a pleased way, but said nothing.

"Another thing. He imagines that he is going to take some pride in you, and he agrees with me that it will be a good plan for you to go to school a year or two, or at least carry on some studies in connection with your business. I am inclined to think he will be liberal with you in that and every other respect, if you suit each other. If you choose, you can go and try; but, even then, you won't be obliged to stay if you don't wish to. Now make up your mind."

"My mind is already made up," Jacob answered. "It was made up before you got back. I said to myself then, 'It may be my duty to go, and I will go,' though it seemed hard. It does n't seem so hard to me now, after what you have said."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN AND ABOUT THE GREAT CITY.

THE next morning Jacob went to visit Uncle Higglestone, and met with a very different reception both from him and the old colored woman.

She was evidently expecting him, and had put on a fresh gown and a smile for the occasion. She had also set the sick man's room in order, and the old uncle himself appeared in clean linen, his head resting against a white pillow in his chair, and the harshness of his features mollified by a fresh shave

and an almost eager look of welcome. His hair was thin and white, his forehead bold and broad, and Jacob was surprised to find him looking so kind and venerable.

He was also pleased to see his coming into the house regarded as an event of some interest.

"Ah!" said the old man, "I thought you would! Mr. Fairlake gives a good account of you,

all so new and strange to me, I don't know where or how to begin."

"That 's right; I should be sorry to see you show a headstrong confidence," said Uncle Higglestone. "Mr. Fairlake thinks you had better not come here to stay until your room is ready, and I think so too. His wife will help you about that. I am willing to leave everything to her. Mean-



UNCLE HIGGLESTONE GIVES JACOB A HEARTY RECEPTION.

and I think we shall get along together. You are to have your room, and do about as you please with it,—only, no extravagance, you understand!"

"There 's not much danger of that," said Jacob.

"No, I suppose not. You are a boy of good sense and good habits; only keep so, and you are safe. But a word of warning' to begin with will do no harm. Many a boy like you has come to the city not knowing what extravagance was, and rushed into it all the more recklessly for its novelty and his previous ignorance. Now, to practical matters, the first thing."

"I want your advice," replied Jacob. "This is

while, you should see a little of the city. Visit me when you can; but feel yourself free to go and come. You 'll want a little money."

"Oh! I had n't thought of that!" said Jacob.

"But I suppose it will come handy."

"About how much?"—and the old man looked sharply into the boy's blushing and confused face.

"Oh, very little indeed," replied Jacob. "To tell the truth, I hate to begin by taking money of you. But if my friends are to go around with me, I should like to be able to pay any little expenses."

"That 's right!" cried the old man. "Anything else?"

Jacob looked very thoughtful for a moment.

"I came away from home," he said, "leaving some small debts unpaid. They have troubled me ever since. I did a very foolish and a very wrong thing, and I would like to make it right. But I hoped to be able to earn money for that."

"That's right, that's right!" again cried the old man, his eyes sparkling with satisfaction. "Pay your honest debts before all things. Earn the money for it before you earn clothes for your own back. But in this case you'd better not wait. I'll advance you the money and you can make it right with me by and by. Anything else?"

"I borrowed a little of Friend Matthew Lane. I have a letter written ready to send to the family, and if I could inclose what I owe them I should be very grateful."

The old man gave him all the money he required to pay these small but by no means trifling debts, and something for his pocket besides.

"Now," said he, "when you go out with Mrs. Fairlake, get you a new suit of clothes the first thing. I'll give you a bit of paper which will procure you credit almost everywhere. Pull that table up here. Give me the pen."

The old man scratched two or three lines on a scrap of paper, evidently torn from an old letter, and gave it to Jacob.

"There!" he said, "you might go and buy a steamboat, on the strength of that."

These were the lines: "The bearer of this is my nephew, Jacob Fortune. Please let him have whatever he wants on my account."

A coarse, strong signature, hard to counterfeit, gave the paper its value. Jacob smiled. He was beginning to find something to admire and like about the old man, and he felt a sense of the power there was in that scraggly written name.

Uncle Higglestone also wrote a list of the principal places in the city which he wanted his nephew to visit.

"I have put the Iron-works last," said he, "but they ought to interest a lad like you as much as anything. When you visit them, ask for Mr. Miner, and tell him I sent you. Now, what do you propose to do first?"

"I think I had better attend to having my room got ready," replied Jacob.

"That sounds like business. Well, bring Mrs. Fairlake to see it, and order the things as soon as you please."

Jacob went off with a light heart, and returned in the afternoon with Florie and her mother. He introduced them to his uncle, and then took them to look at his room.

"Why, this is really very nice!" said Mrs. Fairlake, "or will be, after we have had the arrange-

ment of it. The down-look from the window into those back-yards is not very enchanting; but the off-look over the city and into the sunset sky will always be interesting—when the smoke is n't too thick. I'm glad you've got a fire-place; it will make everything else cheerful when your little grateful of coal is blazing on a winter night."

"Oh, yes!" said Florie; "and see! his mantel-piece is n't so high but that he can put his feet on it when he sits and smokes his cigar!"

"Florie, be still!" said the mother, while Jacob joined in the young girl's mischievous laugh. "He is not that kind of boy. Here we'll have your writing-table, with the light over your left shoulder. It will do for the few books you have at first. Will you have the room newly painted?"

"I think not," replied Jacob, in a low voice. "I've an idea that everything ought to be plain—not at all showy, I mean, so as not to contrast too much with the rest of the house."

"Quite right, Jacob. So we'll make the paint do, with a little soap and water, which old Dinah will attend to. But the walls must be papered, the floor needs a carpet; the windows want new shades,"—and Mrs. Fairlake went on to name a few other indispensable things. "Let's see what Dinah can do for us first."

The old colored woman having been consulted, the little party set off to make purchases. Jacob had never been shopping before, and when he saw designs of carpets unrolled, or a multitude of patterns of wall-paper displayed, he was so bewildered he did n't know what to do. Had the plainest things of any he saw been chosen for him, and he had first seen them in his room, he would have been perfectly satisfied. But, among so many beautiful styles, he wondered how any one could make a choice.

He felt that he could not have done anything without Mrs. Fairlake. She let Jacob and Florie argue and discuss, then took what she thought most fit. The carpet having been decided upon, then everything else was made to correspond with that. Jacob was surprised to find how a little experience and good sense simplified this great puzzling mystery of shopping.

At Mrs. Fairlake's suggestion, the new suit of clothes had been put off until the last thing. Perhaps it was her way of showing that she and Florie were not ashamed to go about with a well-behaved young fellow in pepper-and-salt trousers and a coat which he had slightly outgrown. At a first-class clothing store he was fitted, without much trouble, to a neat ready-made suit, which, as the shopman said, would "do to wear anywhere;" and he put it to the test by wearing it home to supper, with Florie and her mother.

"Well, that 's a sensible suit," said the old man, when he saw Jacob in it the next morning. "I hope I shall be able to say as much of your other purchases. The paper-hangers are already in the house; but I have n't looked at the paper, and don't mean to till it 's dry on the walls. Now you must think of something to do for your friends who are doing so much for you."

"I should like to, if I could," said Jacob.

"For one thing, do you think they would care to go and ride with us this afternoon? If the weather continues fine, I think I should enjoy it; and, if they will go, we 'll have a barouche."

"I am sure they will," replied Jacob; "for they said they would go with me to-day anywhere I pleased."

So the ride came off. It was a beautiful afternoon, Florie and Jacob were in high spirits, and it was surprising to see how courteous the crabbed old uncle could be on an occasion of this kind. He showed great respect for Mrs. Fairlake, who occupied the rear seat with him in the carriage, and seemed pleased to see the children enjoy themselves. Jacob was already bringing sunshine to this lonely old man's life.

They drove up through the city, and up, up, by zigzag roads, to the summits of the mighty hills that rise still beyond. They were then in the midst of the finest suburbs in the world—villas, gardens, groves, charming vales and slopes, and heights that commanded magnificent views. Uncle Higglestone, who was full of information with regard to everything they saw, pointed out many things of interest, and did not fail to tell Jacob that these suburbs comprised five separate small cities, each on its hill, where lived the wealthiest people doing business in the great city below.

He took them past the buildings of the famous Lane Theological Seminary (which did not look very inviting to Jacob), and afterward sat in the carriage while Mrs. Fairlake and the young people climbed the cupola of the Mount Auburn Young Ladies' School, on one of the highest and finest hills, and beheld from the top all the beautiful, green, sunlit, blue-ringed world outspread around. Then home, after one of the most delightful days in Jacob's life.

The next morning, he went alone to visit one of the great pork-packing houses for which Cincinnati is celebrated, and saw an endless drove of hogs move up an inclined plane into the building, and come down, through a number of spouts, in the shape of hams, shoulders, sides of pork, pigs' feet, and so forth, at the rate of twelve or fifteen hundred hogs a day. Much of the process by which the drove was converted into pork and lard was not agreeable to look at, but in its order and skill,

its swiftness, and even its neatness, considering the nature of the work, it was all wonderful.

In the afternoon he visited the Iron-works, of which more anon.

Jacob's room was ready for him by Thursday, and Mrs. Fairlake and Florie went with him to look at it. Everything was plain and neat about it; yet he could not help blushing as he entered it from the other part of the house, and found it, after all, so much better and more comfortably furnished than any other room.

Something made him very thoughtful as he walked home with Florie and her mother, and took leave of them at the door.

"No," said he, "I wont go in; it will only make it still harder for me to leave you if I do. My uncle expects me back to dinner, and I must remember *that* is my home now."

"But you are going to be a near neighbor. Come and see us very often!" said Florie.

Jacob swallowed the lump in his throat, smiled resolutely, and said:

"Yes, if you will let me."

The sadness of parting was not all on his side, for these good friends had become no less attached to him than he to them. He could not thank them then for all their kindness to him, but with a last grateful, affectionate look, he turned from them and hurried away. He had many things to think of on his way back to his new home.

Just before reaching his uncle's house, he saw a person come down the steps and advance toward him, with a jaunty air and a graceful flourish, which belonged to only one person in the world. Jacob did n't know whether he was glad or sorry to see him, but he went forward and shook the daintily proffered hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Pinkey?"

"I am cheerful—I am all serene, thanks to you, Jacob my boy! I've just been to hunt you up at your uncle's, and I'm delighted to know that he has taken you into his heart and home, just as I told you he would,—don't you see? I was n't far wrong, after all, Jacob my boy!"

"Tell me about yourself," said Jacob. "What 's the news?"

"Why, here I am, and that 's good news for one person in the world, at least," replied Alphonse, gayly. "Your call on Brother Loring did the business; you must have pleaded my cause like a young Cicero, Jacob my boy, for he came trotting round to the jail—I mean, to my lodgings," said Alphonse, glancing quickly about him,—"that very afternoon, and allowed me to bring my eloquence to bear upon him. And what do you think? He not only got Bottleby to withdraw his complaint, and procured my release, but lent me money to

get to town with, which I am to repay at my earliest convenience."

"Then I trust his need of the money is not very pressing," said Jacob.

"Oh, I'm going to surprise him and you, and everybody else, by paying up my debts now with the most rigid conscientiousness. Fact! By the way, Jacob my boy, what I want of you more particularly at this moment: I'm trying to make a new start in life, but it's awkward in the extreme to begin without means, and now that you've got your hand in Uncle Higglestone's pocket, please remember 't was I who told you that he was the vein for you to work."

"Please come to the point, and tell me what you want," said Jacob.

"To be brief, then—to come at once to the sordid business question—if you can accommodate me to—say twenty-five or thirty dollars—though more will not be decidedly objectionable—positively to be repaid, with the larger sum I owe you, at my very earliest —"

"Mr. Pinkey," Jacob interrupted him, "I have not a hand in my uncle's pocket, and I have no money to lend you."

"Gracious heavens! has n't he yet opened his heart in that gratifying, practical way,—I mean, soothed your soul with the sight of odd dollars?"

"Yes, he *did* ask me if I was in need of anything, and I told him I *would* like to settle up those accounts at home, which I left standing when we came away so suddenly, you remember. As the money which ought to have been used to settle them had gone in another direction," added Jacob, dryly, "I took some that he gave me for the purpose; for, to tell the truth, those small debts have troubled me more than I suppose much larger ones ever will you."

"Jacob, my boy, give me your hand! I admire your honesty. So, you can't do anything for me?"

"Nothing, Mr. Pinkey. But tell me what you are going to do for yourself."

"Well, Jacob, my boy, I'll take you into my confidence. I'm going to brush up my Latin, walk through a medical school, purchase a diploma, cultivate a little different style of curls, and set up for a fashionable physician. How 's that for Professor Alphonse P.? Ha, ha! Well, good-day, Jacob, my boy; I'm off."

Jacob watched him with a smile as he disappeared around the corner; and then walked home to his new quarters in Uncle Higglestone's house.

"Well, how do you like your room?" said the old man, as they sat together that day at dinner, in the old man's chamber.

"One thing about it I don't like at all," replied Jacob.

"What! a room like that?" cried the old man, sharply. "It's positively sumptuous, compared with anything I ever had when I was a boy. Mrs. Fairlake has done the thing in remarkably good taste, I think. I've just been thinking, I would n't object to such a room myself. What is it you don't like about it? If anything in reason, I'll have it remedied, if I can."

"You *can* remedy it," said Jacob. "And I hope you won't take offense when I name it."

"Certainly not. We're going to be plain with each other, you know."

Jacob paused, gathering courage to speak.

"Well, uncle," he said at length, "it's just this: the room is beautiful, comfortable, home-like,—everything I can wish: more than I ever hoped to have. But I'm ashamed, when I go into it, to think that I, a boy, well and hearty, have such a room in your house, while you, an old man, and sick —"

He hesitated, glancing his eye about the dreary, uninviting chamber, and then added, earnestly:

"It is n't right!"

"No, it is n't!" said the old man, huskily.

"But I'm used to it. Living alone, a man sometimes gets so he doesn't care how he lives. Now you are with me, I'll see to having things in a little better shape. I had thought of it myself. But now let's talk of something else. What have you seen around town that interested you most?"

"The Iron-works," replied Jacob, promptly.

"Ah! I'm surprised at that. What of them?"

"I found Mr. Miner, and when I gave him your name, he took great pains to show and explain everything. I think I was never so much interested in anything before. Such power!—such machinery!—all through the ingenuity of men!—it is wonderful! I have heard people talk about inspiration; I never in my life," Jacob went on, with earnest eloquence, "had such a feeling, as when I walked through the different shops with Mr. Miner, and saw what was done; a sort of inspiration came over *me*, and I got an idea."

"Well! what's that?"

"You told me, uncle, I must be thinking what I would like to do. I've been two or three times to your store, and seen the trade going on. But it seems to me there is something better than trading,—and that is, *making*. I think I'd rather be one of those who *do* something, than one of those who deal in what others have done."

"You had, eh?" said the old man, penetrating Jacob with his keen gaze. "What do you think of me? I've been in trade all my life."

"I know it. And I don't say but that trade is a good thing. Only I think what's back of it is better. But you have n't confined yourself to trade,"

said Jacob. "Mr. Miner told me you were more of a manufacturer than a merchant,—that you are one of the principal owners of the Works."

"To be sure; I have an interest there; I am one of the oldest iron-men in the city," said Uncle Higgletstone, with satisfaction.

"Well," continued Jacob, "when he told me that, I thought perhaps you could get me a chance to do something there."

"At the Iron-works!" The old man looked at the lad in astonishment. "You want to go to work with your hands, in the midst of clangor, and grime, and disagreeable things, rather than be a genteel clerk in a store?"

"The things are not so disagreeable to me; I sha' n't mind the grime; I rather like the clanging," replied Jacob, with a smile. "My idea is, to begin at the beginning, and learn everything, in a business like that; become a perfect master of it; know how to make everything, from a rivet, or a nut and screw, to the finest kind of machinery."

For a minute the old man did not speak. He was trembling with emotion. At last he said, winking the unusual moisture from his eyes:

"I did n't think any boy nowadays would make a choice like that. Boys want to be genteel; they don't like to soil their fingers! Instead of producing anything with their hands and brains, they want to live, some way, and grow rich, on what other people produce. Jacob! you could n't have made a choice that would please your old uncle better."

"Oh! you will let me, then?" cried Jacob, joyfully.

"Let you? I'll give you every advantage. I thought I would like to have you work into my business. But this will be better for you, if it is your choice. It is a noble ambition! And you will be working into my business, in a way, after all. But how about going to school?"

"I've talked with Mr. Fairlake about that," said Jacob. "I want a good education. But that, he says, means something very different now from what it did a few years ago. Then it meant Latin and Greek, among other things. They are good to learn, if any one has the taste and the time for them. But for practical life, he says, other things are taking their place. He advises me to learn one modern language instead, and recommends German. His family talk German just as they do English; and hearing them makes me want to study it."

"Yes; that will be useful. There are a great many Germans in this part of the country," said the old man, listening with interest to all the boy had to say.

"Then there are the modern sciences,—something people knew nothing about when they made so much of Latin and Greek," Jacob went on. "I had some talks with a man I met up the river, —a queer fellow,—a peddler of the name of Longshore."

"What! Sam?" cried the old man. "I know him. An odd chick! shrewd and honest, but a little crack-brained about some things."

"Yes, I thought so. But he has read a good deal, and, though he is n't very deep, he gave me some ideas about modern science that have been turning and turning in my mind, ever since. I've a great curiosity to know more about them. And when Mr. Fairlake told me that—these are his words—'modern science goes hand in hand with the practical arts, which depend upon it in many ways,' I thought I would like to know something about science in general, and a good deal about those particular sciences that have to do with my own business."

"But how are you going to learn all that without going to school?" the old man inquired.

"I mean to go to school. But I don't think it is necessary to give all my time to it. Mr. Fairlake says that when a young man is really interested and determined to get knowledge, it will come to him in all sorts of ways,—through his eyes and ears, and 'even through the pores of his skin.' Now, I want to work, and at the same time I want to read and study. He says there are always chances for that. There is the Mechanics' Institute, where, he says, young men go in the evening, and learn drawing, mathematics and other things, and have a good library where they can find books on all sorts of subjects. I shall go there," added Jacob, positively. "Then, as for German, the Fairlakes say they will teach me the pronunciation, and I can learn the grammar and translation by myself, from books. I've a pretty fair foundation to begin on. At school I was as good as any boy of my age in geography, arithmetic, grammar and other common branches; though I had to stay at home and work more than some boys did. Besides, I've concluded to take Mr. Fairlake's advice about going to school this coming season, if you approve of it. Then, in the spring, when I am sixteen years old, I should like to go into the Iron-works."

"I approve of everything!" said the old man, heartily. "And I confess—I confess, Jacob, I am a good deal surprised at the turn you have taken."

"I am a little surprised at it myself," replied Jacob. "The smelting-furnace at Jackson gave me a disagreeable notion of everything connected with working in iron. But it was n't alone on account of the heat and steam in the casting-room."

I might have been interested if the grouchy foreman had been such a man as Mr. Miner is, at your iron-works."

"Well," said the old man, "I am glad you are going to school for six or eight months. That will give you time to think of what you will go at next. Perhaps you will change your mind."

"Perhaps," said Jacob, with a smile.

CHAPTER XLI.

MASTERY AT LAST.

JACOB found that living with his uncle was not by any means so unpleasant as might have been expected. They liked each other more and more. The old man was often sharp-tempered enough; but the boy had made up his mind beforehand not to be disturbed by any outbreaks of that kind. Uncle Higglestone, like Aunt Myra, had a great deal more kindness in his nature than the world had given him credit for, and, like her, he had sometimes an odd way of showing it to Jacob. But the boy looked steadily at the good and noble side of his character, and respected him for that.

It was to Jacob's credit that they were able to get along together at all. Uncle Higglestone's previous idea of a nephew had been a lazy young fellow, invented for the purpose of spending an old man's money. He found that Jacob was not one of that kind. He was delighted to see him choose an independent career, involving hard study and hard work. The less he relied upon his uncle the more anxious his uncle was to help him. The less he cared for the old man's money, the more willing the old man was to spend it for him.

The uncle's health improved fast after Jacob came into the house. The quickening of his affections seemed to renew his life. He was soon able to go about his business, and appeared as well as he had been for years. There is nothing like somebody to love to keep the heart young and strong.

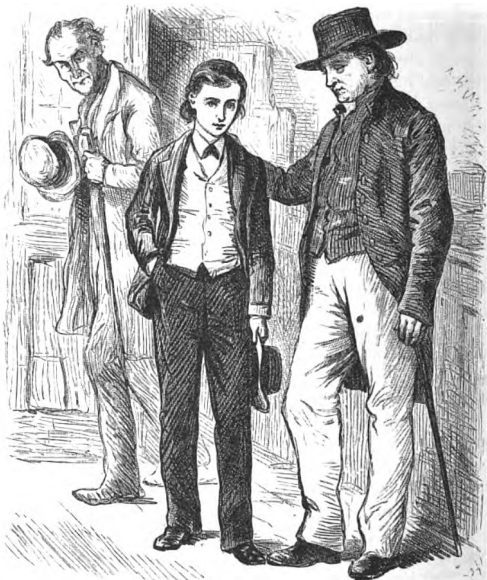
Something else improved too, and that was the old man's housekeeping. The furnishing of Jacob's room was the beginning of a revolution which did not end until every room in the house had put on an attractive and home-like appearance. In the following winter, when Jacob became associated with a club of young fellows for purposes of mutual improvement, Uncle Higglestone's parlor was one of the pleasantest places where they met.

Of course, Jacob saw a great deal of his friends

the Fairlakes; and while he was making many new acquaintances, he now and then met an old one.

He was walking on the levee one afternoon when he saw coming toward him a puckered mouth, a long, lean, twisted neck, and a pair of outstretched hands. The hands grasped his, and the mouth unpuckered enough to say:

"Well! I declare! Glad to see you! Did n't know as ever I should after that morning I saw you starting for Jackson, and I was drifting down the creek so fast I was n't able to say just what I wanted to about the power of the sun; but I've thought on it fifty times since, and I'll tell ye now. Ye see, the bigger the mass of an attracting body —"



"MAY LOVE AND PEACE BE WITH THEE, MY SON!"

"Oh, Mr. Longshore!" said Jacob, who could not help laughing at this abrupt return to the old hobby, "tell me about yourself now. And about Friend Matthew's family. Have you seen any of them lately?"

"About myself I haint much to tell," replied Sam; "'cept that I've had a successful season,—sold more goods, I'm bound to say, than any other six men on the river; and t' other day I got hold of a treat-ise on spectrum analysis. You know, this spectrum analysis is the great discovery of the age;—you can tell by the lines on the spectrum just what any luminous body is made of; and it shows us that the sun is made up of about the same ingredients as our earth, for instance, iron

and other metals, hydrogen and other gases, only in an intensely heated state of liquid or vapor. Now —”

“I shall be very glad to know all about it some time,” Jacob again interrupted his friend. “But I asked you —”

“Oh, yes! about the Quakers; have I seen any on ‘em lately?” said Sam. “I should think so,—if an hour ago is lately.”

“An hour ago!” exclaimed Jacob. “Which of them? where?”

“Friend Matthew himself. He’s in town. And I guess I can take you right where he is now.”

“Oh, I’ll be ever so much obliged to you, if you will!”

“Come right along,” said Sam. “He told me he had heard from you, and that your drowned friend had turned up again. Just as I expected. Did n’t I prove it to ye? Oh, you’ll find a long head has got hold of a subject, when Sam Longshore puts his mind to it!”

Talking by the way, Jacob slipped half a dollar into his old friend’s hand. Sam looked at it, winked, smiled, and slipped it into his pocket.

“Glad ’t was of use to ye,” he said, as Jacob thanked him for the loan. “And, by mighty! I only wish everybody was as ready to pay their honest debts! Some of us, then, would be rich enough to retire from business.”

They found Matthew Lane in a warehouse in Front street; and there Jacob also had the pleasure of making acquaintance with the man he had once been so anxious to find,—the same who had led him on that wild-goose chase from Jackson to Chillicothe,—Mr. Benjamin Radkin. He was now in a position to laugh over that adventure; and to decline, with thanks, an offer from Mr. Radkin of a place in his smelting-works at Jackson.

He took leave of Mr. Radkin; made Sam Longshore promise to come and see him; then had a long private talk with Friend Matthew. He had many questions to ask, about Ruth and her mother; and many to answer about himself.

“When thee has a vacation,” said Matthew, “thee must surely come and see us. We were right glad to get thy letter; and a visit from thee will be still more welcome. Meanwhile, I wish thee the best success, which is n’t always what shows most to the world. The real rewards and punishments of life are not what we usually see men enjoy or suffer; they lie deeper than that. They are in the mind and heart. May love and peace be with thee, my son!” And love and peace did seem to go with Jacob, in that good man’s blessing.

After a winter of thought and study, Jacob had not, when spring came, changed his mind about going into the iron-works. Nor has he yet had reason to regret that he kept to his resolution. His uncle still lives, and manages his own business; and Jacob is all the more respected by him because he has worked out for himself an independent career.

It was long before he saw Mr. Pinkey again.

Being in Philadelphia on business some years afterward, he was one day approached by a man of slight figure, a jaunty air, and very stringy ringlets, in a rather seedy coat; who thrust a guide-book into his hand, glibly recommending him to purchase it. Jacob glanced at the book, then looked earnestly at the man.

“Mr. Pinkey!” said he, “don’t you know me?”

“What!” cried Alphonse; “Jacob, my boy!—my man, I ought to say! How could I know you, in that fine beard?”

“How are you? and what are you doing?” Jacob inquired.

“You see what I am doing,” Pinkey replied, somewhat ashamed, withdrawing the guide-book. “A mere make-shift, these hard times. Anything to turn an honest penny, you know.”

“That’s right,” said Jacob, approvingly. And to encourage his friend’s humble but praiseworthy effort, he bought a guide-book of him, though he had already several on hand.

When I saw him a few days later, he made me a present of the book.

“I thought I should have a good chance to give it away,” he said, laughing.

It lies before me now as I write. It is a Guide to Philadelphia and the Centennial Exhibition.

And Jacob’s business there? He had in charge one of the finest iron “exhibits” to be seen at that great show. Many of the articles were made by his own hands; a few of the most curious and interesting were his own invention. I found that he was not only a favorite with all who knew him, but that he had already received tempting offers for his future services from two or three large American firms, and one of which he had good reason to be proud—from the Chinese government! He smiled as he spoke of this, but said he was very well contented where he was, and thought he should remain.

All which has to be very briefly told; for it would take many chapters still to relate how Jacob, by the exercise of patience, perseverance and self-control had become not only a master of his business, but finally, in the truest and best sense, HIS OWN MASTER.

THE END.

THE REVENGE OF THE LITTLE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.



A FAT young hippopotamus
Sat grimly by the Nile,
Contriving dire vengeance
On a lady crocodile,

All at once an idea struck him,
And he broke into a smile.
"I have it!" cried he, joyfully;
"I'll fix that crocodile!"
Then he trotted through the rushes
Until he reached dry land,
When he crept along quite silently
To a mound in the hot sand,

Where the crocodile had buried
Her eggs, because she knew
The torrid sun would hatch them
Within a month or two.
Now, the savage mother-reptile
Was nowhere to be seen,
For she was calmly slumbering
Among the rushes green.

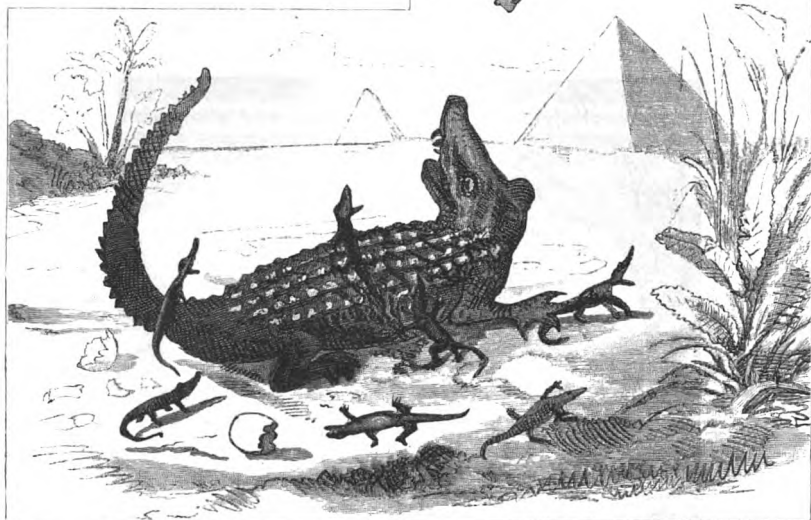
The little hippopotamus
Moved cautiously and slow,
Until he saw the heap of eggs,—
Than laughed he long and low.



Who, that morning, for her breakfast
Ate up his brothers twain;
So he pondered long and deeply
How to pay her back again.

Then boldly he marched forward,
And stamped upon that nest,
And jumped and kicked and pranced about,
As if he were possessed,

Till all the eggs were scattered
And broken every one,
While all the little crocodiles
Forth from the shells did run.



The ancient mother-crocodile,
Hearing her young ones' wail,
Came rushing from her muddy couch,
Waving her frightful tail.

But of this you may be certain,
That if he is not found
In the air or in the water,
He's somewhere on the ground.

The little hippopotamus
Was having then huge fun,
Stepping upon the babies,
To smash them one by one;
So he failed to see the mother,
Nor dreamed of his mishap,
Till—whack! against his side so fat
There came an awful slap.

It lifted him from off his feet,
And hurled him up on high,
And away he went careering
Like a rocket in the sky.
How far he flew I know not,
But 't is said that he was thrown
On the pyramid of Cheops,
Straddling the topmost stone.

Being too fat to clamber down,
He may be there this day,
Unless some one in a balloon
Has carried him away.

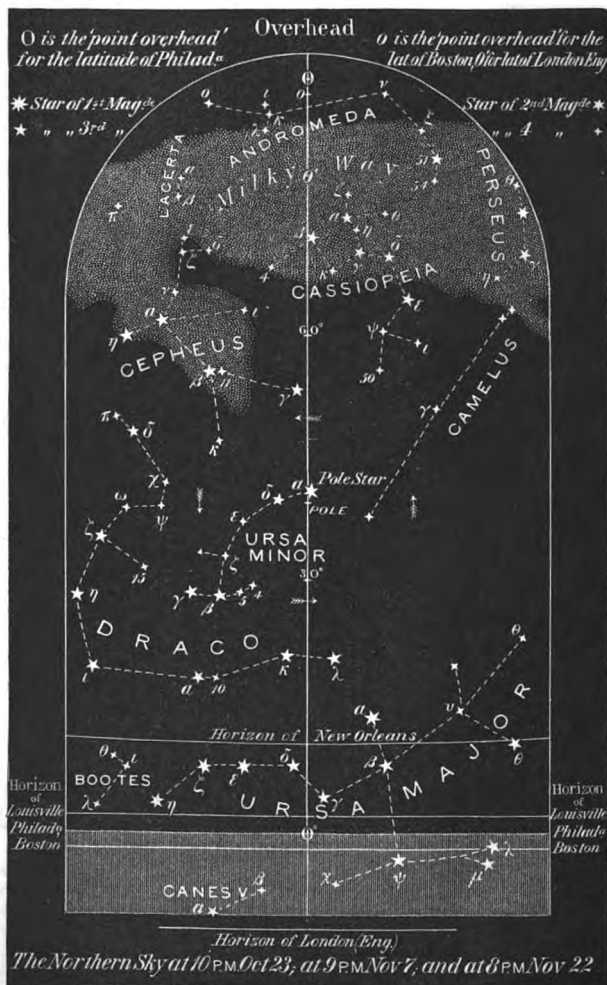
VOL. IV.—53.



THE STARS IN OCTOBER.*

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE northern map given below explains itself, of New Orleans, a portion of the Dipper is concealed from view. Nearly the whole constellation



constellations which appear in it. The Dipper is well placed for observation at this season for all places in America north of the latitude of Louisville, or not more than about two degrees south of it; but for places between this last-named latitude and that

Ursa Major is seen in London, when due south below the pole; but, as you see, the paws of the Great Bear are not seen in America at this time.

Turning to the southern skies for the month we find that the constellation Pisces (or the Fishes) is

* In order to complete this series within the present volume, the stars for November and December are included in this paper.

the ecliptical constellation now ruling in the south. It is usually represented by two fishes tied together with a ribbon, one of the fish has its tail at η , and its head close to Andromeda; the other has its head at γ and β . You must be careful to distinguish the two fishes, Pisces, from the southern fish, Piscis Australis.

The Fishes belonged to the watery signs of the zodiac,—Capricorn (the Sea-Goat), Aquarius (the Water-Pourer), and the Fishes, whose natural home is in the water. Below Aquarius you see another fish. Below Pisces there is the sea-monster Cetus, and close by Cetus, as you will see in the second southern chart for this month, is the watery sign



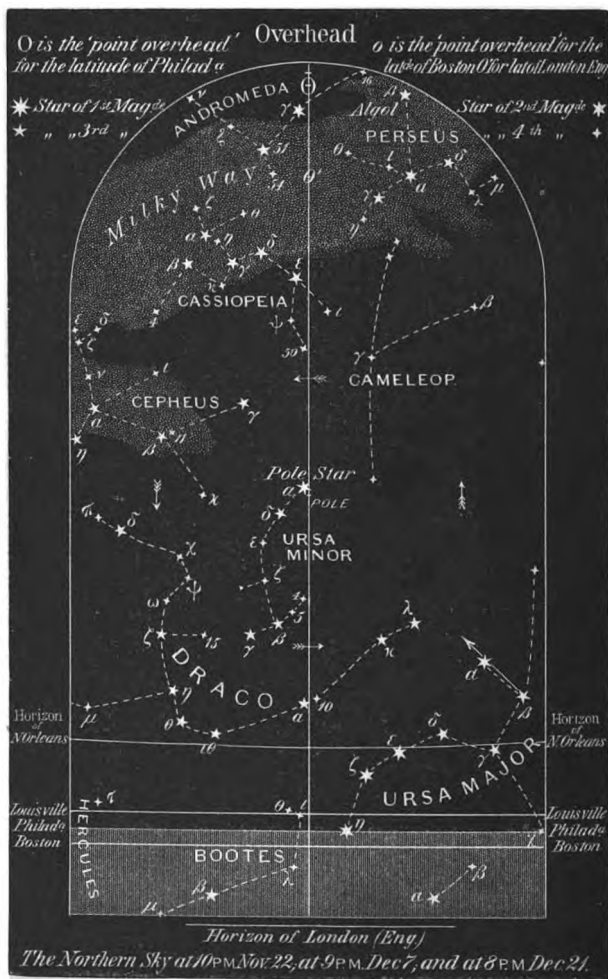
The constellation Pisces now includes the point marked τ which is where the sign of the Ram begins, and was formerly occupied by this constellation; though, more anciently still, the Bull was the constellation occupying this part of the heavens.

Eridanus, named later as a river, but undoubtedly in the older system of the constellations represented as a great stream of water simply, something like the streams which were represented as flowing from the water-can of Aquarius.

I have already mentioned the old superstition of the astrologers that when the sun and moon and the other five planets (for the sun and moon were planets in the old system of astronomy) were conjoined in the watery signs, or specially in Capricornus, the world would be destroyed by a flood. It is rather curious that the history of the flood was,

in the older temples of the stars, on the walls below the dome-roof, which sprang from the circle representing the equator.

The coincidences are curious enough to be worth noticing, though to many the natural thought will be that the zodiac temples represented on their walls a more ancient history of a flood, not that the his-



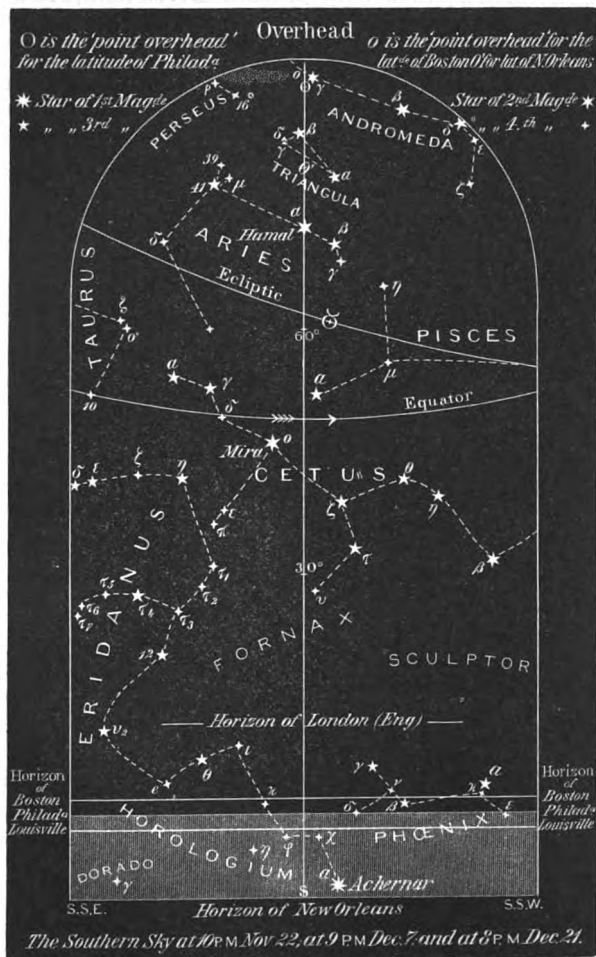
in a sense, portrayed among the constellations which (when the figures were first formed) lay south of the equator, inasmuch that some have gone so far as to suggest that the narrative of the flood is an account in words of what was pictured,

in the older temples of the stars, on the walls below the dome-roof, which sprang from the circle representing the equator.

We have the Water-Pourer casting streams of water downward from the equator, as explained last month, the waters rising until the uppermost

of the fishes rose nearly to the equator (so it would have been pictured in the remote ages referred to), while the great sea-monster and the still heavier streams of Eridanus on one side, with the Sea-Goat on the other, indicate the prevalence of the waters which had been poured by Aquarius over all things. Passing onward (see successively the

hinder quarters of the horse forming the fore part, at present missing, of the great ship). This man was represented bearing a sacrifice toward the altar, Ara, from which the smoke of burning incense rose into the heavens. We know that Noah when he went forth from the ark, builded an altar, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and



southern maps for January, February, March, etc.), we come first to the great ship Argo, which was associated in the earliest ages with the Ark; next is the Centaur, which again we find from early authorities was formerly depicted as a man (the

offered burnt offerings on the altar; and that the smoke of burning incense rose from the altar of Noah may be inferred from the words which immediately follow, in the authorized version of the Bible narrative: "The Lord smelled a sweet savor."

Next after the altar, or rather above it, and in fact in the smoke from the altar, is the bow of Sagittarius,—and corresponding with this we read that God, after the savor of the altar had reached him, said: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth that the bow shall be seen in the cloud." Close by the ship Argo, again, is the raven, perched on Hydra, the great sea-serpent, represented in the old sculptures immersed in the waves of ocean on which the ark was floating. Orion was from time immemorial associated with Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, and accordingly has his dogs beside him; while the first vineyard and vintage may be supposed to be indicated by the cup, Crater. (It seems also that Virgo—close by Crater—was represented of old as bearing grapes, and to this day the star ϵ of the Virgin is called Vindemiatrix, or the Lady Gathering Grapes.)

The constellation Pegasus (or the Winged Horse) is a singular one for several reasons. There is not the slightest resemblance to a winged horse among the stars of the group; and as usually represented the winged half horse has his head downward, the neck joining the body at α and extending to ζ , etc. The constellation is easily recognized by the three bright stars β , α and γ , which with α of Andromeda form what is commonly called the square of Pegasus; for α Andromeda was also, of old, a star of Pegasus, to wit, δ of this constellation. You will observe that the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet has no representative star, at present, in the constellation.

The sun in his annual course along the ecliptic passes the point γ , or crosses the equator moving northward, on or about March 21st.

And now we pass to the last of our set of twelve pairs of northern and southern maps, viz., the pair which, indeed, properly belongs to December.

The northern map contains no new star-groups. It is only necessary to remark that this map makes the circuit of the northern heavens complete, the northern skies for the month following being those already shown in the first northern map of our series.

Turning to the second southern map, the last of the southern series, we see that due south and high up toward the point overhead, lies the group of three stars, α , β , and γ , forming the head of Aries (the Ram). The brightest of the three is called Hamal (or the Sheep). It is not easy to understand why this group was likened to a ram. One can just imagine the outline of a sheep's face looking toward the right (or west) as formed by the three stars α , β , and γ ; but in the maps the face of the ram is turned the other way, looking toward

the Bull, which lies on the left. This has been the idea for many centuries, for old Manilius wrote:

First Aries, glorious in his golden wool,
Looks back, and wonders at the mighty Bull.

Yet there is a tradition that in remoter times the Ram looked toward the west. Aries is one of the constellations of the zodiac, a set of twelve arranged as a zone or band round the heavens, along the middle of which runs the ecliptic, which is in fact the path of the sun. Formerly Aries was the first of the zodiacal constellations, but the same change which has shifted the pole from the Dragon to the Little Bear has shifted the Ram from his former position.

The sun in his course along the ecliptic crosses the point marked δ , or enters the sign Taurus, on or about April 20th.

The stars μ , 39 , and 41 , at one time formed a separate constellation called Musca (the Fly)—rather a large fly if Aries represents an ordinary ram.

Below the Ram there is the great straggling constellation called Cetus (or the Whale). In reality it was intended, I suppose, to represent some imaginary sea-monster, for the whale could hardly have been known to the astronomers who formed the older constellations. The group suggests rather an animal like the sea-serpent, rearing its head above water, than the great lumbering mass of a whale; and I am almost disposed to venture the idea that either some recollection of the Enaliosaurian or long-necked (and long-named) reptiles was thought of, or that the monster was no other than the crocodile. Slightly to modify the words of Shakspeare, we may say of this star-group,

It's almost in shape of a crocodile.
By the mass and 't is a crocodile, indeed.
Methinks it's like a weasel.
It is backed like a weasel.
Or like a whale?
Very like a whale.

However, it is more important at present to note that the star marked Mira (or the Wonderful Star) cannot be seen at present. This is one of those strange stars which vary in brightness. It shines for about a fortnight as a star of the second magnitude, then by degrees fades away until at the end of three months it cannot be seen. After remaining nearly five months invisible, it gradually increases in brightness for about three months, when it is again a second-magnitude star. It occupies about 331 days eight hours in going through these changes. During the first half of April next this star will be in full luster.

Above the Ram you will see the Triangles, one triangle formed of faint stars, the other of fairly

conspicuous ones. The constellation Eridanus (or the River Po) is seen to the left of the south, passing on a winding course such as a river should follow, to the southern horizon. At places in the latitude of New Orleans the bright star Achernar (of the first magnitude) shows where the river

comes to an end. (Achernar signifies the latter part or end.) The Bedouin Arabs call Eridanus the Ostrich. The wide region almost bare of stars between Cetus and Eridanus is occupied by the modern constellations Fornax* (the Chemist's Furnace) and Sculptor* (the Sculptor's Workshop).

* These Latin names are abbreviations for Fornax Chemica and Officina Sculptoria.

BO-PEEP.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

WHAT becomes of the baby-stars
That play all night at their game—Bo-peep,
When the moon comes out with her silver bars,
And we little children are fast asleep?

Now, this is why, when the moon is bright,
We scarcely see the little stars:
She puts them to sleep by her silver light,
And fondles them close, behind her bars.

But when the moon has gone away,
And happy children sing their song,
The baby-stars come out to play,
And laugh and twinkle all night long.

They laugh and twinkle the livelong night,
When we little children are fast asleep;
When the moon no longer gives her light,
The stars are playing their game—Bo-peep!



"OH, THE DUTCH COMPANY IS THE BEST COMPANY
THAT EVER CAME ACROSS FROM THE OLD COUNTRY."

WHAT THE PARROT TAUGHT THE LITTLE GIRL.

PECKY was just a poor poll parrot, with nothing of his own but his pretty gray feathers and sharp beak, that could bite little fingers when they came too near his cage; and yet this same Pecky taught Katie Scott a very useful lesson. When he was first brought home, Katie was just the happiest little girl! "Mamma!" she cried. "Mamma, please, he must be placed where he can see Libbie and Mary play croquet!"

Libbie and Mary lived next door, and, when the weather was fine, the three friends—Katie, Libbie and Mary—used to have fine games on the lawn between the two houses.

There were four friends when Pecky came, for he was put close by the window, where he could see the fun. Before long, he learned many new words. He would cry, "Croquet her away! Take care, Katie! I have won! Ha! ha! ha!" And he could laugh louder than any of them. They thought there never was such a wonderful pet.

Katie told her mamma it was "just the *cunningest*, nicest little polly in the world." So it was; and Katie was one of the nicest little girls in the world when she could have what she wanted, but sometimes little people want what is not good for them. One day, at dinner, mamma said:

"You can't have any more melon, Katie dear; it will make you ill!"

I hope none of the little girls and boys who read this would do as Katie Scott did;—I am really sorry to have to tell it;—she threw herself on the floor, and kicked and screamed so loudly, that Libbie and Mary, who were playing outside, heard her.

"What is that noise?" asked Mary.

"Oh!" said Libbie, "it is just Katie Scott—*Cry-baby!*"

Libbie did not know that she was heard, but such was the case. Mr. Pecky had two little sharp ears open, and turning one up and then the other, he walked up and down chuckling to himself, as much as to say: "I guess I know what *that* means!" And then he cried softly, imitating Katie's voice: "Boo—hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo!"

He did not forget it for a whole week, and I am glad to say that, for a while, his little mistress was a perfectly good girl.

But there came a day—a damp, cold day—and mamma said there could be no croquet. Katie forgot that she was trying to be good, and, lying down near Pecky's perch, screamed like a very naughty child.

Pecky thought so, I know. He watched her some time, then jumped

down to the floor of his cage, crying: "Bo-o-o-o! Boo, hoo! Bo-o-o-o!" Katie very quickly stopped crying, peeped up at him, and ran out of the room very much ashamed. Mamma and Aunt Jane laughed, and Pecky thought: "I must have done something very funny. I'll just do it again! Oh, yes, I'll do it again!"

And he did it all that day, whenever any one came into the room.



PECKY.

When mamma was putting Katie to bed that evening, a little voice whispered: "Mamma, *won't* you make Pecky stop doing *that*?"

What do you think mamma said? She whispered to Katie: "When Polly does not see any little girl doing so, I am sure he will forget it."

"Then I'll never do so any more!" said Katie. And she kept her word.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS month, I'm told, somebody gives in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS full directions for making pretty landscape-pictures out of moss, lichen, tiny fern and other lovely things to be found in a country walk.

So your Jack advises you, dear young folks, to look about you as you wander in the fields and forests and to collect carefully and preserve fine specimens of delicate ferns, leaves, grasses, moss, and lichen, for possible future work. It will do no harm, at any rate, to examine these exquisite wonders of nature closely and with an eye to business,—for, even if nobody comes to help you, you can help yourselves, and arrange your treasures in some way, so as to delight yourselves and others.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

THE birds tell me, by the bye, that some folk just load the walls of their living-rooms with stiff wreaths or chains of varnished leaves and pressed Hartford fern, strung about in the stiffest and most absurd fashion,—up one side of the picture cords and down the other, straight as pairs of tongs,—in clumps and bunches in every conceivable corner,—sprinkled on the white curtains,—pinned on, a leaf at a time, without any idea of arrangement,—and, in short, made the most conspicuous things about the room. This, the Little Schoolma'am says, is always wrong, for ornamentation should never put itself forward in that way.

Now, don't do these things, my dears. Be moderate and tasteful in all your doings, and don't abuse those beautiful, beautiful things, autumn leaves and ferns.

Don't pluck any Jack-in-the-Pulpits, either. They don't press well,—at least, I would n't.

But this you can do. If you come across a fine, stately, pleasant-looking Jack in your rambles,

bend low and whisper something nice in his ear. It will please him. All sorts of flowers and growing things like to be noticed. Don't flowers and growing things whisper pleasant things to *you*, my chicks, all summer long? yes, and through the autumn too? Of course, they do!

Now we'll talk about:

TURKEY AND ROSES.

I DON'T mean the turkey-gobbler; he does n't pay much attention to roses. But I mean the other Turkey, about which Deacon Green was reading aloud the other day. He had come quietly along by the brook with a new-looking volume under his arm and a city friend by his side; and they sat down in the shade close by me and read some remarkable things, of which I will give you the substance.

In the warm plains of Turkey, south of the Balkan Mountains, whole districts are covered with rose-plants set in lines about five feet apart, and tended for some years with the greatest care. At length, on some fresh, sweet morning of the early summer, and while the roses are yet wet with dew, the tender flowers are torn off by laborers, and cast at once by heaps into huge coppers, there to boil and boil for hours in water. The fragrant steam is carried along a tube, and, on cooling, becomes a kind of thick rose-water. This is boiled up again, and its vapor cooled into a liquid on the top of which floats a yellowish oily scum that is known as "attar of roses." It takes about four thousand pounds of roses to make a pound of attar. Once a merchant opened a cupboard in his store and showed a visitor thirty large glass bottles in which, he said, was sixty thousand dollars' worth of the precious essence.

This quantity must have taken nearly four millions of roses in the making! Poor roses! But may be, after all, their fragrance in that form would give more and longer-lasting pleasure than could have been given by the flowers had they been left upon their bushes, where they could have cheered only the passers-by.

DOSING AN ELEPHANT.

DEAR JACK: Here is something that I cut out of an old newspaper. I asked papa if it could be true, and he said: "Yes, undoubtedly;" for he himself had seen tremendous doses of physic given to animals; and my brother said: "Pooh! he had often seen men in the country give a horse a pill as big as a big potato." I guess Mr. Bergh would object to that. But here is the story I cut out.—Yours truly,
JAMIE SMITH.

"Some of you children may now and then be given a dose of medicine (though, I hope, not often); and probably whenever you do take a dose, you consider it a very large one. Now, just for the sake of comforting you with the contrast, I'll tell you what doses a poor sick elephant was made to take, some years ago. He was a superb animal, and, for a time, delighted crowds at Cross's Menagerie in London by his wonderful intelligence and dignity. But he fell sick at last, and what do you think his keepers gave him? An ounce and a half of tatar-emetie, six drachms of powder of gamboge, twenty-four pounds of salts, twenty-four pounds of treacle, as much croton-oil as could be given to sixteen men, and six ounces of calomel, or enough to supply doses for twelve hundred human beings!

"All these were taken within two days, and the next morning they gave the poor fellow six pounds of melted beef-marrow, as a substitute for castor-oil!

"What do you think of that?

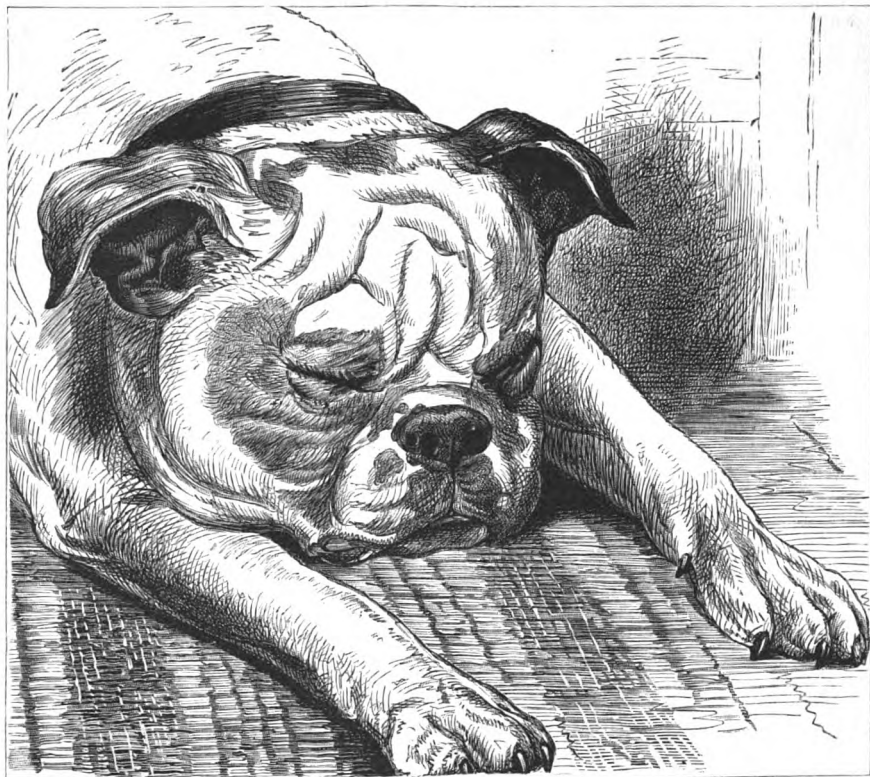
"Eh?

"Yes,—the elephant got better!"

HOME-MADE TARGETS.

TARGETS are expensive things to buy, I have heard, but clever youngsters after once seeing one can easily make them for themselves out of hay or straw. An archery target is generally nothing more than a round straw mat, covered with a piece of muslin or canvas on which are painted the bull's-eye and rings that show the value of the "hits."

any way you happen to prefer. A target can be hung against the side of a barn or out-building, but it is better to set it upon a three-legged arrangement known as a tripod. Any country boy—with a word of help from his elders if need be—can make a tripod. In fact, the boys of the red school-house made theirs by setting three saplings into the ground, in the form of a triangle, cutting off the twigs and tying the tops together.



A SERMON ON AMIABILITY—WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF DEACON GREEN.

It is made very much after the manner of the grass bathing-shoes I described to you last month, excepting that it is much more simple. All you have to do is to keep lengthening your rope of grass, hay or straw, by constantly working in new wisps as you sew it together, round and round like a great flat pin-wheel, until your target is large enough. This is good work for boys as well as girls. The "sewing" is done with twine and a big needle, such as upholsterers or sail-makers use. It is best, for the sake of firmness, to cover both sides of the target with canvas or coarse unbleached cotton cloth. Its face can then be painted in

A NEEDLE-THROWING WEAPON.

CRUEL fellows some of those sixteenth-century men were! Now, I have heard about a little machine, small enough to be held in the closed hand, which, on pressing a spring, would shoot out a sort of needle with great force. It could be used from a window, or in a crowd, and was so small it could be easily concealed. The needles were poisonous, and made bad wounds. Such implements would not be popular now. Torture is out of fashion. People have improved, Jack is glad to say, and their hearts are gentler.

MOSS PICTURES.

(A New Style of Fancy-Work for Boys and Girls.)

By J. M. B.

If you will come with me into the woods, the tall, dark pine woods, I will prove to you that pleasure and profit may be found in the material, as well as in the sentiment of them. Heretofore you have enjoyed the retirement, the shade, the grandeur, and the songs of birds, all of which give peace to the soul; but when you leave the wood, you leave all that belongs to it. You emerge from the quiet shades and their influences, again to strive with the dry stubble of the heated field, and the dust of an unwatred country road, and you say: "Is it worth my while to twice pass through such as this for one transient pleasure?"

Now I invite you to come with me, and I promise you shall bring back fruit that will reward you for your dusty walk long after the whispering leaves of the forest shall have faded from your memory.

Come with me into this wood road. The wide ruts on either side, where the thin spiral grass is crushed in, show that they have lately been pressed on by the wheels of the hay-wagon. The hay-makers passed through here to reach the meadows beyond.

How many curious and beautiful things one treads upon in passing along! Let us be careful. Ah! do not step upon that little bit of bark! See what a fine ruined castle it would make in a picture. There are the crumbling, moss-covered turrets, and the vacant windows formed by nature's own hand. Put it in your basket. What an agreeable sensation it is to scuff one's feet through this green grass and these cool, dry leaves! I will have a few. They are of use. On the edges of the road are some delicate specimens of moss. Here are cups just large enough to hold one drop of dew, and here is gray moss tipped with coral: take some of each kind—dried or fresh—green, white, brown and black. Take, also, that little dried stick you just knocked away with your fingers. "What in the world am I going to do with that?" Why, don't you see it is the miniature stump of a tree with branches? Trees without foliage are not particularly picturesque, I admit; yet nature can remedy that. Come off the road now, among these giant, odorous pines. There seem to be two kinds—one is smooth-barked, the other is rough. The smooth suits my purpose. Look closely, and you will see round, flat blotches all about the trunk, of a rich green color. "What of it?" Well, upon examination, you will perceive they are like delicate sea-moss when it is spread upon a moist surface. Now take your penknife, and loosen the edges of one of them, then peel it gently off; it is real foliage, you see, and exquisitely defined. We want quantities of this. Take plenty of it. Now we will stroll along again. How slippery the path, and how pleasant to walk upon! This brown, glossy carpet falls from the pine-trees, and country people call it *pine trash*. We will take some of the little spiny things; they make excellent rail fences.

Here we come to birch and maple trees, where the leaves are just beginning to dress in bright colors—dark yellow and golden brown. A little of crimson will be of use also. The brown makes good roads, and the yellow and crimson serve for distant shading.

I think now you have sufficient in your basket to make a fine landscape. "Make a fine landscape out of these things?" Certainly; as effective as many an oil painting; and then, you can make it yourselves. A piece of water is an improvement in pictures; so when we reach the barn we will find a nicely milled corn-husk—it makes a better imitation of a lake than oil paint.

This is the fruit I promised; but remember, you have only gathered it yet—by and by you shall taste it. We will return and prepare the feast. Sit you down by me at this table, and observe.

I take a square of drawing or card board, and a few crayons—blue,

yellow and white. I sketch a sky on the upper half. It is well to represent a morning or sunset sky, concentrating the deepest yellow in small space upon the horizon, shading it from straw color to blue, with a few scattered white clouds. Now dip the corn-husk in water, to make it flexible, and place it lengthwise upon the card-board, letting the edge meet the edge of the sky. Use mucilage to cause it to adhere smoothly and firmly.

Here is a foundation for a lake, harbor or river: We will call this the sea, allowing sky and water to meet within sight of opposite land. I make a foreground thus: Select some of those dark, dry leaves, and fasten them to the card below the water, all along the bottom and up the sides as far as the corn-husk reaches, allowing the jagged edges to protrude into the sea, as irregularities of the shore. Stick some of these darkest mosses to the leaves, leaving such spaces between as you wish for road or bare ground. You must use your judgment (and a nice, artistic judgment, too) as regards shade, turning the darkest sides where, if you were painting, you would shade your picture. Quite by accident, you now find a promontory near by, formed by the pointed end of a leaf, which was surely meant to support a tree. Therefore erect your little branched stick upon it, carefully gluing the inside to the picture. Pull some of the moss apart, and you see that, separated, it becomes little bushes, and even weeds, to plant about on the promontory, and around the roots of the tree, to hide any awkwardness that may appear. Now is the time to use those exquisite bits of foliage that we peeled from the smooth pine-tree. Separate each little branch, and join them to the twigs of the tree; let them droop and hang over the water. As the foliage advances you begin to see the sky between the rich branches. It will finish into a fine elm. "The opposite side needs our attention." All right; it shall have it. See, that gray leaf has taken the appearance of a bluff. Now is the time for our castle. Slip it down behind, only allowing the turrets and a part of the edifice to appear. There is the blue sky again through the vacant castle windows. The effect is extremely good. If we separate some of this greenest moss, we shall find that each tiny stem represents holly or pine. Set these about the rocky bluff and along one side of the castle.

Now use your good taste, and say where spaces may be improved with a stem for a dead tree, or a faded bit of leaf for a distant hill. Scatter about in crevices scraps of corn or coral moss. Here is a little space that looks like a road leading from the foreground to the water; put a rail fence on each side. An island will look well in the distance. Now we have not spent much time over this, so it is but a rough little landscape, though rich in color and effect. But I have seen the inventor, or originator, of these produce splendid pictures of country scenery, with hill and dale, forest and field, cottages and barn, men and animals, loads of hay, and vessels and boats,—and, in fact, everything that lends to the variety and beauty of pictures, only on a much larger scale than we have attempted. I have seldom seen any artistic fancy-work so beautiful. A few touches now of black crayon, to deepen the shadows in the hollows and curves, and our picture will do.

Take from that wall the horrible portrait of General What's-his-name, or that pretentious chromo of an impossible scene on the Rhine,—the frame is too pretty for the ugly thing,—throw it out, and put this picture—made-up, but very effective—in its place. Then hang it up. Is n't that a decided improvement? A little more practice, and really marvelous effects can be produced by these simple materials.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Montreal, July 2d, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had an Exhibition here on the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England by William Caxton in the year 1477. The chief feature of the exhibition was the Mazarin Bible, the first book ever printed. It was produced from Gutenberg's press in the year 1455. A gentleman very kindly allowed me to hold the book, which

was very heavy and in a wonderful state of preservation. A book of Queen Elizabeth's, one of Mary Queen of Scots', and one of Henry the Eighth's, along with the first book printed in Montreal and the first one in Quebec were exhibited. Of course I could not name one quarter of the books; but I may as well mention Eliot's Indian Bible (the first Bible printed on this continent), Shakspeare's works, and a large volume containing illustrations of his plays; a book with pict-

ures of the different parts of the "Alhambra;" another old Bible, and a large book with scraps cut from newspapers. Type-making, printing and lithographing were going on in one end of the building. The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, under whose auspices the exhibition was held, got the affair up in haste. However, there was a very good collection of coins and books.

Like many other readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, I should be very lonesome without it. It would seem like losing a friend to lose it.

Your constant reader,
NELLIE FAIRBAIRN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If you think Mr. Joel Stacy wont mind it, I'd like to have you put this picture and the verses into your pages. A funny gentleman who comes to see my sister did them, on account of seeing that nice jingle in the August ST. NICHOLAS about "the pretty little boy and the pretty little girl."

Your friend,
JAMES C. E.

A dirty little boy and a dingy little girl

Once found a bitten apple on the street;

Said the dirty little boy to the dingy little girl:

"Now gim me that! It is n't good to eat."



Said the dingy little girl to the dirty little boy:

"I would, but I am hungry, sir, you see."

So I thank you werry kindly, but I werry much prefer
You'd get out o' this an' keep away from me."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know of a very interesting game for children, and I am going to tell you something about it. I suspect many of my young readers are in the habit of playing it, but there may be some who will be glad to learn it. You must think of a bird or beast, fish, insect or reptile, and give your companions its initial letter, calling on them to guess it. The one who is successful in guessing must give some account of the animal, as to where it is found, what are its habits, its disposition, and whatever else seems most interesting; and then proceed to name another. If no one can guess it, and you are called upon to tell it, you are required to give the account yourself, and then have the privilege of naming another. You may call upon the mineral and vegetable kingdoms to furnish subjects for your game of guessing, and I think you will find it instructive, as well as entertaining.

N. M. R.

West Newton, Mass., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can a bird-defender take a bird's-nest after the bird has left it? Because I have taken birds'-nests after the bird has left them.—Yours truly,

MABEL WILBUR.

In early spring it might be better, dear bird-defender, to let the empty nest be where it is, for homeless birds to use, or put it in another and, perhaps, quieter place, where they would be pretty sure to find it. Later in the year the chances would be fewer that a bird-

family would want a fresh home, and if left out all through the winter the storms might destroy it; so it would be kinder to keep the nest carefully until the next spring, and then put it where birds are likely to see it. It would be a pleasure to watch a new couple who had just found a snug home ready for them on their return from the south. They would twitter and chirp and flutter with delight. But there is no real harm in your keeping it if you wish.

Philadelphia, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter. I am one of the bird-defenders, and would like to tell the others about something I saw once. Some friends of mine and myself went out to take a walk. We went through a woods, and all along we saw black feathers. After a short time, we came out in a field. There we saw a great many crows that had been shot. We walked along, and came to a large field back of a hotel. The field was just black with dead crows. One of my friends said there had been a shooting-match the day before. I think it is just dreadful that shooting-matches should be allowed. I hope your magazine will continue for a great many years yet, and that I may live to have the pleasure of reading it. Your loving reader,

ANITA HENDRIE.

Cincinnati, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would be very much obliged if you would tell me why it is that a glass vessel will not break, if, having first put in a silver spoon, any hot liquid be poured into it. I have seen it tried again and again, and mamma cans her fruit in this way. She places in her glass jar a silver spoon, and then pours in her fruit boiling hot. The glass does not break, nor even crack, and as soon as it is half full she takes out the spoon and fills up the jar. I can't see the philosophy of that, but I should very much like to.

We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since it started, and think there is nothing like it.—Yours truly,

M. G.

Heat expands things, cold contracts them. The empty glass jar, when cold, has a certain size. When hot water is poured into it the glass expands; it really grows a little larger than it was before. But the curious part of this is, that when the glass begins to expand it often breaks, because the outside of the glass cannot expand quickly enough, and the inside spreads out before the heat can extend through the glass; so away it flies, with a sudden snap. Now, if the glass were heated equally on both sides, if the hot water touched outside as well as in, it is plain both sides would expand together, and the glass would be saved whole.

If the silver spoon assists in saving the glass, which is doubtful, it is because the spoon is cold metal, and greedily takes up the heat from the hot water, makes it cooler, and in this way saves the glass. The spoon also serves to spatter the water about, and thus scatter the heat so that the glass expands at more nearly the same rate in all its inside parts. This is all "the philosophy of that." The spoon has no magical influence on the glass, and it might often happen, if the water were hot enough, that the glass would break in spite of the spoon. The best way, however, is not to use a spoon at all, but simply stand the glasses in hot water while the hot fluid is poured into them.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love you very much. In the Centennial I was in the garden which Mr. Stockton told about. I saw all the animals except the flying foxes, which he told about. These I saw in the New York Aquarium, where they were hanging up and sleeping. I am very pleased with you. Will you please put this letter in your Letter-Box? "His Own Master" is very nice, and I hope Jacob will get his uncle. I am only ten years old, and have kept you a year.—Yours truly,

GILBERT REEDER.

Hartford, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I tell you about our family pet here—my Spitz dog Pip? Pip came to us—a fine, knowing, Spitz dog—when I was three or four years old. This is the first prank of his that I remember. Mamma had just given me a nice piece of sponge-cake. Thinking I would enjoy it more out in the sunshine, I ran over to the croquet-ground, and was about to seat myself on a bench in perfect bliss, when Pip, who was playing around, quietly walked up to me, and, taking my cake, ran off amidst my wails of sorrow. Pip is now wiser and more sedate; but I will give one more run-trick, and then tell of his knowledge and love: One day I was running around the lawn, and had just reached the dusty gravel. I had nung around the lawn, and was feeling very happy, when, what was my astonishment and disgust to find myself in an easy sitting position on the gravel! For Pip had acted the part of the goat to perfection, and had butted me down.

Pip soon became curious to find where Aunt Anna went every Sunday. So one pleasant day he watched auntie (who was his

former mistress), and trotted close behind her. She did not know he was following her, and walked into church, never noticing, till she reached the pew, the pitter-patter of his paws behind her. The organ was finishing the voluntary, there was no time to be lost. What should she do? Driven to desperation, she called him into the pew, and patted him to quiet him. All went on very well through the first part of the service, except that, now and then, a cold nose was thrust into her hand, or she felt a moist tongue kissing her. By and by the minister began to pray. Of course aunty covered her face with her handkerchief and put her head down. Pip began to think something was wrong, and to whine from sympathy. Every available means was used to keep him still, but with no effect. At last, aunty had to rise and go out, with Pip, beginning to feel the mortification, skulking after.

Pip is the best dog in the world, though he seems from this account bad and troublesome. But the story above was when he was a young and inexperienced puppy, and besides, it was his sympathy that got him into trouble.—Yours truly, ALICE HANSELL.

Stroudsburg, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live part the time in England and part the time in Minnesota. Last summer, I went on a visit to my uncle and aunts at Burlington, N. J., where they gave me some land, to have for my own; so I turned it into a garden, with a rustic seat under a pear-tree (they used to call me the "Queen of the Shady Nook"), where I used to read your books with delight. When I came away from Burlington, my subjects—who were the birds, frogs, and flowers—were so sorry that they sent me a "lament" in poetry, which I would like to see in print. With much love, from your steady reader,

HEPSA H. L. SHEARMAN.

LAMENT FROM SHADY NOOK.

The blithesome frog no longer
Gazes upon the scene;
Nor the festive young mosquito
Plays now his tunes serene.

The motes have quit their dancing,
The bees have ceased to hum,
The ants have found their homes again,
And the summer days are done.

The birdies chirp no longer,
Hopping from spray to spray,
For how can there be joyousness
With their own dear queen away?

O queen who ruled us gently
In the days that now are flown!—
O queen we loved so fondly!
Return unto thine own!

A LITTLE Philadelphia boy, named Crissy H.—, lately sent to Aiken, S. C., some magazines to the school that asked for good reading matter for the children. He received in return a letter from the teacher, inclosing a number from the pupils. All these letters, we think, would interest our young readers very much; but we have only space for the teacher's letter and for three of the others. We print them just as they were written by the little ones. Many of our children may know of other children, and perhaps of schools, to which they could send good books and magazines which they have read and no longer need.

Oakwald, Aiken, S. C., 1877.

DEAR LITTLE CRISSY: Yesterday, after I had read your papa's letter, I opened the many nice rolls of paper he sent, and found your "Sunshine." Then I told my little girls and boys about you, and asked if they could not write you a letter. Seven or eight of them raised their hands, and then I gave them paper and pencil, and they went to work; and now you read their letters, and know some of their names.

You would be very much surprised if you could see so many children together, and some of them not more than five or six years old; but they have a slate and pencil, and when they learn the a b c's they learn to make them on a slate, and then when they know how to read they can write.

Most all of my children have black eyes, though a few have blue eyes and very light hair. They are full of fun, and like to play and sing, and then, when the bell rings, all get in line and march in to their seats.

We have some that are as large as your papa, and some nearly as old—but they had no chance to go to school when they were little, so they come now, and work very hard. We have several that walk five miles, and then five miles home again. One little boy, only seven years old, does this every day.

Good-by.—Your friend,

M. SCHOFIELD.

Aiken S. C. Carolina at March 1877

CRISSY I am very glad you have took much pleasure to Send these papers to me and Ned Smoot and Kitty Branson and Julia

West and Fanny Parker and Mary Smoot. Nathan Phillips S. C. I am nine years old and Miss Schofield Says you are eight years old I comes to Miss Schofield School I did not know my abc and I am in the first Class Shelton Reader do you go to School please send your love to me again

NATHAN PHILLIPS
South Carolina to little Crissy H.—

(This little boy will be nine years old in May. He works hard at his lessons, and writes very well on a slate without lines.—M. S.)

Aiken South Carolina March 21st 1877

MY DEAR FRIEND, I want to write to you to thank you for your kindness toward the school Children and to tell you that I did not know that you thought so much of the school I hope that God will bless you. I was very glad for the paper that you sent me I will have great pleasure in reading it the one that miss Schofield gave me it had on it father coming home, I thought that I would learn it. I am but a little girl I was ten the eleven of december and the eleven of next december I have been coming to the Schofield school two years I am learning very fast I am going to tell you something about the school Miss Schofield is a good teacher she have got a 170 scholars we have three teachers and three school houses we have put up a new fence and the girls is planting flowers all around it we have a croquet set and a cistern the boys has a foot-ball and they highly prize it. we had a jumping rope but it is worn out we has a library it has about 450 volumes in it. we has an organ and we repeat psalms every morning. Miss Schofield has given us the papers that you sent on and also a verse every morning to say we have a book it is call ragged Dick, I am going to send you a bouquet of flowers so I must close, yours truly

JULIE E WEST

LITTLE CRISSY I got a paper What You Sent us they came on a Wenday I am glad of them I comes to Miss Schofield school every day I am in addition I Will soon be in subtraction I am Well and doing well and I thought I Would Write to You been (being) as You sent us them papers I am only ten Years old when I first came to Schofield School I did not know a b c and I am in addition I can read and spell and Write I am glad of your present I have a heap of friends one of them is Susie Cohen Who sits by me my sister is name Etta Smallwood and my mother is name Biddy Smallwood my father is name William Smallwood I has a bunch of flowers I Will send You in my letter to You I Wish You Will get these letters me and Julie and Fannie, Kelly Mary Edward We all Write to you and I Wish You Would get them all

Aiken S C 1877.

LIZZIE SMALLWOOD

"SISTERS."—We refer you with pleasure to the "SOCIETY TO ENCOURAGE STUDIES AT HOME," which has been in successful operation for more than three years. (See "Letter-Box," ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1876, and *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1877.) If you are seventeen years of age or older, you undoubtedly can join this society to your great advantage.

M. D.—Yes. We copy with pleasure the newspaper paragraph you send us,—the more so because we have personal knowledge of Miss Silone, and can vouch for its truth:

"A letter from Newport, under date of July 19th, says: 'To-day has been a remarkable one in the history of Newport, for the scholastic honors of the year were taken by a colored girl, Josephine Amelia Silone, who graduated at the head of her class in the Rogers High School. She received the gold medal awarded with the first scholarship, and pronounced the valedictory. Her examinations and recitations have been pre-eminently satisfactory, her averages in every study being within a fraction of one hundred, which is the maximum. Miss Silone, who is quite dark-complexioned, took her last two years' studies in one year, which makes her case all the more remarkable. She excels in Latin, Greek, French, and German. She is a native of Mattituck, Suffolk County, Long Island, and now goes to college. Her mother is a cook, the young girl earning her own living by working when not at school.'"

Miss Silone is a daughter of Alexander Silone, of Mattituck, Long Island, well and favorably known in that neighborhood.

Lately we heard a Long Island farmer say: "When I was a boy, there was one thing I *could* do, and that was to repeat Bible verses. There was n't but one youngster in the school who could get ahead of me, and that was a colored girl, who beat everything at remembering. She was so exact, too, never missing a word,—and I hardly ever could match her in the number of verses. If I said ten, she'd give a dozen; if I'd give twenty, she'd come on with thirty. Why, she knew chapter after chapter, word for word! And that girl was Josephine Amelia Silone's aunt."

PICTORIAL PROVERB-ANAGRAM.

TRANSPOSE the letters in the following sentence so that they shall make the familiar proverb which the picture illustrates:
 "As for events here,—give the sly lad one sermon."
 AUNT SUE.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Perihelion.
 DECAPITATIONS.—1. Pink, ink. 2. Kale, ale. 3. Pear, ear. 4. Heel, eel. 5. Dace, ace. 6. Fowl, owl. 7. Wasp, asp. 8. Sash, ash. 9. Rice, ice. 10. Yawl, awl.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

S—no—B
 C—one—V
 O—live—R
 T—ass—O
 T—aver—N

PICTURE PUZZLE.—1. A well-mated pair. 2. Good quarters. 3. A broken circle. 4. A little neglected soul (sole) in the broken circle. 5. The neglected soul healed (heeled).

CHARADE.—Exile.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Bear. 2. Lion. 3. Badger. 4. Llama. 5. Goat. 6. Leopard. 7. Camel. 8. Horse. 9. Panther. 10. Antelope. 11. Tiger. 12. Beaver. 13. Otter. 14. Chamois. 15. Bison.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Lamina, Animal.—1. HaLis, hats. 2. GrAin, grin. 3. LiMcs, lies. 4. MaIne, mane. 5. WaNdS, wads. 6. RoAdS, rods.

INCOMPLETE DIAMOND.—

M
 M A D
 A D A M
 D A M

METAGRAM.—Place, lace, ace, pace, clap, ale, cap, ape, pea, pale.

BIRD PUZZLE.—1. Kite. 2. Swan. 3. Wren. 4. Flamingo. 5. Jay. 6. Falcon. 7. Rail. 8. Martin. 9. Heron. 10. Raven. 11. Lark. 12. Goose. 13. Quail. 14. Grouse. 15. Rook. 16. Swallow. 17. Chaffinch. 18. Sparrow. 19. Crane. 20. Magpie. 21. Curlew. 22. Turkey. 23. Crow.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

D—win—A
 A—msterda—M
 N—evad—A
 U—
 B—orne—O
 E—ri—N

HIDDEN BAYS.—1. Plenty. 2. Hawke. 3. Shark. 4. Botany. 5. Antongil. 6. Bembatook. 7. Delagoa. 8. Notre Dame.

EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

S—O I L
 F—I R E
 F—L E D

RIDDLE.—Cabbages.

ENIGMA.—Sans Dieu rien.

SQUARE-WORD.—

S H A V E
 H A B I T
 A B A S H
 V I S N E
 E T H E R

PICTORIAL SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Crowd, cow. 2. Fringe, ring. 3. Round, rod. 4. Beacon, bean. 5. Beard, bar. 6. Glass, ass. 7. Scrap, cap. 8. Bread, bed.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received previous to August 8th from A. U. Gust, "Gyp and Jule," H. A. L., B. O'Hara, Florence Wilcox, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Helen M. Shaw, Martie and Aggie Irwin, "Cousin Sue, Lucy and Nina," Emma Elliott, Lucy C. Morse, Benjamin R. Huske, Kittie L. Tuttle, Lillie May Furman, B. P. Emery, Eddie H. Eckel, Ella P. S. Robinson, Fred. Darlington, A. H. Keen, Lottie E. Skinner, "Yankton," Howard Steel Rodgers.

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(May-Nov)



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W. Hartner

Joanne Ryder

House 757

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